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THIS IS THE ENEMY

by

FREDERICK OECHSNER

with

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DEDICATED
To Those
Who Will Meet This Enemy

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FOREWORD

THIS book, like *Mein Kampf*, was conceived in chaos and born in custody. Its authors were incarcerated, however, not for a political offence but because of activities which any Nazi will tell you are far more awful: trying to ascertain the truth about Germany and make it known.

American correspondents who as members of the same staff had covered Hitler's Third Reich together for a number of years, they were delivered by Der Fuehrer's declaration of war upon their country first into the hands of the Gestapo and then into internment for five months at Bad Nauheim, Germany.

There, still under the solicitous eye of the Secret Police, they kept on with their activities. Keeping busy also meant keeping their minds off the question of when they would ever get home.

Each day they held "staff huddles" to pool and discuss and sift their data, much of which they had never been able to publish before. In the sum total of their experiences as correspondents they had seen a very great deal of the Nazis' Europe; had covered every country in it and had been on every front after war broke out. Bombings, blackouts, bad food, and bombast had long since failed to subdue them.

Being reporters they *had* to write. Each of them could have written a book, no better and no worse than a lot of the ones on Europe, but they felt that it would be a sounder book—tell more of what *had* to be told—if they teamed.

So the undersigned engaged to do the political sections, the material on Hitler and the Nazi feuds, the summing up and the editing. Joseph Grigg, who had made a study of blitzkrieg technique, was to show how Hitler's wars were fought; Jack Fleischer took over the economics section, Clinton Conger the propaganda; and Glen Stadler, who had covered France, did the part on the occupied countries.

Here is the book.

FREDERICK OECHSNER,
*Central European Manager, the United
Press, 1933-1942*

New York, autumn, 1942

Indication of authorship of the different chapters will be found with the biographies at the back of the volume.

Chapter 1

THEY FIND THEIR WAR

LET's go far enough back to see how this war was made.

Back to 1935. By that time Hindenburg was dead, and Hitler was unchallenged in his power. Labour had been "brought into line"; the Jews and political opponents, too. The Blood Purge in June of the previous year had relieved a high internal fever. In Austria, assassination had got Dollfuss out of the way.

In other words, the few inevitable trifles which beset dictators when they take over power had been attended to; and the time had arrived when the dictator could work farther afield.

On Wednesday, January 16th, three days after the Saar Plebiscite, a group of men still flushed with the first big international success of the Nazi regime went through the great doors of the Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse and up one flight to Hitler's study.

These were important men, and this was to be an important conference; more important than they knew. Baron Konstantin von Neurath, Foreign Minister of the Reich, was there; Hermann Goering, Air Minister, Commander in Chief of the Luftwaffe, President of the Reichstag, etc., etc.; Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda; Heinrich Himmler, head of the S.S. and of the Secret Police; Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, head of the Reichsbank; Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior; Rudolf Hess, Der Fuehrer's deputy in Nazi affairs; General Werner von Blomberg, Minister of War; General Werner von Fritsch, Commander in Chief of the Army; Admiral Erich Raeder, Commander in Chief of the Navy; Colonel Bodenschatz, Goering's adjutant and Martin Bormann, old-line Nazi stalwart, close associate of Hess and Hitler in the management of Party affairs.

After a great deal of handshaking, and having carefully stamped out their cigarettes and cigars because Hitler does not like smoking in his presence, they moved into the Chancellor's office. As they entered the room, Hitler greeted

each man warily and each murmured pleasantries of congratulation about the Saar victory. Hitler motioned them to comfortable chairs around a big table and, seating himself, began to speak.

In the harsh, staccato tones that he used when "drawing a balance" of the Reich's accounts with the world, Hitler, in a four-hour talk, outlined his real plans for the future. He was not speaking now from a campaign platform; he was speaking directly to the men who were going to have to help him put his foreign policy into effect. He spoke in sweeping terms, but he spoke, as well, in utterly realistic terms; he told *how* things were to be done.

Before him were the commanders of all the armed forces, of all the major branches of the government, and the men who ran Party affairs. Hitler told them that Germany would free herself of the "fetters of Versailles"; that other powers were showing no readiness to give Germany equality of armaments; he declared that Germany had to expand, and for the first time he put into general circulation the terms *Einflussphaere* (spheres of influence) and *Lebensraum* (living space). He said that Germany's sphere of influence lay to the east, first as a bulwark against the Bolsheviks, and second, as a source of food and raw materials. Even in peacetime, Germany required 50 per cent of the products of Southeastern Europe to sustain herself, he said.

But there were two immediate problems, Hitler declared: Austria, which was a German land and with which Germany's relations, therefore, could not be regulated simply by treaty—Austria must become part of the Reich. Secondly there was Czechoslovakia. And for over an hour Hitler discussed this theme from every angle. He described Czechoslovakia as an "unnatural creation of the Treaty of Versailles," a "dangerous springboard" or "an airplane carrier for the Soviets." And for the first time he used the word *Protectorat* in speaking of the relations between the Reich and Czechoslovakia.

You haven't forgotten, this was January, 1935.

Some, or even most, of the men looked quizzical as Hitler expounded point after point, now indignant, now imperious, speaking of the world-shaking changes in the geography and economy of Europe as assuredly as a school-

master does of arithmetic. He must have seen that they looked incredulous, for he admitted that a pre-condition for the smooth realization of these plans was friendly collaboration with England. He declared that he was prepared to help England wherever necessary; if England ever wanted to take the Dutch East Indies, for example, he would engage to keep Holland occupied on the Continent and would ask no questions, in return for England's leaving him a free hand to realize his ambitions in Europe.

"It would be better, *meine Herren*, to lose a few regiments for, and with, England than against her," he said.

The meeting broke up. Outside it was already dark. There was the pleasant, eager chatter of twelve men as they left the room and walked down the corridor. Matches flared as they lighted cigars and cigarettes again. In low voices they discussed what they had just heard. In the courtyard below there was the metal click of hobnails on stone as the Death's-Head Bodyguard was changed.

"Here's where I get off," said Dr. Schacht in a quiet aside to Neurath. "He will carry this through, I know it; but England will never agree to his plans."

Neurath was obviously worried. "What am I to do?" he asked. "If I don't go along with him, he will call on Ribbentrop to put it through."

Goering, walking with Bodenschatz and puffing on his cigar, also seemed to have some reservations. "The collaboration with England is a good plan, but certainly not easy to carry through," he said. "England would never simply stand aside while we took Paris in tow. We must cultivate France just as much as we do England."

Neurath, overhearing the remark of his friend Goering, nodded agreement and glanced at him sideways. "And Ribbentrop?" he asked casually. "Would he agree with us?"

Goering, with more bluntness than tact, snapped: "That man? He is not only an intriguer but stupid as well!"

Their voices faded down the stairs.

Back in his study, Hitler sat musing at his desk beneath the huge bronze bust of Hindenburg. One of his closest aides was setting papers to rights. Hitler told him briefly about the meeting and asked him what he thought. The

aide, too, wondered whether England would agree to a silent partner's role in the plan discussed.

"Don't forget, I have friends there," said Hitler. "They must first come to power, then everything will work out."

"Good" exclaimed the aide. "Then we won't have to spend so much on the Army."

"There you are wrong," replied Hitler. "We must have military strength to bring enough pressure on the world to make it accept our plans. My generals will always be the support of my diplomats in achieving this." He paused for a moment. Then, quietly: "But I hope that our army will have to fight only one real war—the one to settle our accounts with the Bolsheviks."

Thus, simply, Hitler had expounded the basic principle of his power politics. On March 24th of the same year he re-introduced universal conscription. The lid was off.

One year later, in 1936, the Rhineland was reoccupied with a token force of 12,000 troops, who marched into Cologne, and out and in again to make the Western powers believe that they were actually many times that number, and with airplanes on whose wings fictitiously high numerals were painted so as to carry out the pretence that the Air Force was much stronger than it really was.

In that same year the Olympic Games were held in Germany, with wonderful efficiency and in a fine spirit of international good will. Hitler went on arming behind the scenes.

In 1937, the noise of the Spanish War drew the world's attention and enabled Hitler to go ahead with his preparations. The Army was expanding steadily; branches of it were getting combat experience in Spain; the beer bellies of hundreds of thousands of overgirthed Germans were being sloughed off in a programme of military sports; the network of strategic motor highways was being created; and in every way—whether it was the rapid movement of vast numbers of Nazis in and out of cities for local rallies, or simply the housewife's saving of old metal—the population was going through the kindergarten of total war. It was being prepared for *Der Tag* again, the showdown.

One showdown came in 1938, and it went according to

plan—Hitler's plan. Austria was swept into the jealous arms of the homeland, and the Reich became Great. Then the Sudetenland, and nerve war, political war, justified itself.

Then, in March, 1939, six months after Munich, came the chance to put meaning into that word *Protektorat* which Hitler had used four years previously. Inviting the old Czech president, Hacha, up to Berlin to "receive the terms" was an idea of Ribbentrop's, who by this time had replaced Neurath as Foreign Minister. It was all done very ceremoniously at the Reichchancellery. Hacha had a moment of shock, it is true, but a camphor hypodermic picked him up enough to let him sign.

Then Memel; a pushover, too.

As long as it worked, it was worth trying again. The stakes this time were Danzig and the Polish Corridor. Twelve days after the occupation of Prague, the German press opened the campaign against Poland with the usual synthetic build-up of frontier incidents, abuse of members of the German minority in Poland, and all the other catch-words of political warfare. A month later, on April 28th, Hitler denounced the treaty of co-operation with Poland which he had made with old Marshal Pilsudski, the only dictator he had ever met who was tougher than he and who won his respect; but Pilsudski was dead—there was nothing then to hold the Nazis back, nothing to keep them from taking advantage of the momentum rolled up in the Austrian and Czech solutions. Hope was high for another cheap victory. The mighty young Army had been subjected to no strain by simply marching into, and occupying, Austria, the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, and Memel. It had been a brilliant adjunct of political warfare; only that.

Would it see battle? As early as January in a meeting at his Berchtesgaden home, the Berghof, Hitler had outlined a proposal for the settlement of the Polish issue in terms so daring that even Goering, accustomed to Hitler's boldness, said to a friend: "He must have gone mad! That would be the beginning of the end!" But Hitler was determined.

I remember having lunch with a Nazi official about this time and, in reply to his question as to how I was getting along, saying that I was all right, if just a little worn by the

speed of events in the last few months. To which he answered with rather forbidding irony: "Speed? You haven't seen anything yet. Do you think that this has been real nerve war? It's nothing to what's coming. This will be screwed up to the point where the world will simply scream from the tension!"

He paused and looked at me curiously. "One thing a lot of people, including you correspondents, don't seem to grasp is that Hitler really means business."

"And how far does he propose to go?" I asked. He hesitated for just a moment, apparently wondering whether he ought to say what came into his mind, and then replied quietly: "Well, in effect, he proposes to re-establish the old Holy Roman Empire."

"Hmmm," I said. "Very interesting. And how does Hitler propose to achieve this?"

With the patience of someone explaining something to a child, he went on to tell me of the two principal methods by which Hitler worked on countries he wanted to subdue. One was the "knife to throat" technique; the other was the "walls of Jericho" technique. In the first you figuratively put the point of your knife below a man's left ear and said to him pleasantly: "Now I suggest that you do this or that, or give me this or that." The knife didn't hurt very much and the man, who had some pride and courage and figured you didn't mean to kill him, told you to go to hell. Then you pressed the point of the knife into the flesh a little and repeated your suggestion; this time asking for more. He still refused, of course, and then you began to draw the knife slowly across his throat, and deeper; and each time you asked him whether he wasn't ready to see reason you raised the stakes, until finally he gave you what you had demanded at first in order to save his windpipe and jugular vein.

The "walls of Jericho" technique was to begin to circle your opponent's walls with the trumpets of your demands tooting moderately loudly. After you'd been around once, you looked up to see whether the walls were trembling, and if they weren't you started off on a second round; but this time you brought much more force into play and your blare began to echo round the world; perhaps the trumpets of your allies joined in. When you'd been around this time,

you looked up again to see how much the walls were trembling, whether they would be apt to collapse soon, or just how much more strength you needed on the third go-round. On this third circuit you really did extend yourself; there was a whole chorus of trumpets—"There'll be war" trumpets, "atrocities" trumpets, "frontier violations" trumpets, "offended prestige" trumpets, "insult to the German race" trumpets, the loud shrieking of headlines and the loud bellowings of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, making speeches. "And usually the walls tumbled," my informant said. Seldom was it necessary to go seven times around.

Nerve war.

"And one thing you must remember," said my pleasant luncheon guest, "is that Der Fuehrer is always ready to back up his threat of force with force itself. Call it bluff if you like, but don't forget that he is ready to go all the way if the bluff fails." Presumably, to slit the throat or *batter* down the walls.

The Polish situation was the most difficult that the Germans had had to handle because the Poles were a far stronger people than either the Austrians or the Czechoslovakians; France and England, moreover, showed signs of being tired of giving ground; Russia was a worrying unknown quantity.

There is no doubt that the issue with Poland required settlement. I made my first trip to that part of the world in 1930, and I was able to see that even the Republican German regime smarted bitterly under the unnatural cutoff from East Prussia created by the Corridor. I got so much German propaganda material, in fact, that the idea came to me to see how much it weighed, so I kept sending it back to Berlin from various points along my whole tour of the eastern frontier and the province of East Prussia. When I returned home I found that I had accumulated, if not absorbed, almost fifty pounds of pamphlets, lectures, books, maps, diagrams, graphs, charts, statistics and what not. I was high-pressured beyond belief on what was unquestionably a very sore point with the Germans even if they did tend to blame everything from an epidemic of colds to a bad potato crop on the existence of the Corridor. Then, and throughout the succeeding years, it became plain to me that the issue of

Danzig and the Corridor would be a dangerous one in time, whatever German government was in power.

The demarcation line at many points had been traced apparently without rhyme or reason; the Germans complained that it bisected villages and even farms so that persons living in one part of a village had to show passports when going to bury someone in the cemetery on the other side of the town. Fantastic examples of the inconvenience caused were given me by the dozen. The Germans, moreover, were incensed at the building by the Poles of their own port of Gdynia, north of Danzig on the Baltic coast, to which, they claimed, the Poles diverted the traffic which rightfully belonged to Danzig; they complained about the railroad built with French money which carried coal from the upper Silesian fields straight up the Corridor to Gdynia; and they complained even more bitterly about the passport and customs control imposed on the Germans when they crossed the narrow strip of land which separated East Prussia from the Reich.

It was clear that the Nazis' contempt for the Poles was simply an exaggerated version of the earlier German attitude towards them as culturally inferior, uncouth and tricky people who, like the Czechs, actually had got along better in the old days under the dominance of a Germanic overlord. The Poles' possession of some very fine farm and mining properties may reasonably be considered a factor in both the Republicans' and the Nazis standpoints!

But whatever else they were, the Poles were stubborn. This "inferior" peasant people refused to be coerced by either the "knife to throat" or the "walls of Jericho" technique, and Hitler realized that he would have to bring more pressure to bear here than he had upon Austria or Czechoslovakia. His main support in a forceful solution of the Polish issue was von Ribbentrop, who favoured bringing the Poles to terms by any means necessary, including war. Repeatedly Ribbentrop insisted upon two things: first, "Show the Poles the knout and you'll get what you want," and secondly, that the British and French would not fight to save Poland, regardless of their treaty obligations. Both of these things were precisely what Hitler wanted to hear.

The French Ambassador, in conversations with persons

prominent in the Wilhelmstrasse, never left any doubt that Ribbentrop was mistaken if he believed that France would leave Poland in the lurch. M. Coulondre declared that, irrespective of what government was in power in Paris, France would honour her treaty obligations, come what might.

Ribbentrop informed Hitler otherwise and told him that he had *positive* evidence that France would not fight. Five days before the outbreak of the war with Poland Ribbentrop told Hitler that he had exact information that the French, in view of the loss of prestige which they had suffered through the occupation of Czechoslovakia, would maintain their resistance to Hitler's aims in Poland to the absolute limit short of war, but that they would not fight. This assurance was given him by Otto Abetz, his private representative in France at the time, who is today the Nazi Ambassador to fallen France. I learned later that Abetz declared in a Berlin restaurant at this time: "Ten minutes before our declaration of war on Poland the French will topple over"—presumably meaning a government defeat. Laval was given as the source of his assurance.

The Italian Foreign Minister, Galeazzo Ciano, claimed to have exactly similar information about the French position and supported Ribbentrop's claim at every opportunity. Ribbentrop pointed out that, in any case, neither the British nor the French could keep pace with Germany in military preparations.

"The British are bluffing, just as they did in the case of Czechoslovakia," Ribbentrop told Hitler.

"Great Britain is bluffing," Goebbels chimed in, in a talk with correspondents. "In any event, she is too weak and cowardly to fight."

I asked a Nazi official at the time how they ever figured that the British could possibly desert Poland and look anybody in the eye again. Czechoslovakia had been bad enough. With condescension, the like of which I have seldom seen equalled, he replied: "Oh, we would permit the British to save face by some formula or other."

Meanwhile Ribbentrop was "contributing" in his own way to the settlement of this dangerous issue. After having been cordial in the extreme for a number of years with the

Polish Ambassador, Josef Lipski (friendly telephone chats and bottles of wine together had been frequent), Ribbentrop began to show first a cool and then a hostile attitude towards the Pole. Through an intricate system of personal spies he knew regularly and rapidly almost everything that went on in the Polish Embassy. He had copies of documents and transcriptions of telephone conversations a few hours after they had been dispatched or conducted. He had the ambassador's chauffeur and at least four members of the household staff on his payroll. He refused any longer to receive Lipski, and in the last four weeks before the actual outbreak of war referred to him in private as "that Polish swine."

Even Hitler had been surprised at the rapid deterioration in relations with the Polish Embassy in Berlin. It was Goering, bitter personal opponent of Ribbentrop, who told him of the Foreign Minister's own little anti-Polish campaign. Goering, tough and swagger though he was, personally favoured a political rather than a military solution of the Polish question. Goering got on well with the Poles, and had frequently been the guest of President Moscicki on hunting parties in the great forests to the northeast of Warsaw; he was also a frequent guest at the Polish Embassy. Goering urged Hitler to let him have one more try at a peaceful solution of the problem, including a visit to Warsaw, but Hitler was vague.

Within the country, moreover, Hitler was being given the go-ahead on his Polish policy. As he always did, he called for reports from his Party *Gauleiters* on the sentiment prevailing in various sections of the Reich. With few exceptions these reports satisfied Hitler that the people were in favour of war. The Governor of Hessa, Jakob Sprenger, told Hitler at Berchtesgaden that, in a public meeting, he had no sooner got the word "war" beyond his lips than he was drowned out by loud approving cries. "Very well," declared Hitler grimly; "if it's not to be done without war, then let it come."

The final obstacle to Hitler's march against Poland was removed when, on August 21st, Ribbentrop completed negotiations for a nonaggression treaty with the Soviet Union and, amidst great pomp, proceeded to Moscow to sign

it. Both Ribbentrop and Hitler countered on the final shock of this *fait accompli* to clear France and Britain from the field. But even when they survived this shock, Ribbentrop kept assuring Hitler that they would not move a soldier, that whatever the French and British Ambassadors might say did not represent the real views of their governments. And Hitler apparently believed him.

Still Hitler was taking no chances. He had arranged with Mussolini, exactly as in the Czech crisis, to make a public offer of mediation. Hitler and Ribbentrop seemed convinced that this proposal of a "second Munich" would work. Hotels in Munich had already been informed that they could expect prominent guests, and the Vierjahreszeiten, Munich's leading hostelry, had already been earmarked by the Foreign Office for occupancy by French and British guests. The offer of mediation was ignored. The guests never came.

At this point it is quite clear that Hitler, antagonized not only by the flat refusal of the Poles to give way, but by the British and French rejection of a "course of reason," determined coldly to go ahead with war. The prestige of the Great German Reich, and his personal prestige—the man who had never yet failed to complete successfully what he once started—demanded it. Moreover, there seemed to be some psychic drive behind Hitler's making war, some subconscious compulsion to prove the oft-boasted superiority of German arms, the bravery of the soldiers who thus far had seen no combat, to give the country, organized for *Total-krieg* down to the last hen, a test; to show Poland, France, England and the world that the Nazis really were the Master Race.

About the only thing left to do was to set the time for the attack. There had, obviously, to be a few last flounderings of self-justification and the business of documenting the crisis for the historical record—that is, papers and speeches and articles had to be prepared for issuing when the attack came, throwing all the blame on others and whitewashing the Germans. Negotiations had to be continued to keep up the show of good faith. The British Ambassador made airplane trips with notes between Berlin and London so often and so secretly that correspondents despaired of keeping track of them. An eleventh-hour Nazi "offer" to the Poles

was presented under circumstances that made it physically impossible for them to answer it yes or no; but Ribbentrop, who presented it, didn't actually want an answer.

Other things were done which served the double purpose of actually preparing the German population for war and of adding to the vicious nervous pressure that might just conceivably break down Polish-British-French obduracy at the last minute of the last hour. The annual Party Congress at Nuremberg was cancelled, a step so important that no one could mistake its gravity. It was announced that food, clothing, shoes and soap would be rationed. Anti-aircraft guns were placed on top of the tall buildings even in the heart of Berlin. Railway platforms were crowded with young Germans, mobilization papers in hand. From other platforms hordes of British and French residents were leaving for home.

But when everything had reached the point where Hitler knew that all was ready, every bolt and screw and thing in place for a knockout blow, the attitude of the Western powers became secondary, inconsequential. Discarded were the ruses of political war. Hitler pressed the button for the real war.

At 5.45 on the morning of Friday, September 1st, 1939, the official German news agency, DNB, carried the following:—

Proclamation to the German Armed Forces

The Polish state has refused the peaceful settlement of our relations as neighbours, for which I have striven, and has instead appealed to arms.

The Germans in Poland are being persecuted with bloody terror and driven from farm and home. A series of frontier violations, intolerable for a great power, proves that the Poles no longer are willing to respect the German Reich frontier. There remains for me no other means of putting an end to this madness but from now on to meet force with force.

The German Armed Forces will wage with stern determination the struggle for the honour of the German people that once more has arisen.

I expect that every soldier, mindful of the great tradition of eternal German soldierhood, will fulfil his duty to the last.

Remember always and in all situations that you are representatives of National Socialist Greater Germany!

Long live our people and our Reich!

ADOLF HITLER.

Having struck the enemy while he slept, the German Army was already driving deep into Poland.

Adolf Hitler had his war.

Chapter 2

. . . BUT NOT THEIR PEACE.

IN order to make as smashing and dramatic an impression on the world as possible, Hitler had given orders to Brauchitsch and Goering that the campaign in Poland must be completed within four weeks. Having been "driven" to war, Hitler had decided that a complete conquest and partitioning of Poland was the least that would do. He felt certain that with Poland prostrate, England and France would reflect very seriously "whether they wanted to go on with this war." He would make it easy for them to get out of it with their skins whole. He would make them a peace offer when the Polish campaign was over, thus isolating further danger and consolidating his position. Even if the British and French refused his offer—and this would have been illogical, he reasoned—he was not afraid to engage them, too.

Blitzkrieg in Poland proved itself almost beyond expectation and the campaign was virtually decided five days after that first paralysing thrust.

I was very much interested at the time in finding out what Hitler believed his risk in a Western campaign might be and I asked someone in a position to know. I was told that Hitler had the assurance of his military advisers that with proper preparation the chances for a successful blitz campaign against the Low Countries and France would be seventy-five to twenty-five in Germany's favour. The Nazis also had exact information on French internal weaknesses.

It was obvious, therefore, that Hitler could still afford to be as defiant, or as placating, as it suited him to be.

As early as September 19th, Hitler made a speech in Danzig in which, after proudly recounting the achievements of German arms in Poland, he said that Germany had no war aims against Britain and France but merely wanted lasting peace. He added that if peace were not forthcoming, Germany was ready for a fight to the finish, and if it came to bombing that Germany would shower down five hundred bombs for one.

The speech had no effect. On October 6th he appeared before the Reichstag with a new bid for peace, but with the declaration that Germany was invulnerable and would fight it out if his offer were rejected. Four days later, on October 10th, he said the same thing in a speech at the Sportpalast in Berlin. Two days later, inspired articles in the German press hinted that President Roosevelt might make a move for peace. The hints were ignored.

Neither Hitler nor Ribbentrop could figure out the British and the French, but they resorted to an effort to placate France and to separate her from her British ally. Neither the wiles of Ribbentrop nor the efforts of others working through Italy succeeded in this, and by the beginning of 1940 these attempts were given up. It was obvious to Hitler that more "correctives" would have to be applied to the Western powers before they could be approached again on the question of peace.

Throughout the sitzkrieg phase of the war during the winter of 1939-1940, the Reich's factories, day and night, in three shifts of eight hours each, turned out arms, munitions and airplanes for the coming struggle in the West. The Army was greatly expanded, and day after day German troops were put through unrelenting drill on the storming of French and Belgian pillboxes. I saw these exercises myself during a five-day tour of Germany's great line of fortifications, the West Wall, which Hitler arranged for a small group of correspondents so that their reports might convince the French—and perhaps the British—of the uselessness of going up against that wall. On the training grounds at Döberitz, near Berlin, Hitler himself, throughout the winter, frequently watched the storming exercises, when in a mathematically executed attack, with flame throwers,

grenades and dynamite, German soldiers "took" fortifications precisely as they later did in actual warfare. Equipment which had been worn or damaged in Poland was repaired and every phase of war operations was tightened for the attack. In Poland, exact replicas of English cottages were built, complete to the last detail of their chimneys and gables and gutters and the precise slant of their roofs; these were used for the training of parachute troops which eventually might make a landing in Britain.

Seventy-five to twenty-five. In that winter of waiting an official of the Foreign Office told me that the Maginot Line was no longer anything more than an artillery problem for the Germans. He spoke beautiful French, was fond of the French, and said: "What a pity if we should have to beat them in order to secure the friendship which they will not give us voluntarily."

On the diplomatic front, Hitler and Ribbentrop were not wasting time. They moved skilfully to offset the British blockade by keeping the neutrals in line, assuring sources of supply from the north, east and southeast. The Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland were kept in recurring attacks of the shivers that Germany might invade them to outflank the Maginot Line. The Balkan nations were given the same impression. All of it was designed to keep them out of the Allied orbit, to make them resist Allied pressure for co-operation in the blockade. In mid-March Finland capitulated to Russia—partly as the result of pressure by Germany—and thus relieved immediate danger on Hitler's northern flank, since the Allies had engaged to help Finland by means of a large expeditionary force which was ready for action and which could later have been used against Germany, with Finland as a springboard. Freed of this immediate danger, Hitler and Ribbentrop turned their attention to the southeast, mindful of the formidable Allied force being gathered in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and surrounding territory. They had a dramatic meeting in a railroad coach with Mussolini and Ciano in the Brenner Pass between Austria and Italy during March. The purpose of the meeting was not only to advertise the terms on which Hitler would consider peace—terms which the Allies already had rejected—but also to consolidate the Balkan

nations by guarantees from Germany, Italy and Russia, which would keep them out of the Allied camp and neutralize the danger of an Allied attack on that flank just as it had been neutralized in the north.

Thus, ceaselessly, Hitler and Ribbentrop sought to manoeuvre or coerce the Allies into a compromise peace, leaving Hitler what he had already conquered and free to carry out his programme of expansion, which, by a simple change of title, was now to be "the New Order in Europe." But Britain and France still preferred to fight.

When the campaign in the West came, after the invasion of Norway, it pretty much bore out the seventy-five-twenty-five prediction of Hitler's generals. On a number of trips to the front I saw what a brilliantly executed piece of surgical warfare it was, each incision into Holland, Belgium and France boldly and coldly made. And with it came a quick, paralysing shock, particularly after Dunkirk, which Hitler counted upon to win him acquiescence at last. France lay prostrate, the British forces were stunned and all but bereft of their arms. It was time for another speech.

The build-up for Hitler's "appeal to reason" address before the Reichstag, aimed at the British, was elaborate, even for the Nazis. Some hours prior to its delivery in Berlin, a few foreign correspondents were called in by Hitler's Press Chief, Dr. Dietrich, and given a careful advance outline of the speech. I cannot recall any other occasion when this was done. It was obvious that the Nazis were eager for a "good press" for this particular appeal, and especially wanted to influence world opinion in its favour by getting it into the newspapers in good time.

By his political logarithms and military slide rule, Hitler had reasoned that the British were whipped. As reasonable-minded men—and the Dutch, the Belgians and the French had been reasonable—they would surely see that once you were beaten you stopped fighting. *Ergo*, now at last they would be ready to talk on a basis of "Europe and colonies to the Nazis; to Britain her Empire."

The degree of surprise and chagrin in Germany when the British refused to grasp this "outstretched hand" has probably never been fully realized abroad. Our reports from Germany could naturally not stress this at the time, but

Hitler and Ribbentrop and all the other Nazis had counted on a definite response to their generosity. Hitler was indignant, and he began now to be contemptuous of the British (just as he was to be, later, of the Russians) because they didn't know when they were whipped, but went on fighting.

But if Hitler longed again to punish the British for their resistance to peace, he had lost his one supreme opportunity after Dunkirk. Beat them he must if he ever wanted to win the war and consolidate his gains on the Continent. The answer, then, was the air blitz loosed on Britain in the autumn and winter of 1940. Just as he had during the sitzkrieg, Hitler prepared all that summer. Goering took direct charge of operations and established headquarters in Brittany. I was one of a small group which the High Command permitted to visit the French Channel coast in the hope that we would imagine we had seen what we actually did not see: preparations for invasion. Nerve war again, to frighten the enemy. What we did see, however, were dozens of emergency landing fields being built, bombers under barns and fighters under trees, throwing up great clouds of wheat-stubble dust when they landed. As small boys lie and watch swallows in flight, we lay on our backs in the lazy summer near Cap Gris Nez and watched the Germans dart out in sporadic raids on Dover. The pace quickened, and one by one the names of charred British cities shrieked from the headlines of Nazi newspapers: Liverpool, London, Coventry, Bristol, Southampton, Plymouth. Britain shuddered under the blows, but did not break.

The Italian fiasco in Greece forced Hitler to turn south. Hitler had been against the Fascist adventure, Goering had been against it, the General Staff had been against it. Greece and Crete enabled the Nazis to hand Britain another blow and to seal their southern flank. But it cost them time in another move which was growing ever more urgent: the invasion of Russia.

Hitler had long known that war with Russia—the "real war" he had spoken of in 1935—was inevitable. It was simply a question of when. The Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 had protected his rear while he was fighting elsewhere; that was what the Nazis had signed it for. But after his failure to eliminate Britain either by war or by peace, pressure on

his western flank began steadily to increase. All-out aid to Britain by the United States was a reality; Britain herself was growing stronger every day.

By early 1941, it was clear in Berlin that the Nazis had either to attempt an invasion and knockout of Britain or to get hold of Russian food and raw materials in order to wage what, it was clear now, was going to be a long war. It was almost a certainty that the United States was coming in, though here Hitler had some comfort in the Three-Power Pact with Japan which Ribbentrop had perfected.

In the face of a divergence of opinion among his advisers, both political and military, on the issue of invasion of Britain vs. invasion of Russia, Hitler was moved by the course of developments to turn east again. As early as December, 1940, he had called to the Chancellery a small group of associates, chiefly military, and given them a frank picture of relations with Russia. The trade agreements supplementary to the political pact were not functioning well. Goering was not surprised, for he had been sceptical of the pact from the beginning, largely because he felt that its demands overstrained the Reich's industrial machinery. Ribbentrop urged that an effort be made to coerce the Russians into keeping up their deliveries through a joint German-Soviet development of the Ukraine, with Gerniaus in prominent positions on the combined directorates. Ribbentrop assured Hitler that the Russians had a respect for the Nazis akin to fear, and described how "childishly happy" they had proved to be in 1939 in securing an agreement "with such a powerful state as Germany."

Hitler listened willingly; anything that he could get through nerve war was still cheaper than what he had to fight for. At the same time, he went ahead with his military preparations. By March, 1941, in the midst of carrying on conversations with Moscow, Hitler had already made three personal visits of inspection to the Russian frontier to check the work of fortification and the laying out of air fields, which was going ahead at fast tempo. It was also about this time that gossip circulated in Berlin that a high Soviet official was due for a visit; thousands of Soviet flags had been manufactured for decoration and stored in the cellar of the Reichschancellery.

Hitler and Ribbentrop may actually have believed that they would be able to squeeze from the Russians what they wanted, but any such hope had faded by May 10th, when Rudolf Hess made his notorious hop to Britain. It seems definite by now that Hess left Germany with Hitler's knowledge, to tell the British that the Nazis were going to attack Russia and to urge them to join in this "holy war" against Bolshevism. The platform? Why, naturally: "Europe and colonies to the Nazis; to Britain her Empire."

Hess's flight ended in a glare of publicity which would certainly have wrecked the above mission, and he was hurriedly disavowed in Germany. Whether or not as a result of this Hess incident, on the very next day, May 11th, Hitler summoned his immediate counsellors to fix the time for the invasion of Russia. An exact date, the 22nd of June, was settled upon, probably on the basis of the long-range weather data which Hitler always had prepared for himself when planning a campaign, and probably, too, because the occult signs on which he so much depended stood right for the twenty-second.

Hitler knew that the Red Army was growing stronger and the quicker the blow was struck, the better the German chances. He seems to have figured that he had a good chance of blitzing the Red Army, for he counted on reaching Moscow in eight to ten weeks. He was also advised that the Soviet population, especially in the Ukraine, could be relied upon to rise up and greet the Nazi "liberator" and help in casting off the Soviet "tyrant" yoke.

On June 22nd, according to schedule, the Nazis, with unparalleled fury, attacked a nation which was still their partner. Several million young men, in whose ears the propaganda of hate had echoed since childhood, surged on in the "holy war." They struck on the longest, the hardest, and the bloodiest front in history. With an undefeated army of colossal power at his command, and in the expectation that the final war against Bolshevism could be made popular with the German people by Nazi propaganda, Hitler launched the blow. He hoped for another quick clean-up. With Russia vanquished, he could turn back to the West—for war or for peace.

Less than six months later, Hitler made the only declara-

tion of war he had ever considered necessary or called-for in his whole war-making career: upon the United States. After having tried for two years to keep clear of a tangle with America so that he could clean up Europe and the British Isles (after which he felt the United States would have no appetite to tangle with *him*), Hitler out of a blue sky called his Reichstag together and once more made them a sounding board for "settling of accounts." It was a glum Germany which heard his message; no country in the world was more genuinely admired among the German people than the United States. A persistent uncomfortable memory lingered, moreover, that it had been when the United States came into the war in 1917 that the scales began to tip against Germany! Why did Hitler take this step? Was his pride piqued at all the humiliation he had had to take, and had taken, from Roosevelt and the nation which detested and scorned him? Had Pearl Harbour been agreed upon in advance (as was likely) and had the Japanese convinced him that they had wiped out our entire Pacific fleet, as Hitler declared in his Reichstag speech? Did he figure, therefore, that he could disrupt our supply lines to Britain and block us in the West while his ally, Japan, finished us off? Whatever the processes of that moiling brain, Hitler had spread his war beyond mere Europe, and out into the broad world. He had now a trio of enemies, Britain, Russia, the United States, before which any less brash dictator might have paused.

Chapter 3

HERMANN GOERING—"FAITHFUL PALADIN"

WAR is waged by nations, but war is planned, begun and conducted by individuals. Small things in the natures of these individuals can affect the course of war, can determine whether a thousand or ten thousand people who are alive today will be alive tomorrow.

Hitler is the man who launched this war, but in the planning and conducting of it he has had the help of many persons. A handful of these, his immediate delegates, like Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Himmler and others, have

been the "leader group" and without them Hitler could not have got the nation to wage his war.

In general Hitler picks men shrewdly and, once he has selected a man, gives him his head and plenty of "authority downward and responsibility upward," which is the essence of the Nazi Fuehrer principle. To Hitler a good man is one who does well what he has been told to do and does it with complete loyalty to Hitler. He has made some bad choices, too—men whose careers have ended with careful avoidance of publicity for reasons varying from embezzlement to over-indulgence in adultery.

Hitler can command loyalty from men of extremely varying character and temperament, many out of personal devotion and many out of obvious self-interest. Outstanding among those who have marched along the road to war with him, year in and year out, is Hermann Goering. A great, beefy, flamboyant man, he is, by ability and by specific designation, Hitler's No. 2; in fact he has more posts and titles than Der Fuehrer himself. He is Reichs Marshal of Greater Germany; Administrator of the Four-Year Plan, with unchallenged authority over the Reich's entire economy; Air Minister and Supreme Commander of the Air Force; Prime Minister of Prussia; President of the Reichstag; as well as Reichs Hunting and Fishing Master.

My first contact with Hermann Goering was in 1932, when he appeared at a press conference to explain to correspondents, following one of Hitler's interviews with President von Hindenburg, why the Nazis were not prepared to enter the government on a compromise basis. Dressed in a simple grey sack suit, Captain Goering explained in a businesslike tone that the terms which had been offered the Nazis were not satisfactory.

For Goering, as for most of the men who joined the Austrian fanatic in his early days, there had been lean times. One of his friends, a newspaperman, described to me how, when he would have an appointment to meet Goering at some café to receive a report on developments in the Party's fight, the Captain often would come charging hungrily in and ask: "Have you got any money?"

"I never had more than five or six marks in my pocket, with which I was going to eat for the next few days," he said

ruefully. "But it was only enough for one meal for the Captain and he ate up the whole sum at a sitting."

When Goering later had gained power with the rise of the Nazis, he still had the appetite and this time the means to satisfy it. Friends of mine who had lived at the same hotel as Goering and his wife and their entourage in San Remo, Italy, shortly before the outbreak of the war, told me of watching Goering fascinatedly as he consumed ten lobsters as the first course at lunch. He drew out of his pocket jewels which he had bought for his wife and showed them to her between gulps.

Jewels were on his fingers, a brace of enormous rings, when I saw him the year the Nazis gained power at the great grey palace which he occupied as President of the Reichstag. The rings impressed me, those and the dagger in a jewelled scabbard which hung from his huge waist. But sitting across the table from him I was impressed, too, by the tremendous energy of the man and by his acuteness of mind. When our talk was over and I expressed interest in his treasures he displayed them proudly—the paintings, the tapestries, the jewelled knickknacks—with wide, expansive gestures.

His appreciation of tapestries was superficial. An acquaintance of mine told me of some famous Gobelinus which Goering had "borrowed" from the Belvedere Palace in Vienna for his country estate, Karinhall, near Berlin. He had had bronze frames built to fit into the appropriate wall spaces where he wanted the tapestries hung, but when they were ready to be put up it was found that some of them were too large for the frames. The decorators asked Goering what to do and with a casual gesture he said: "Why, naturally, cut the edges off!" Goering's motto is "A wrong decision is better than no decision at all."

I recall later meetings with him, such as one at a luncheon given by the Foreign Press Association in Berlin. A group of correspondents was talking to him and asking him questions about the Air Force which he was then building. The Jewish question came up and one correspondent asked: "Well, General, would you, for example, use a Jewish invention in your airplanes?" To which he answered, laughing: "I certainly would. For me, engines have no Jewish grandmothers."

Goering's wedding with the actress Emmy Sonnemann was a triumph of gaudy pagantry. I attended it, and what really staggered me was the gleaming great automobile, garlanded with freshly picked baby-pink rosebuds, in which the bulky bridegroom and his Brünnehilde sailed along, smiling and waving affably to the crowds. The marriage was celebrated in the biggest church Goering could find in Berlin, the Cathedral, and (he would have only the best!) the Reichs Bishop officiated. Pudgy Hitler Youth were the train bearers. Goering received thousands of wedding gifts, of course, and like a proud child wanted everybody to see them; he put them on display in his Berlin palace and visitors, including the specially invited foreign press, were conducted through it as through a museum.

Following his marriage he became, as far as time would permit, the typical German paterfamilias, especially after the birth of his child. He heaped money upon his home, built as a shrine to his first wife, and upon his palace in town which he occupied as Premier of Prussia; its cellar came to include many thousand bottles of the best French champagne taken from the Luftwaffe's loot of two million bottles at Rheims. Nor did he neglect his estates in Bavaria and in East Prussia! Indeed the swathe which he cut was always a handsome one. When he took his wife on a visit to Bad Gastein in Austria after the war had started, it was in an armoured train, and they engaged a whole floor of the leading hotel. His parties in Berlin were always lavish affairs, whether his annual Opera Ball or soirées at the Aero Club. The swank Berlin restaurateur, Horcher, whose touch was best with the small, exquisite meal, always handled Goering's parties, even if there were a thousand guests, and Goering with his *Frau* was always present: a grinning, sweating, waddling host.

The Opera Ball, replete with miles of pink satin, was one of his favourite functions. He always occupied with Emmy the largest box, while around them in other boxes were clusters of miscellaneous Hohenzollerns and other social elite. Goering seemed to feel that the military, official background of his family, contrasted to the humble origins of most of the Nazis, required him to maintain social swank, and he always strove for it. He was proud of the social tone

of his Air Force, which numbered many young pilots of leading aristocratic families. Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, son of the Crown Prince and the Hohenzollerns' Heir Pretender, was one of them.

Goering, to the gratification of cartoonists, has a uniform to go with each of his titles, but—vain, hemedalled, betitled as he is—he is the kind of fat man to be taken seriously.

Since the beginning of the war, Goering's energies have been concentrated upon two important fields, economics and the Air Force. Hitler knew nothing about economics and Goering very little more, when he was appointed economic czar, but he proceeded according to a tried and effective system (not unlike Hitler's own): that is to say, he sub-delegated the work to men of great competence while he himself retained supreme authority. He goes at his work with great, sweeping motions, respects no feelings and gets things done. In organizing German war economy on a basis which, he boasted, would enable the Reich to fight "for thirty years if necessary," he absorbed into his Four-Year Plan virtually the entire machinery of the Economics Ministry, leaving the Minister, Walther Funk, practically nothing to do but run the Reichsbank. Goering kept the real power in his own hands but loaded a lot of the detail on to a "general council" consisting of Funk, the Ministers of Agriculture, Interior, Labour, Commerce, and several high Army and Nazi Party officials. Goering read their reports. He also lined up a team of hard-hitting supersalesmen to go out to all corners of Europe which by any chance had not yet been conquered by the Nazis, to gear them into his own economic set-up.

In much the same way Goering had built up his Air Force, telling his subordinates (who were usually his friends, too): "I do not expect of you simply that which is possible, but that which is impossible." In the Air Force he had around him men like Generals Hugo Sperrle, Albert Kesselring, and Ernst Udet, who had been his flying comrades in the last war and who built up the Force to a position stronger at its peak than that of any other in the world with the possible exception of the Soviet. They were all tremendously proud of the Force, and it was typical of Goering's intimate contact with it that at the beginning of the blitz on England he was re-

ported to have piloted a bomber over London personally to observe the damage. He bestowed all of the best on his flyers in the way of quarters, food and equipment and enjoyed wide popularity among them. He was always on the lookout for improvements, and it was after an aide had seen at the Soviet Embassy a film on the operations of Red paratroops that he secured a copy of the film which greatly contributed to the development of the parachute arm of the Luftwaffe.

If there had been no war, Hitler in all likelihood would have handed over many of his duties as Chancellor to Goering, reserving the higher functions of Der Fuehrer to himself. From early days, in fact, it had been Captain Goering, the World War ace, adventurer and Hitler's "faithful paladin," who had been his closest political advisor in matters of both domestic and foreign policy. Although Goering proclaimed: "I am a soldier," nevertheless politics, particularly in the field of foreign affairs, was always a strong second love. One of the few Nazis with a "gentleman's" background, he was also one of the few who had a natural feeling for international relations. Hitler made use of, and indulged, Goering in his interest in foreign affairs even after the assumption of power, when Goering's time was being devoted more and more to the Air Force. But a relative newcomer to National Socialism, a sharp and audacious man, began to gain increasing confidence with Hitler, to wield growing influence in foreign policy and to gain Goering's increasing animosity. That man was Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Goering had worked well in the field of foreign politics with the Foreign Minister Baron von Neurath, and the encroachments of Ribbentrop disturbed them both. When Ribbentrop's growing influence made it evident that Hitler was considering him to replace Neurath, Goering cast tact aside. He went directly to Hitler to warn him of the antagonism that would be aroused abroad if Ribbentrop should receive the appointment. In an earlier, even more blunt outburst, he exclaimed: "As long as I am in the government, that man will never become Foreign Minister!"

But Hitler, not to be swayed when his mind was made up, ignored the protest, and in the Cabinet shake-up of February, 1938, he appointed Ribbentrop as Foreign

Minister. At the same time he made Goering a field marshal, which was a partial balm at least to his resentment over Ribbentrop's promotion, but along with the appointment Hitler made it bluntly plain to Goering that his field of operations was to be the Air Force and the Four-Year Plan.

Goering's animosity towards Ribbentrop, however, was soon to flare up in the handling of the Czech problem. Although he bellowed as loudly and as violently as any at the Czechs and, at the Nuremberg rally of 1938, called them "a miserable chip of a race without *Kultur*," he felt that Ribbentrop was pressing upon Hitler too radical a solution, which might cause war.

"He's always ready to pull a sabre out of his pants when he doesn't have to do the fighting," he said contemptuously of Ribbentrop.

In the face of Ribbentrop's belligerent counsel to Hitler, and particularly his assurances that the British were not able and did not want to fight, Goering begged that Hitler's adjutant and World War Commander, Captain Fritz Wiedemann, be sent to London to sound out the situation. Hitler agreed and Wiedemann—a man whom Goering trusted—flew off in a special plane. He had confidential talks with Lord Halifax and others and returned to tell Hitler that the British would not remain disinterested towards Nazi expansion to the east.

Ribbentrop was displeased. Goering learned that he had sought a final interview with Hitler in the Chancellery to press his plan. Goering called to Berlin the deposed Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath, who was living on his estate in Baden, and together they went to the Chancellery in a bold effort to cross Ribbentrop's scheme.

As Ribbentrop sat waiting in the ante-room outside Hitler's study, Goering, having asked to see Hitler on matters of great military urgency, strode in with Neurath. After a curt greeting, Goering took a seat in a corner across from the surprised Ribbentrop. Suddenly, no longer master of his excitement and anger, he rose and cried: "See here, Ribbentrop, are you simply determined to plunge the Reich into war? Or what is your plan?"

Without even getting up from his seat, Ribbentrop, his

over-handsome face pale at the attack, answered: "You forget that I am Foreign Minister, and not you."

Goering completely lost his composure, pounded his huge fist on the table and, his great neck and face fiery with anger, bellowed: "You're no Foreign Minister! You're not even a second-rate politician! Shall I tell you what you are? You're a dunce! But one of the dangerous kind! I will not tolerate that the nation is plunged into a war which is totally unnecessary! Der Fuehrer was always convinced that affairs with our neighbours could be solved without war until you entered! Then everybody began to talk of war!"

And, in a final wild outburst: "You have become Hitler's evil spirit!" he roared.

Neurath's efforts to calm the scene were interrupted when Hitler suddenly entered the room and the stormy session ended abruptly.

The Czech crisis ended without war. Ribbentrop had been much nearer right than Goering, a fact which was reflected in Hitler's attitude during the Polish crisis. Once again he favoured Ribbentrop's judgment over Goering's. This time it meant war. "What a shame that 'Jo' [Ribbentrop] doesn't have to fly with me," Goering observed dryly to his adjutant as they left for headquarters on the Polish front.

The rivalry between Goering and Ribbentrop persists but, especially in wartime, is so subdued that many people even in Germany are not aware of its existence. It represents in reality one of the great potential splits that may open up when the Nazi set-up starts to crumble.

In his feud with Goering, Ribbentrop has few allies but he can always count upon one man, his friend Heinrich Himmler, head of the S.S. and the Gestapo. Himmler, when you see him standing around at official receptions, is an owl-like little man, a dull-looking little man, but he is, in truth, one of the most vicious products of National Socialism. Guardian spirit of the concentration camps, hard-working brain of the Gestapo, he it is whose business is to spy and kill.

Relations between Goering and Himmler have been outwardly normal but inwardly strained for a number of years. When Goering gave up one of his jobs, the Prussian Ministry

of the Interior, he also gave up control over the Prussian police and the *Geheimesstaatspolizei* (Gestapo or Secret State Police). He was succeeded in this jurisdiction by the head of the S.S., Heinrich Himmler, whose province gradually expanded to include the entire Reichs Police. As head of the S.S., he drew his regular police and Gestapo men more and more from the pool of some 700,000 S.S. under his command. Thus Himmler built up an empire, small at first, then more powerful. In a "revolutionary" country, any man who controls the police is a man to be reckoned with.

Himmler was ambitious for himself, for his Gestapo and for his S.S. He wanted the latter taken into the armed forces, but the Army—that kernel of it which clung to the traditional objection to "politicalizing" the forces—rejected the bid. A compromise was worked out by which Himmler's men went in in closed units, at first as the so-called *Verfügungstruppen* (Emergency Troops), about 12,000 in number, perfectly trained and equipped. With the coming of war more S.S. units were absorbed, this time under the name of *Waffen S.S.* or "Armed S.S.," to a total of about twenty divisions, or 400,000 men. Feeling themselves to be the standard bearers of the Nazi movement on the battlefield, the S.S. strove for a record of valour which sent their casualty average well above that of the other units.

Goering, again reflecting the conventional military background of his family, sided as much with the Army in this jockeying as with the S.S. With the S.S. and special police units, Goering had been the grand executioner in the Blood Purge of 1934, but this created in him no special loyalty to the S.S., for above all he didn't trust Himmler. When his own "Honour Regiment," the "Regiment Hermann Goering," was formed in 1938, it numbered no S.S. or S.A. men, although there was no general Air Force ban against either.

Goering and Himmler had a minor tiff about this time over the question of whether officers should be permitted to wear monocles. Himmler said not but Goering maintained that German officers always had worn them and that the tradition should continue. Hitler himself decided the issue pontifically in Goering's favour and at the next regimental

dinner every "Hermann Goering" officer wore the single eyeglass with mock ceremony.

There were sporadic outbreaks of tension between Himmler and the Army: complaints by high officers that their phones at the War Ministry were being tapped by the Gestapo; fires in the archive section of the War Ministry said to have been started by the S.S. to destroy records incriminating them; even open street clashes between S.S. men and Army regulars during the occupation of France. But it was not until late in 1941 that the feud between Goering and Himmler flared up seriously.

This flare-up centred around the mysterious deaths in November, 1941, of Goering's friend, General Ernst Udet, chief of the technical branch of the Air Force, and of Germany's leading young ace, Colonel Werner Moelders.

Udet had been under criticism for certain production lapses, to which he answered: "I was told in 1939 to programme for a two-year war, and now all of a sudden I'm expected to produce more planes with fewer workmen!" Secret Air Ministry figures showed that Air Force losses early in the Russian fighting ran as high as 30 per cent per unit engaged. Udet died "in an accident while testing a new weapon," according to the official announcement, but actually at the hands of Himmler's Gestapo, according to my information. And when, about the same time, Moelders, sole holder of the Iron Cross with Sword in Diamonds, crashed fatally in a courier plane piloted by someone else, it looked like Gestapo again. Moelders had a sister who was a nun, one of the nuns literally tossed out on to the street by the Gestapo in their confiscation of the property of various Catholic orders in Westphalia. When he was received by Hitler after his 115th air victory for the bestowal of his Sword in Diamonds, he was asked whether anything might be done for him as a further sign of the country's gratitude. Moelders struck straight out and told a nettled Fuehrer that he found it difficult to reconcile this badge of honour with what was being done to the Church by the Gestapo. The Bishop of Münster, Count von Galen, had protested the Westphalian persecutions in a telegram addressed directly to Hitler, but turned over by Der Fuehrer's secretary, Dr. Lammers, to the Gestapo instead.

It would be far-fetched to assume that Udet was killed for production shortcomings or Moelders for his protest to Hitler. There was a far better reason reflected in the arrest of a large number of Air Force officers at the time. I knew—and if I knew, Himmler certainly did!—that there had been formed in Germany a loosely joined group, anchored in the Air Ministry and including *individuals*, but never groups, in other ministries and in industry, where Goering had powerful connections as economic czar, which was ready to take over "*if anything happened to Hitler.*" Himmler may have believed that this group was planning to translate "if" into "when" and struck at it to inhibit any such move. I do not believe that this group, which included very high Air Ministry officials, had any designs whatever on Hitler's life. They have as much of a vested interest in a Hitler victory as anyone else. Nor has there ever been any evidence that Goering planned Hitler's overthrow. But war being what it is, and the stresses and strains of internal conditions being what they are, Goering and his friends were taking no chances by failing to provide for themselves "*if anything happened to Hitler.*" Any No. 2 man who acted otherwise would be stupid and, say what you like about Goering, he isn't that.

The Goering-Himmler struggle bears watching, for it is also apt to furnish a major battle in the showdown (roughly, Army-Conservative *vs.* S.S.-Radical) when serious military reverses commence to crack the Nazi set-up.

If Himmler knows pretty much what Goering is up to, Goering has his sources of information too: not only the Air Force espionage and counter-espionage department, but a private spy network as well, which he, like other ministers, and even Hitler, maintained. These independent and personal organizations represented the supreme refinement of the well-established principle in the Nazi hierarchy that nobody can trust anybody else and that the best way you can protect yourself against your neighbour is to know what he is doing.

The most notorious of these outfits, formerly under the administration of Rudolf Hess for Hitler's special information, and independent of all the others, had some 20,000 persons working for it, a budget of 10,000,000 marks a year,

special airplanes and automobiles and every modern means of communication. One secret representative of this vast network sat in the office of every mayor, police chief, provincial president, down to the smallest county and town, or even in police precinct stations. The head office in Berlin represented itself as an insurance company.

Chapter 4

RIBBENTROP, THE NAZI PARVENU

THE emergence of Joachim von Ribbentrop, the shrewd, urbane, international champagne and liquor dealer, is a characteristic "success story" of Nazi Germany. It is the story of a man who found favour with Hitler.

Ribbentrop is a handsome man with a well-shaped, round, non-Germanic-looking head and good features, with the exception of a left eyelid that droops slightly. He has, too, a great deal of social poise. This he seems to have acquired simultaneously with the aristocratic prefix to his name—he had himself adopted by a "von" branch of the family—and after a youthful stint as a section hand on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Behind this smooth front is a brain full of cunning and cold audacity, and a driving energy which enables him to work for sixteen or eighteen hours at a stretch.

All of these qualities, consciously applied over a period of years to cementing himself in Hitler's favour, have served Ribbentrop well. One by one he has kicked the shins or slit the throats of whomever it was necessary to get out of the way until he stood in Hitler's graces second to none—at times even stronger than the official heir apparent, Hermann Goering.

Ribbentrop is enough like Hitler in his vanity, his theatricalism and his arrogance to know how to handle Der Fuehrer. Goering may be a man of bold and brutal actions but Ribbentrop is a man of bold and brutal ideas, and Hitler needs both.

Ribbentrop, who married the daughter of the German champagne magnate Henkell, had been highly useful to Hitler in establishing and maintaining contact with German

conservative and business circles in the years immediately before the Nazis finally gained power. After that Hitler had used him as his special delegate to disarmament discussions at the League of Nations, and later had appointed him to the anomalous position of Ambassador at Large. The position may have been an indefinite one but Ribbentrop proceeded to make it important. He established a highly specialized personal organization called the *Dienststelle Ribbentrop* which he staffed with men whom he knew to be capable and loyal to his interests. Its essential function was to collect both information and influence for the Ambassador at Large, whose keepest ambition was now to become the Foreign Minister.

By 1935, when Hitler began unrolling his bold schemes for expansion in Europe, Ribbentrop had already made his influence felt as an unofficial advisor on foreign policy, to the growing concern of the incumbent Foreign Minister, Baron Konstantin von Neurath, and a group of conservatives who shared his view that problems of foreign policy are better solved by diplomatic means than by war.

Ribbentrop was well aware that he had opponents, but he was not a man to be intimidated by this. He was not a slugger as Goering was, for example, but a man who worked smoothly and surreptitiously to achieve his ends. He strove to find contact men in the Chancellery—the nearer to Hitler the better—in the Foreign Office, the Economics Ministry or any other place from which regular information would be of use to him. Every scrap of knowledge actually came into this category: what Hitler's visiting list was through the weeks; who visited him most regularly; how long they stayed; what they or Hitler said; and all such data as would enable the Ambassador at Large to bolster up his position with Hitler and to be constantly "in the know." Also it was important to him to learn who were his enemies and who could be counted upon. Meanwhile his personal bureau gathered, card-indexed and co-ordinated data and information from all available public and private sources abroad and in Germany (including Ribbentrop's personal acquaintances) about the volatile and highly complicated political situation existing or developing in Western, Eastern and Southern Europe. This kept him thoroughly *au courant*

and enabled him to compete with the advantage which Neurath enjoyed through the receipt of official diplomatic reports. In other words, he had his own little Foreign Office.

He worked effectively. By August, 1936, Hitler had decided to appoint him to the leading post in the Reich's diplomatic service, the Ambassadorship to London. Hitler, whose great political thesis was that the Germans and the English were natural political allies, was more anxious to build up his relations with England than with any other nation on earth. He had for the British almost what the Germans call—and some Germans in his case *did* call—an *Affenliebe*, or fawning affection, and he wanted in London a man who would both represent him properly and report to him accurately.

Ribbentrop knew London, which he had visited many times as a liquor importer and exporter, and spoke fluent English with a well-tailored accent. Whatever social snubbing he may have experienced in earlier years (and I have been told that there was considerable in the better clubs), he would now as Ambassador have all the prestige and authority of the German government to win him an entrée. He had plenty of money to use, and one of the first things he did was to have the old German Embassy on Carlton House Terrace lavishly renovated.

Ribbentrop managed, however, to get off to an extraordinarily bad start. His supreme gaucherie was his use of the Hitler salute when being received by King George VI. Nor did one of his wife's remarks, made in the hearing of guests at an official reception at the German Embassy, help much. What she said was: "I don't like to speak English anyhow. It is the language of peasants and servants." Ribbentrop's "press" was bad throughout his stay in London; there was something so supercilious and super-British-snobbish about his conduct of press conferences, particularly at the time of non-intervention negotiations during the Spanish Civil War, that scarcely an American or British newspaperman could stomach them.

When Ribbentrop was sent to London, the Wilhelmstrasse spoke of the clever move by which von Neurath had succeeded in getting his pushing young rival out of Berlin and out of contact with Hitler. The Neurath-Goering group

was delighted at his blunders in London. But it soon became evident that they had underestimated Ribbentrop. His main coup was being able, despite the protests of both Goering and Neurath, to maintain his *Dienststelle* with its entire staff of "Ribbentrop's young men" in Berlin, where it continued to function vigorously as his liaison staff with the Nazi political world. His bureau continued to report to him in London every item of news that would keep him up to date. They informed him of Hitler's visitors, every remark made for or against Ribbentrop in the Foreign Office or any other ministry, and who made it. If at any particular time the situation in Berlin became dangerous for Ribbentrop, if he seemed to be losing ground at any important point and, most especially, if he seemed to be slipping in Hitler's favour, then the Ambassador would leave London and come hurrying back to bolster his position.

Meanwhile, as Neurath complained at the time, he acted "entirely independently," making his reports as Ambassador more often directly to Hitler than, as was usual in diplomatic practice, through the Foreign Office. Neurath soon saw that in the long run he would not be able to match Ribbentrop's methods and seemed resigned to his growing influence with Hitler. Not only did Ribbentrop know enough to agree with virtually everything that Hitler did or proposed, but in many cases he even went beyond Hitler in advising that this or that note to this or that power be more strongly phrased, that this or that passage in a Hitler speech be more defiant. And with it all, Ribbentrop managed to be in Hitler's actual entourage, in direct contact with him, more often than either Neurath or Goering.

It was while Ribbentrop was still Ambassador in London that he made a trip home to deliver in Leipzig a burning speech about the Reich's colonial policy, which included some very definite and uncomplimentary references to Britain's attitude on the colonial question. The tactlessness and arrogance of the speech caused a sensation and many wondered whether Ribbentrop had not this time overstepped his bounds. Reaction from the Chancellery was not long in coming, but it was not what most people expected. It was a telegram of glowing commendation from Hitler, followed not long after by a promise that Ribbentrop would

receive the Foreign Ministry "as soon as it can be arranged"—that is, as soon as Neurath could be shelved without causing inner friction.

It is needless to say that Ribbentrop made wide use of the telegram from Hitler in his battle for position. He pushed his advantage at every point. No post was too small for him to fill with a Ribbentrop man; he began to get sympathizers into the Foreign Office; some of his lesser opponents wobbled or swung over to him completely. The anti-Ribbentrop front steadily weakened.

This issue, with many others, came to a head with unexpected suddenness in the Cabinet shake-up of February, 1938. Despite opposition, Hitler kept his promise and Ribbentrop took over the Foreign Office. Among the men who soon found themselves on common ground with the new Minister was General Keitel, newly appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. He received an office in the Reichschancellery, and he and Ribbentrop, with their associates, succeeded in throwing a virtual wall around Hitler. Palace politics flourished, and for weeks only those persons acceptable to them succeeded in getting in to see the Chancellor.

Hitler, as he modestly wrote later, having decided early in January "to solve the Austrian question and thereby to establish the Great German Reich," had in his new Foreign Minister a vigorous supporter who was in favour of losing no time in dealing with the Schuschnigg government. Even Hitler, however, insisted that the outward proprieties be observed and proposed that Schuschnigg be invited to his mountain home, the Berghof, above Berchtesgaden. Ribbentrop was anxious that the atmosphere for this meeting be right, and was delighted when Franz von Papen, German Ambassador to Vienna, in a conversation with Hitler forty-eight hours before the meeting, with seeming casualness dropped the remark that Schuschnigg had referred to Hitler as "that *Saeulenheiliger*." This was a double-edged gibe at Hitler as a super-saint at his Freudian predilection for columns in architecture. Hitler paled but said nothing.

When Schuschnigg arrived at the Berghof, Hitler received him coldly and proceeded to handle his surprised guest like a schoolboy. Schuschnigg wanted to light a

cigarette, but Hitler in a sharp, reproving tone said: "One does not smoke here, Herr Schuschnigg!" Gathering intensity, Hitler then proceeded to lecture the Austrian Chancellor uninterruptedly for fifty-five minutes. He told him that he would not tolerate the policy that Schuschnigg was following towards the Nazis. He stipulated what changes must be made in the Cabinet; in other words proceeded to "solve the Austrian question" in a highly individual manner. When Schuschnigg made feeble attempts to interrupt or interpose some remark of his own, Hitler threw back his words with the warning: "Otherwise you will have civil war on your hands, Herr Schuschnigg!"

Bewildered and angry at this onslaught, and knowing that Hitler had mobilized his troops to back up his threats, Schuschnigg left for home.

"There goes our new *Gauleiter* prospect," quipped Hitler's adjutant, Julius Schaub, as the door closed.

"He should have been made to sign on the dotted line at once!" exclaimed Ribbentrop. "Why take so much trouble with this priest-ridden person?"

A few days later came Schuschnigg's desperate and defiant speech to the Austrian Parliament in an attempt to halt the flood. Hitler listened grimly at the radio at Berchtesgaden without saying a word. As Schuschnigg ended amid the frantic applause of the Austrian deputies, Hitler arose, clenched his fist and exclaimed: "This is the end, Herr Schuschnigg!" Der Fuehrer went to his desk, picked up a pencil and, spreading a piece of paper before him, wrote down the new National Socialist government for Austria. In a few days it was a reality. Austria came "home."

When, under the momentum of the success in Austria, the chance came to agitate a solution of the Sudeten problem, Ribbentrop and Keitel urged the outright establishment of the protectorate over Czechoslovakia even at the cost of war. Ribbentrop told Hitler that he thought he could manoeuvre France out of the picture so that she could not threaten the plan. As for the British: "All you have to do is to show them that you will shrink from nothing and they will give way," he said.

Ribbentrop proposed that Germany should simply overrun Czechoslovakia if necessary; nor did he stop there, for

he urged that the Reich assure its food supplies, "for decades," by slicing off the Ukraine from Russia. Ribbentrop thought that the British would take a "rather more realistic" view of things after that. Hitler was impressed; but the German Ambassador in Moscow, Count Schulenburg, in whose advice he placed great confidence, energetically opposed the Ukraine project and Hitler let it drop "until later." He did, however, adopt and present to the Cabinet a plan for forcing the Sudeten issue which embodied Ribbentrop's major principle of defying the British and French.

Munich, of course, was almost more than any of them could have hoped for, but when it was over, Ribbentrop's position with Hitler was impregnable. The final establishment of the Protectorate in the following spring proved to be simple after that.

Ribbentrop, meanwhile, had not been too busy with these great issues to attend to the little chores of house-cleaning which still needed to be done. He had taken over into the Foreign Office with him the "young men" of his *Dienststelle*. Dozens of officials with years of experience disappeared from their jobs, to be replaced by Ribbentrop men, some still in their twenties. No one knew whose head would fall next, but one who dared to speak was the Chief of Protocol, Baron von Buelow-Schwante. Member of an aristocratic family, he was also an old-line Nazi and in Party circles he openly criticized Ribbentrop's high-handed methods. In a tone the brusqueness of which Buelow-Schwante could neither mistake nor overlook, Ribbentrop reproved him; whereat Schwante replied blisteringly: "You should not forget that you are a Minister now and no longer a traveller in champagne." The *Chef de Protocol* turned and left the room without another word. He went to Party friends, who informed Hitler of the incident before Ribbentrop himself could do so. That which no one believed possible happened. Hitler called for a report on the matter and for the first time refused to support Ribbentrop. Buelow-Schwante did not return to his post, but Hitler named him to Brussels and in a few months elevated the mission to an embassy.

Among the other men whom Ribbentrop began to get

out of the way were Captain Wiedemann and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was a member of the Neurath front. Ribbentrop was extremely anxious to get Wiedemann away from the Chancellery. This was realized through Wiedemann's assignment to the German Consulate-Generalcy in San Francisco. With Schacht, who had served Hitler well in managing the Reich's complicated finances from 1933 on, Ribbentrop used a different technique. Schacht was notoriously outspoken and in many respects no Nazi sympathizer. Nor was he any friend of Ribbentrop's. When, on one occasion, at a reception at the Norwegian Legation, Schacht observed of Ribbentrop that "such a man in earlier days would never have been more than a clerk," Ribbentrop, through his personal espionage service, had a memorandum of the remark on his desk within twenty-four hours, and he saw to it that this and similar oblique criticism of Der Fuehrer's judgment reached Hitler's ears regularly. Since his dismissal in 1939, Dr. Schacht has been raising pigs on his estate in Württemberg.

With the settlement of the Czech dispute, Ribbentrop also managed the final jettisoning of Neurath, whom he promptly recommended for the post of *Reichsprotector* in the new protectorate. Hitler had planned to keep Neurath nearer Berlin for occasional consultations, but Ribbentrop succeeded in convincing him of the Baron's outstanding qualifications for the post—one which Neurath himself detested and did not want but which he accepted and administered until relieved of it by the ill-fated Reinhard Heydrich. By this move Ribbentrop achieved two things: firstly, he succeeded in getting Neurath away from Hitler and, secondly, he kept in Berlin his friend the Gestapo chief, Heinrich Himmler, whom Hitler had selected for the protector post.

One of the highlights of Ribbentrop's career came in the next year, with his signature of the pact with Russia, one week before the invasion of Poland. Even though this pact did not have the desired—and expected—effect of keeping England and France out of the war, Ribbentrop considered it one of his greatest political triumphs.

"It was one thing in which no one could match me, my dear fellow," he observed to one of Hitler's aides. "And it

was so simple. One merely has to give the Russians temporarily everything they want." He told the Italian Ambassador that he felt "like the Bismarck of the Third Reich," and when Hitler asked him how long the pact was to be considered valid, Ribbentrop replied, smiling: "As long as *we* want."

This last, at least, was true, and Ribbentrop perhaps considered it another moment of triumph when, on the day the Germans fell upon Russia, he could expose Soviet "treachery" at a special foreign press conference.

I have spoken of the special secret service which assisted Ribbentrop in his handling of the Polish crisis and other "diplomatic affairs" of the Reich. It was administered as part of the personal department which he maintained—an empire within an empire—in the Foreign Office, and was generally divided into a section spying on the activities of certain German diplomats abroad whom he did not entirely trust, and a section spying on the foreign diplomatic missions in Berlin.

Ribbentrop built up his organization to a point where it is safe to say that he had spies in every German mission abroad and in every foreign mission in Berlin, to a total of some 5000 operatives, which included foreigners as well as Germans. They may have been footmen, maids or other menials, and no scrap of information was too small for them to send in for the attention of Herr von Ribbentrop or his young men. Crumpled paper from wastebaskets, scraps of conversation overheard at receptions, in automobiles, at official dinner parties or even at private meals, records of telephone calls made to foreign or German numbers—all of these found their way through the network. The chauffeur of the Minister in Berlin of a certain Southeastern European state was one of Ribbentrop's spies. Although a foreigner, he worked closely with Himmler's S.S. His special device was a microphone built into the back seat of the Minister's car. Ribbentrop's secret agents abroad, usually on the staffs of the diplomatic missions themselves, were required to render directly to his bureau weekly reports on morale, remarks by other members of the staff and such.

One man on whom Ribbentrop never succeeded in getting anything was Franz von Papen, German Ambassador

to Turkey. Papen, apparently knowing of the Foreign Minister's little habit of planting butlers and chambermaids, paid his staffs such good wages that they didn't have to worry about Ribbentrop's pin money. He paid them so well, in fact, that when occasionally they received exploratory questions from Ribbentrop's men, they brought them to von Papen who slyly answered them himself.

Ribbentrop's wife, the Henkell heiress, also took part in her husband's little spy game, in which she handled the "woman's angle." She had a complete card-index system of all the wives and daughters of German diplomats abroad and of those of foreign diplomats in Berlin. Tea-table chatter, flirtations and scandals were her material. Ribbentrop depended a good deal upon his wife's advice. She was an ambitious woman with a desire to play a role in politics and plenty of money to help her do it. Hitler, who never welcomed political activity on the part of official wives, was always extremely wary in dealing with her.

When the Foreign Minister and Frau von Ribbentrop moved into their official residence, Hindenburg's old palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, they seemed to feel the need of a banquet service of gold plate to go with it. Gold was already scarce at that time. When Ribbentrop placed his order with a Berlin jeweller and this latter submitted an application to the Reichsbank for the necessary permit, the officials of that institution, aghast at the quantity of the metal required, requested the jeweller to point out to the Foreign Minister that this amount of gold would be enough to supply all the dentists in Germany for a year. Herr von Ribbentrop was not impressed, the story goes, and wrote back a chilly note saying that he had ordered the gold and expected to get it. He did.

Now that Germany's armies are carrying on the work which Ribbentrop helped Hitler so carefully to prepare, there is not much left of Europe for the Foreign Minister to deal with. The conquered countries are the province of Himmler and the Army; the vassal nations like Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria are well in line; the only neutrals in Europe are Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal—and there is good reason not to disturb their *status quo*. Ribbentrop's diplomatic imagination has long ceased to deal with

mere countries; he thinks now in terms of continents. And of the gratifying progress of the Three-Power Pact with Japan, of which Pearl Harbour was the first result.

Pearl Harbour, in fact, had brought the Foreign Minister another moment of exquisite pleasure: the opportunity to hand the United States, Germany's declaration of war. He did it in an interview that lasted exactly ten minutes. This interview constituted the first meeting ever to take place between the Foreign Minister and the United States Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, Leland B. Morris, for Ribbentrop received only full-fledged ambassadors and ministers.

It was shortly before 1 p.m. on December 11th, 1941, that the Foreign Office telephoned the American Embassy to say that von Ribbentrop requested Morris to visit him at 2 p.m. No reason for the request was given. The message was taken by an Embassy official. When Mr. Morris presented himself at the Foreign Office he was conducted to a waiting room next to Ribbentrop's office and shortly after two o'clock was summoned to the Foreign Minister. Von Ribbentrop, wearing light grey Foreign Office uniform, was seated at his desk. The only other person present was Dr. Paul Schmidt, the official interpreter, in case some expression should exceed Mr. Morris' German. As on the occasion when Sumner Welles visited Berlin in January, 1940, before Germany and the United States were at war, Ribbentrop, despite a perfect command of English, refused to use "the enemy tongue." As Mr. Morris entered, von Ribbentrop rose and bowed coldly. He drew a document of several pages from a drawer in the desk and began reading in German. All three stood throughout. The document ended with the statement that Germany now considered herself in a state of war with the United States. As Ribbentrop concluded Mr. Morris asked in German: "Will I have facilities to transmit this document to my government?" Von Ribbentrop replied brusquely, "*Jawohl*," bowed stiffly, and Mr. Morris left the room.

TIME was when the big feud for No. 2 position in Nazidom was generally accepted as being that between Goering and Goebbels. It had always been Captain Goering who advised Hitler in matters of general policy and Party strategy and Dr. Goebbels, a stunted, clubfoot little renegade Catholic from the Rhineland, who ran Hitler's propaganda for him and who by means of golden oratory and divers forms of trickery won Berlin to the Nazi cause.

Hitler was obligated to the "Little Doctor" for these sterling services, and with the rise to power gave him increasing recognition, so that Goebbels, within a very short time, held tremendous authority, and might even make a serious bid for Hitler's favour against his old rival Goering.

That famous Blood Purge of 1934, however, seems to have given Goering his first lead in the race, and after that he was never headed. In the Purge, Goebbels clung so close to Hitler's person that everybody suspected he must have been afraid of being liquidated too—perhaps by those S.S. firing squads which, under Goering's command, were dealing out sudden death all over the Reich.

Thereafter, Goebbels stuck to propaganda, while Goering, particularly after the government shuffle of 1938, advanced steadily both as "First Soldier of the Reich" and as economics czar. Goebbels' job grew correspondingly with the increase in political tempo, but his own political influence did not. A serious rivalry between the two men cannot be spoken of today.

War, and the prelude to war, called for far greater effort on the part of Dr. Goebbels and his propaganda outfit, just as it did on every phase of Nazi activity. His work, in the years before Hitler came to power and immediately after that, had been to sell National Socialism to the German people. Then, more and more, the function of propaganda began to be to sell National Socialism to the world at large, and to assist Hitler's expansionist schemes. This implied getting a "good press" for Germany in every corner of Europe or the world where it was possible. If this meant "assisting" certain newspapers in the Balkans, in South America, or wherever, Goebbels had plenty of money to do

that. In 1938 alone, in fact, seventeen and a half million reichsmarks were devoted to this deserving purpose, not including the salaries of bribed correspondents who were maintained in Berlin for the purpose of sending back favourable reports from the Nazi capital. If, in facilitating the work of Fifth Columnists abroad, Dr. Goebbels had to buy a little newspaper property outright here and there, that did not bother him either.

In addition to this softening-up of sentiment towards the Nazis abroad, Goebbels had to gear the German press into Nazi political warfare by making it the main trumpet in the "walls of Jericho" chorus which has already been described. If it served Nazi policy to work up animosity among the German people towards Czechoslovakia or Poland or France or the United States, the proper directives were given by the Little Doctor from his office in the Propaganda Ministry.

Goebbels discharged his propaganda duties both inside Germany and abroad in a highly creditable manner from Hitler's viewpoint. Through the newspapers and the radio and the magazines, through the movies, through the theatres and the concert platforms, he moulded German thinking nicely to required pattern. With the nearer approach of war, however, his authority began to be pared. Ribbentrop very firmly pre-empted to himself and to his press department the right to make announcements about anything that touched upon foreign policy, and the Army began to be very much more jealous of its prerogatives in the issuance of any news with a military tinge.

Whereas, even in September of 1939 Goebbels could scream: "The German government never had the intention and never will have the intention of violating Dutch and Belgian neutrality," Ribbentrop and the Army soon put a stop to this sort of thing. One of Dr. Goebbels' men had already got his fingers badly burned for making an ex cathedra declaration on the Reich's policy in the Danzig question. The tilting for position between the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office press departments grew in time to be so exaggerated that it was a joke among correspondents. Less of a joke for the man concerned was the sentence of two years in prison for "treason through carelessness" imposed by a Nazi court upon one of Goebbels'

important functionaries on evidence gathered by the Ribbentrop outfit.

Goebbels' relations with the Army crystallized with the coming of war, and he accepted the outcome just as he had had to do in the case of the Foreign Office. Goebbels had never been popular in Army circles, which regarded him as a hypocrite and resented his devious early efforts, with Rosenberg, to politicalize the forces. Bit by bit the High Command asserted its right to exercise "supervision" over news of a military character, and more and more the Propaganda Ministry became merely the conduit of news. Automobile tours which the Propaganda Ministry had organized after the first air raids, in order to show correspondents how "laughably little" damage the raids had caused, had soon to be suspended on the High Command's insistence. Other cases were innumerable where the High Command put out its neatly gloved military hand and curbed Dr. Goebbels' brisk activities.

By and large, Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry continued to function with marked efficiency in wartime. Goebbels realized that in the final analysis Germany had bungled her war propaganda both inside the country and abroad in the World War, and he was determined not to repeat that error. Like all other branches of Nazi activity, propaganda for years had been pointed towards *Der Tag*, and when it came, the Little Doctor's men jumped right into the goose-stepping line.

It was not until the war on Russia that Goebbels, like a number of his other Nazi colleagues, had to begin to wince and explain away. The "enlightenment" feature of his work took on a new significance. Upon him fell the duty of appealing for winter clothing to keep the German Army warm in its unexpected winter campaign on the East Front; to him the task of cushioning the shock of new reductions in food rations; his the voice which had to reassure the people after Hitler's ghastly miscalculation of Soviet strength.

These dirty jobs did nothing to increase Goebbels' standing with the German public, already at none too high a level. Loudly as his picked Party audiences might applaud his really gifted tongue, Goebbels was personally repugnant to 90 per cent of the German public before the war began.

Even his own native Rhineland had relatively little good to say for him. The essential reasons were, first, that the people, like the Army, had spotted him for the political sycophant he is (it was often said that if the Communists took over Germany tomorrow, Goebbels would still be Propaganda Minister); second, they could not stomach his lavish style of living after his years of preaching austerity (he had said that no Cabinet Minister should earn above 25,000 marks a year, and yet it was known that he spent several hundred thousand marks for a single painting, and an officer of the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft bank, which handles Goebbels' affairs, estimated his fortune last year to be 30,000,000 reichsmarks); and third, they knew too much about his unsavoury private life. It was a common jest in Berlin that if Goebbels ever wanted to hide effectively, he would only have to sleep in his own bed. Even Hitler made cracks about Goebbels as his *Geschlechtseesel* (sex jackass) or *Unterleibsminister* (minister of the abdomen).

Hitler was willing to overlook Goebbels' sexual promiscuity, on his old principle that every man's sexual ethics were his own affair, but when public scandal threatened in the person of Goebbels' irate wife, Der Fuehrer had to step in vigorously. Frau Goebbels had divorced her first husband in favour of the fanatical but impecunious young Dr. Goebbels, who had been serving as a tutor in their household. Faithfully every year she presented Goebbels with a child, but he was less faithful. It was not long after the birth of the fifth child that she appeared one day in tears at the Reichschancellery—it was only a step across the garden from the palatial house which Goebbels had built—to tell Hitler that she was through. She proposed to take the children with her to Switzerland and sue her husband for divorce. Hitler asked her to return home and to do nothing until he should talk with her again. In the meanwhile he carpeted his Propaganda Minister, and with some severity ordered him to spend his nights at home—at least for a while.

IN Nazi Germany there is a grim array of men who hold power, even that of life or death, over their fellows. But supreme above them, accountable to no one—not even the law—stands one they call The Leader, the most powerful dictator the world has ever seen.

His origins we know, the drab, hard record of his youth, the story of his rise. But who today can say that he understands Adolf Hitler, knows what he really is? Psychiatrists give us highly technical explanations of this morbid, complicated individual; the official idolaters can be only lyric. The easiest thing would be to call this enigma a madman, and it is comforting that medical opinion inside Germany has him headed for eventual mental collapse. But meanwhile . . . ?

I have met and talked with Hitler some five or six times and have seen him at close range on perhaps a hundred occasions; and more often than I can remember I have watched him distantly against the background of pageantry and terror that has marked his rise. Glimpses of him that I recall particularly vividly in over twelve years of reporting him and Germany are at the annual Party congresses in Nuremberg, when, thrilling to the ovation of hundreds of thousands, he felt himself utterly and completely to be the Fuehrer who had made good; again in the world-wide glare of attention, before the Reichstag, delivering those fanions and endless "settling of accounts" tirades; at the opera, feeling uncomfortable in tails, like any little burgher, but enjoying the music; at the Winter and Summer Olympics, when, no athlete himself, he nevertheless bounced with excitement on his seat; at countless "Acts of State," when he was too bored even to be theatrical; riding near him in three of his victory processions celebrating the conquest of some new country, when he was yet cautious enough to have his Gestapo in attendance with automatic pistols at the ready; at Compiègne, receiving the armistice delegation of beaten France.

The first time I tried to see Hitler was in 1930, and the first time I succeeded in seeing him was a year later. On the previous occasion I had gone down to Munich to arrange

for a series of articles by a young woman, Fräulein Doktor Elsbeth Schragmueller, who had been the famous "Madoiselle Docteur," head of the German espionage service on the Western Front during the World War. I decided to use the visit in Munich to check up for myself on the local setting of the National Socialist movement, which by then was growing rather raucous after a sensational success in the Reichstag elections of 1929. I asked Dr. Schragmueller if she could direct me to the National Socialist headquarters, figuring that she, as a resident of the city which was the capital of National Socialism, would know where Hitler had his office. She didn't know; however, it was an easy matter to find out from a local newspaperman.

The offices were located in a courtyard building of a very unpretentious house on an equally unpretentious street. I went through the doorway across the courtyard and up a dark, winding stairway to the second floor. One thing that I found vastly amusing at the time (the whole thing seemed rather fantastic to me, I remember) was the crudely brown-uniformed individuals who passed me coming down the stairs, throwing up their arms in a staccato gesture and barking out something that then, and even in later years, sounded more like "H'lital!" than anything else.

When I got upstairs I walked into a rather dowdy waiting room which was marked as the office of the Party and asked if Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl, the Nazis' foreign press liaison man, to whom I had a card of introduction, was around. He was not, but the individual who received me asked in a very friendly, South German accent whether he could be of use, and I explained with what I realize now must have seemed considerable insouciance that I would like to see Herr Hitler.

If the Nazi was surprised he didn't show it, but asked me to be seated for a moment and disappeared behind a flimsy door into another room from which I could hear low-voiced conversation. If I expected Herr Hitler to come out and greet me, I was mistaken. The same man came back and said that he had discussed the matter with his superior and they were afraid that the interview could not be arranged. It seems that Herr Hitler was very much annoyed at some things which had been said about him in the foreign press

following an interview which he had given to another correspondent, a Frenchman. As a matter of honest fact, Hitler had a dislike for and distrust of foreign journalists which he never overcame and which he never tried to overcome except where policy made it wise to do so.

I finally met Hitler the next year, 1931, in Berlin. Hitler never really liked Berlin, but could not avoid occasional visits there, when he and his Party stayed at a tiny, hole-in-the-wall hotel in the Linkstrasse. Later the growth of Party funds made it possible for them to put on more style and stay at the Kaiserhof Hotel, which was where my meeting with him took place.

A small conference had been called suddenly and without any apparent reason for the American and British press. I was telephoned by an English colleague who asked if I felt it would be worth while to take a few minutes out to see "this man Hitler." I said that it would, so he called to pick me up. We were about ten persons in the anteroom of a suite which the Nazis had taken as an office at the Kaiserhof. The door opened and Dr. Hanfstaengl, a giant, gangling man, came in to announce that Herr Hitler would join us immediately. In another moment Hitler strode energetically into the room dressed in typical brown uniform. I must say that I had a feeling of instant dynamism about the man; these were the days when he was rushing by car and plane from one end of the Reich to the other, sometimes making several speeches a day.

He seated himself abruptly before our small group and then launched into one of the tirades which I later came to recognize as characteristic of his manner whether addressing two persons or two thousand. His "speech," for such it was, rambled across the whole field of topics which were the Nazis' stock in trade then and later: the Treaty of Versailles, the Jews, capitalism and interest slavery. Hitler's voice filled that small room with its guttural Austrian accents, at times harsh and brutal, at others offended and almost whining, but never soft or gentle.

This onslaught must have continued for about half an hour or forty minutes, when Hitler, having been "interviewed" about as much as he (and we) cared for, rose abruptly, went around shaking hands with each member of

the group with great earnestness, turned and disappeared through the door as stormily as he had entered.

We all pulled ourselves together and went down to the bar for a drink.

It was not long afterward that I received a telephone call from Dr. Hanfstaengl, who, to my surprise, asked me whether I wouldn't like to have an exclusive interview with Hitler; if so, to come down to see him in the next couple of days at the Kaiserhof. I dropped in one morning and Dr. Hanfstaengl, with affability oozing from every pore of his great bulk (he was, I think, six feet four), offered me cigarettes and talked about every subject under the sun except a Hitler interview. I finally brought the matter up and he, in an offhand, studiously careless attitude, said: "Oh, yes, the interview." He then went on to explain that as a particular concession he would be able to arrange for an interview with Der Fuehrer on any subject which I cared to choose. He, Dr. Hanfstaengl, realized the news value of Der Fuehrer's words and at the same time the Party was anxious to get its views placed objectively before the world. The length of the article, he suggested, might be around 1,500 words, and the price—ahem—would be \$1,500.

I gulped and asked in a somewhat weak voice whether Dr. Hanfstaengl was really serious about its being "any subject," to which he responded lightly that, yes indeed, it might be anything from "the care of babies" to "George Washington, Father of His Country." With such a broad latitude the thing had possibilities. I could think of a lot of subjects I would like to ask Hitler to write on, and I said I would check back with New York to see whether they were interested at this price. Putzi bowed me out from his Jovian height and I sent our New York headquarters (*New York Sun* and Consolidated Press) a wire. The answer was "No interest." Hanfstaengl's proposition was, of course, very simple. The Party was in need of funds. He, Hanfstaengl, would ghost-write the interview, get a personal cut in the proceeds (to help repay the sums which his mother had advanced to Hitler in an earlier and even more penurious day) and the rest would go into the Party till.

By the next time I came into direct contact with Hitler he had become Der Fuehrer and was in a position to say things

that really would command interest in the world. This was on June 26th, 1933, just six months after Hindenburg had called him to the Chancellery and after a few trifles like the Reichstag fire, the smashing of the trades unions, the persecution of the Jews and such.

The interview was secured for Karl Bickel, then president of the United Press, which I had joined in 1932, and it was Hanfstaengl who arranged it—this time without fee. A graduate of Harvard whose mother's family were the American Sedgwicks, he spoke perfect English and was to do the interpreting. He met us a day or so before the appointment in order to work out questions which had to be submitted in writing. There were of course many things which Bickel wanted to ask Hitler, but Hanfstaengl, who knew Der Fuehrer's eccentricities as well as anybody, put his number-eleven foot down on suggestion after suggestion because they were too "controversial."

Bickel and I began to see the game. We were supposed to ask Hitler only the things that Hitler wanted to be asked. And that was not all. We found that we could not just say to him: "What is your policy towards the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty, Herr Hitler?" No; in order to establish the proper atmosphere, we were supposed to say: "The world is greatly interested in your efforts to secure just treatment for Germany in the matter of disarmament, Herr Reichskanzler. Are you in a position to tell us anything about your views in this connection?" Indeed, it would be even better if we could use expressions like "discrimination against Germany," "unjust treatment of Germany," which would be bound to please Der Fuehrer. After a session lasting many hours, we finally reached a compromise with Hanfstaengl on the questions which we submitted, which satisfied his conditions and still left us our self-respect.

The questions were typewritten and sent over to the Chancellery, and Mr. Bickel and I awaited the day. When it came we dressed in semi-formal garb (that is to say, stiff collars and quiet ties but not the black coat and striped trousers which Germans would have worn and which were called *kleine Stresemann*, or "*little Stresemann*") and appeared at the great bronze doors of the Chancellery on

the Wilhelmstrasse at the appointed time. We were let in with an air of condescension by an official (who earned probably ten dollars a week) and were asked to sign our names for communication to Hitler's secretariat upstairs. Word came down in a minute to come up, please; and we moved towards the elevator. On the way I stopped for a moment to say hello to a Storm Troop officer whom I knew, an ugly, scarred little man in brown uniform who was much with Hitler in those days—Captain Ernst Roehm.

We were taken up in the elevator to the first floor, where a towering Storm Trooper greeted us with a clicking of heels that shook our eardrums. He led us up the corridor to Hitler's office, where we were greeted again by an aide and where immediately the atmosphere changed to one of informality and even friendliness. We were joined by Dr. Hanfstaengl, with whom we went into an anteroom, where we sat chatting for a few minutes until one of Hitler's adjutants came in and asked us to accompany him into Der Fuehrer's study. We halted for a split second to shake hands with the visitor immediately before us, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, grandson of the Kaiser, who had just returned from working at Henry Ford's River Rouge plant.

As we entered the office (which was at least sixty feet long and thirty feet wide), Hitler rose from his desk and advanced to meet us in the middle of the room. He was dressed in brown tunic and khaki shirt, with black trousers and patent-leather shoes. He looked fit, with good colour and clear eyes. I already began to have the feeling of being an actor in a play, each movement and cue of which had been worked out carefully in advance. Hitler, who had greeted us earnestly and with only nods of welcome (he speaks no English), motioned us to seats at a large round table where we were to have our talk. An adjutant, seeing that we were comfortable, bowed and withdrew, leaving the four of us alone.

Mr. Bickel led off with a formal expression of appreciation for being received at a time when the Chancellor was obviously busy with many things, which Hanfstaengl duly translated into German, using, as was customary for Germans addressing Hitler, the term "Mein Fuehrer," whereas the term for foreigners was simply "Herr Reichskanzler" or "Mr. Chancellor." Hitler responded with an inclination of

his head, whereupon Bickel went on to take up the questions which had already been submitted. Hitler had studied the written questions, had framed the answers in his own mind for oral delivery, and used no notes. The first question concerned the type of government which Hitler planned eventually to set up in Germany, which was the starting point for a lecture of considerable length on governments in general.

"Parliaments are doomed," said Hitler in a way which permitted no dispute. "The idea of personal leadership is the principle of today and for tomorrow. Parliaments do not express the will of the people. They function almost exclusively in behalf of the so-called big interests. What are parliaments? Merely consortiums, working on the principle of majority rule, but assuming no actual responsibility." Both Hanfstaengl and I were taking furious notes.

Hitler went on. "Personal leadership, on the contrary, is founded on the principle of sole, final responsibility. After all, what is dictatorship? All great, successful business enterprises of the world are run as dictatorships, on the basis of courageous, single responsibility." No one challenged Hitler openly on this and, his eyes intense, he delivered his last crack on the subject. "It is when things begin to go bad—when firms or governments are threatened with bankruptcy—that people begin to hide behind the convenient anonymity of boards of directors."

The next question concerned Austria and the Dollfuss regime, which was a signal for a crackling barrage of complimentary remarks by Der Fuehrer about the pint-sized dictator who was head of the country where Hitler was born.

"I am not suppressing the majority with the aid of a minority," Hitler barked. "I am not hiding behind barbed-wire fences. The power I wield today is one I have legally achieved; I need no protection from the people; I depend on them; they depend on me. If I should announce I was going to Unter den Linden at 3.45 this afternoon, the streets leading there would be black with enthusiastic crowds, cheering me all the way. The same thing happens if I travel by automobile through the remotest parts of the Reich. Our strength and inner cohesion grow from month to month. It is very much like Italy."

When the last question had been answered and the interview drew to a close, Bickel asked Hitler if he had any special message for the people of America. Hitler rose to his feet briskly and replied: "I have only the sincere wish that thoughtful people in America will not prejudice us. The criticism of my regime emanates from quarters which have, deservedly, suffered from my reforms. When it is realized abroad that the whole German nation is behind me, then it will be understood that the German people must solve their own problems according to their own methods."

We all shook hands formally once again, and Hitler bowed us out of the room. The interview had been typical, I found, of others that were to follow: especially Hitler's poise and self-assurance and his use of the interview to deliver himself of propaganda on favourite themes. Bickel, Hanfstaengl and I walked back to the United Press office on Unter den Linden and proceeded to whip the interview into shape for publication. This was not an easy job, since we found that the notes which Hanfstaengl and I had made on Hitler's voluminous utterances would be impossible to use intelligibly in direct translation. So the three of us wrestled with this torrent of words, trying to pick out the best lead, or introductory paragraph, and trying to find some clear sequence in the thing without taking liberties with Der Fuehrer's thoughts. As I sat at the typewriter, Hanfstaengl strode back and forth across the room, flailing his great, hamlike hands through the air, trying to get down into clear English what Hitler had said. Occasionally, as we finally got it into shape, he muttered in what I can only describe as an anguished tone: "*Ach, schoene Schmuess!*" (My God! What rot!)

Two years went by before I was next to see Hitler in such direct contact. Hugh Baillie, who had succeeded Bickel as president of the United Press, was coming to Berlin from Moscow in November of 1935, and I suggested that he see Hitler if it could be arranged. This time I did not ask Hanfstaengl to engineer this interview, but went instead to the office of a man whom I knew but slightly, but who was said to wield great influence with Hitler, Joachim von Ribbentrop, Der Fuehrer's Ambassador at Large. The "Bureau Ribbentrop" asked us to send in a list of questions for the

Ambassador's consideration, which I did as soon as Mr. Baillie reached Berlin.

After several days had gone by, a message came that Herr von Ribbentrop would be pleased to receive us at his office in the Wilhelmstrasse. We presented ourselves at six o'clock, the appointed time, and took seats in the waiting room. There was a good deal of scurrying back and forth by busy people with files and documents in their hands; the Bureau was an active place. Time dragged on and we waited. We waited for twenty minutes, for thirty minutes, for forty, for fifty. Ribbentrop himself seemed busy. We had just about concluded that we had come on the wrong day when a door opened and the frail Count Dona, one of Ribbentrop's "young men," with a murmured "I'm so sorry," asked us to come in.

An hour of waiting had not improved Mr. Baillie's or my mood. Ribbentrop, in the deep, velvety tone which was characteristic of his English, regretted the "little delay," and begged us to be seated across the desk from him. His first words were a cold shower. "I am sorry," he said, "but the Chancellor is not able to see you, Mr. Baillie. He has a very crowded schedule, as you can imagine. But . . ." and the Ambassador at Large held up a plum of compensation . . . "I am sure you would be interested in seeing some of the wonderful things our Labour Front is doing for the German worker. Dr. Ley could . . ."

Baillie coughed, and his jaw set. "Thank you, Mr. Ambassador," he said, "I have just been shown a good deal of that sort of thing in Russia."

Ribbentrop took this in his stride, and with an "Oh, very well, Mr. Baillie" gesture, went off on a new tack. "Why," he asked in a softly aggrieved tone, "does the American press always attack National Socialist Germany? Why are such things allowed?"

Baillie explained patiently that in America we had a free press and countered with his own question: "And why, Mr. Ambassador, do you not have a free press in Germany?"

Ribbentrop was equal to this one. "Well, you see, Mr. Baillie, in Germany we stood at five minutes to midnight before Bolshevism. We had to take action. If we had a free press today, these criminals would still be writing subversive

articles. Now, if your American press understood our aims . . ."

This was too much for me. We had been kept waiting an hour just to hear this. I was hungry and I was sore.

"I don't see how you can expect anything else," I said heatedly, "when you overlook your opportunities so. There is a great deal, for example, that Herr Hitler could say to Mr. Baillie which might clarify some of the things about National Socialism which are unclear to a lot of people. And yet an interview can't be arranged." I was convinced that Ribbentrop had blocked the interview entirely on his own initiative and had not even broached the matter to Hitler. Ribbentrop, however, did not change his position and after a few more, by this time purely formal, observations, the audience terminated in an atmosphere of chill politeness.

I felt chagrined for having put all our eggs in one basket, but determined to have a further try through another channel. I requested an appointment for Mr. Baillie to make a courtesy call on Dr. Goebbels and the next day we went to see him at his office in the old Palais Leopold, now the Propaganda Ministry.

Goebbels was cordial, and welcomed Mr. Baillie to Germany at a time when he, as an American newspaperman, would surely find much to interest him. I translated Baillie's acknowledgment that things were indeed interesting, whereupon Dr. Goebbels, like Ribbentrop, proceeded to air some views and ask some questions on the American attitude towards the Nazis.

His well-modulated voice was the ultimate of gentle reproof. "How can your government tolerate that a judge [Brotsky] frees the vandals who tore down the Swastika from the *Bremen*?" he asked. "Such men should not be allowed to stay in office!"

Once more Baillie sought to explain the mysteries of our land.

"You see," he said, "when such incidents come up before some city magistrate, Washington does not feel called upon to make national issues of them. Nor does the federal government dismiss local magistrates for their decisions."

Goebbels, feeling that perhaps he had better get back to

safer ground, launched forth on a recital of the Nazis' aims in an uncomprehending world. Baillie said that he found this account of National Socialist policy of great interest and couldn't help but feel how enlightening it might be to the world—from Hitler's lips.

Dr. Goebbels looked surprised for just an instant, leaned forward to make a quick notation on a pad and said that he would take it up with Hitler, with whom he was having lunch that day. We thanked him and said that we would submit questions to his office immediately.

The results of our manoeuvre were not long in coming, but from an unexpected direction, for it was the Bureau Ribbentrop that telephoned and said that the Ambassador was happy to inform Mr. Baillie that he had after all been able to arrange for the Chancellor to see him. A car would call for Mr. Baillie and me next morning shortly before eleven.

As promised, a large, shiny automobile picked us up next morning at the hotel where the Baillies were staying, and took us, not to the Chancellery but back to Ribbentrop's office. This time there was no waiting. We were shown in immediately and Ribbentrop, with great cordiality, motioned us to seats. He said how glad he was that the thing had been fixed up, but—and here he raised a finger—he must caution us that we were only to be received by Der Fuehrer for an off-the-record chat; there was to be no "interview" as such. "Do you understand?" he said solemnly to Mr. Baillie, and turning to me with his cold, hard stare, "Do you understand?" he asked.

This was a disappointment, of course, but it was too late to protest now, and so with a few more words we went across the street with one of Ribbentrop's staff to the Chancellery, in through the great bronze doors, to give our names.

Just as we were going into the anteroom to Hitler's study we were greeted by an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Walther Funk, who was Reichs Press Chief (later Minister of Economics and President of the Reichsbank) and as such a close associate of Goebbels in the Propaganda Ministry. Funk had been a newspaperman himself and observed somewhat amusedly in German: "Well, I see you got the Hitler interview after all."

I said: "Yes, we are to see him, but unfortunately it's *not* to be an interview." Funk showed surprise.

"Not to be an interview?" he asked. "Why, Dr. Goebbels fixed it up as one."

I told Funk what Ribbentrop had said, to which he suggested slyly: "Well, after the whole thing is over, why don't you ask Hitler whether you can use it as an interview anyhow?"

It became clear to me that Ribbentrop had sabotaged our story, not wanting Hitler to make any statements about foreign policy at that moment.

I whispered Funk's suggestion quickly to Baillie as we went into Hitler's study, where we were immediately joined by the official interpreter, Dr. Paul Schmidt. Hitler greeted us briefly, and once more four people sat down at a small round table to hear him talk.

This time Der Fuehrer was in real form. His theme that day was Bolshevism. He declared that Germany was the bulwark of the West against Bolshevism and that she was ready to meet propaganda with propaganda, terror with terror, and violence with violence. He tied the Jews in with Communism, said that they had been prominent in Communist Party activities during recent years, and with a fine turn of rhetoric termed the Nazis' ruthless legislation "not anti-Jewish but pro-German."

Baillie listened attentively as Dr. Schmidt translated Hitler's answers. I was watching Hitler all the while. He knew no English, but there were certain words like "Bolshevist," "West," "Jew," which he recognized in Dr. Schmidt's translation and, whether Der Fuehrer realized it or not, he was delivering an address: his eyes flashed, his lips twisted in the movements of speech, his head was thrown up in the familiar imperious motion, and with his right forefinger he jabbed the air with sharp thrusts as if to drive home every point. For all I know, he may have forgotten that we were there and have been speaking to one of his audiences of thousands.

We reached the end and Hitler rose to bow us out with an "I'm glad you met me" air, when Baillie interposed casually: "Thank you very much, Mr. Chancellor, for receiving us. I cannot help but feel that what you have told

us would be of great interest if circulated. If we prepare a version of what you have said, would you be willing to look at it and decide whether it could be published?"

Hitler was plainly taken aback. He raised his hands in a gesture of uncertainty and replied: "Well, I'll ask the Ambassador."

Baillie and I went back to his hotel, where we drafted a story from our notes, had it translated at the office into German, and sent it over to the Chancellery for the promised scrutiny. Baillie meanwhile had to go on to London and asked me to let him know how things turned out.

I was morally certain that Ribbentrop would try to block the publication, and that indeed was the tenor of our first word on the subject. I took care to let Goebbels' office know of this and waited to see what would happen. I myself don't know precisely what did happen, but I do know that a day or so later I received a call in honeyed tones from the Bureau Ribbentrop, stating that if I would care to come by, the interview could be fetched in the form in which publication was finally approved. I went by, and to my surprise found that not only had no deletions been made but certain of Der Fuehrer's remarks which we had paraphrased had been put by the Ambassador into direct quotes! I telephoned Baillie immediately and once again a Hitler interview went out into the world for front-page play.

When, three months later, Roy Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, wanted to see Hitler, I was able to fix it up again and was present when the meeting took place. The only record existing of it is contained in a memorandum which Mr. Howard sent to his office afterwards, excerpts from which, with his permission, I quote herewith:—

Yesterday I had a meeting with Germany's latest All-Highest, Herr Hitler.

My first question to him, as to whether it was possible for any chancellery in Europe to inaugurate a movement akin to Roosevelt's "good neighbour" policy, cut loose a torrent of German verbiage which was decidedly interesting, but only a small part of which was applicable. Hitler reviewed the historical background of Continental Europe for a

couple of thousand years, touched on "unchangeable racial differences," and the problems resulting from inequable distribution of raw materials and unequal population spreads. His thesis was that present-day difficulties making for international conflict were not to be permanently solved by slogans or by smoothing over of surface conditions.

He then stated the one thing which was the high spot of his reply to my first question: namely, that resort to arms had never solved any of these fundamental problems in the past and that it would not do so now. I asked him what other instrumentality could be resorted to and his reply was that he could not answer that. He stated, however, that the only single avenue which offered any hope lay along the line of getting European leaders to make common acknowledgment of what they must know to be the fact, that war never had been and never would be the answer.

While he did not say so (and I could not get him to say so), patching together things he had already said with Germany's known policy, it was obvious that what he meant was that calm consideration of the facts might convince other European nations of the advisability of restoring Germany's colonies, or giving her an outlet for economic, and to some extent political, expansion, through Austria, Middle Europe, and the Balkans. He has already put himself and Germany on record, as you know, by his declaration during the Saar Valley Plebiscite, to the effect that boundary-line disputes between France and Germany are no longer a matter of concern, which was tantamount to saying that Germany will not attempt a reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine, so that that factor is out of consideration.

Another item had to do with his ideas on the necessity for Germany increasing her birth rate at the same time that she is demanding more territory because of her density of population. When I asked for an explanation of this apparent conflict of ideas, he gave the only really weak and wobbly reply of the interview. At least it was weak and wobbly when translated into English, although the German translator assured me after the interview that it was very convincing "in German and from the German point of view."

In effect Hitler's reply was that Germans, being one of

the superior races and one of the superior nations, must have a dominant place in world affairs, and in order to maintain this position required a larger field from which to select her leadership and this necessitated big families from which selection could be made. He stated that he did not have the facts with him, but that statistics proved that a large percentage of the world's geniuses came from children who were fifth, sixth and even eleventh and twelfth-born. I told him this was a bit discouraging to me as an only child, which he very generously admitted was rather unfortunate, incidentally having a very good laugh at his own joke.

As I departed he again shook hands very cordially, saluted me simply and then, as the others reached the door and turned to indulge in a few further calisthenics, Hitler returned their salutes in a more formal and businesslike style.

Efforts to have a version of Hitler's remarks approved for publication were unavailing on this occasion for three reasons: (1) Hitler and Ribbentrop were disturbed because an interview which Hitler had given the French journalist Henri de Jouvenel was expected to be published *before* the Chambre's vote on the Franco-Soviet Pact, and thus to influence that vote, but was held up by the astute Quai d'Orsay until *after* the vote; (2) Roy Howard had gone on to Moscow, where he had a sensational interview with Stalin in which Stalin made some rather less than complimentary remarks about Hitler and the Nazis; (3) ten days later Hitler sent German troops into the Rhineland and, in a typical Reichstag soliloquy, told the world everything he had to tell it in his own words and his own way.

Chapter 7

"THE BUILDER"

In public, Hitler is obviously always "aware" of himself against his background, thinking of himself pictorially, symbolically, whether in the role of War Lord or comforter of some war mother upon whose head he places his hand in picturesque pity. In such moments he seems to conceive

of himself as something phenomenal, sent, at the precise hour when he appeared, to lead the German Master Race to its "deserved position of leadership"; or as the Great Comforter—father, husband, brother or son to every German who lacks or has lost such a relative.

He is not a spiritualist in the common sense of the word, but he accepts the importance of occult influences. On one afternoon, shortly before the settlement of the Czech crisis, Hitler was not available to anyone for a period of three hours. A guard was posted outside his private rooms in the Reichschancellery. Hitler was closeted with his astrologers, consulting with them regarding the wisdom of the measures he was about to take.

And locked away in his private files is a collection of several hundred photographs of the stellar constellations on the days when he has taken some particular decision or done some particular thing. It may have been the decision to dispatch a certain diplomatic note or courier on a mission which turned out well; it may have been the day of the Saar Plebiscite, of the Austrian *Anschluss*; or the day he was called to the Chancellery. To these photographs Hitler later refers for comparison when attempting to reach some new decision.

Hitler consults astrologers, but he doesn't want anybody else to. That is the reason why, several years ago, the practice of astrology or of any form of fortunetelling or prophecy, was banned throughout the Reich, either on the stage or in private. It seems that too many people were foreseeing disaster or failure for one Adolf Hitler.

All of these things might seem to be nothing more than the whims of a man who has so much power that he can indulge himself in anything; but actually they are part of Hitler's conception of himself in life and death, as a sort of New Deliverer whose influence shall go down through the ages.

He believes himself to be a new leader who has been sent to the German people by Providence to reshape Europe and perhaps the world under the domination of the Master Race. With cold, inexorable determination, he intends that nothing—human lives, sorrow or suffering—shall stand in the way of his plans to trace the world's frontiers and spheres of

influence to the pattern he has drawn. No detail is too small for him to think of, and nothing is too large, not even the war that he launched in Poland and that engulfs us now.

He feels, in fact, that no one in German history was equipped as he is to bring the Germans to the position of supremacy which all German statesmen have felt they deserved but were unable to achieve. Looking back over the record of his successes, Adolf Hitler sees no reason yet to change his view in this.

Quite aside from any psychiatrist's estimate of Hitler, or that of his official promoters, I have long been interested in finding out facts about him which would help to explain him, in all his dangerous brilliance, in common terms. Perhaps it's not possible to explain him that way, but it seemed to me that it was important to know what his little vanities and habits were, what he did in private, and what he read and ate and wore.

It was not easy to get these facts, for many of them were known only to those in closest touch with him; others were precisely what his publicity men did not want the world to know; still others were what the Secret Police had sworn should never be known.

One of the most fantastic manifestations of Hitler's egoism and the latitude that he gives it is his so-called "Eagle's Nest," which he had built in 1938 on top of the Kehlstein, a towerlike rock formation 1,800 feet high in the Bavarian mountains. Not a word has ever been published about it in Germany.

The Kehlstein is not far from Berchtesgaden, where Hitler has his country home. It must have been a good many years ago that Hitler, fond of both height and seclusion, first sighted the lonely pinnacle and determined to build a retreat there. He ordered that a glass-and-steel pavilion be constructed on the top and that an elevator shaft be built to reach it straight up through the rock.

It was no easy task, but Hitler said that, cost what it might, the shaft must be bored and his plans carried out. They were carried out, but at the cost of the lives of twelve workmen during the construction. Seven accidents interrupted the work at various times.

When the elevator shaft was completed, Hitler decided

that he must make the first trip to the top. All was arranged: nervous workmen scurried around checking this and that, polishing this and that; and Hitler arrived, eagerly inspecting everything with his usual curiosity about detail. He asked a few questions, entered the elevator and started upward.

But alas for the best-laid plans. Something went wrong and the elevator stuck halfway up the shaft. For four hours Hitler sat and fumed, growing more angry with each minute that passed, a prisoner in the heart of the great rock. Down below, engineers scurried around trying to see what the trouble was, with visions of every form of discipline up to capital punishment. Finally a small technical difficulty was located and the journey continued on a somewhat anticlimactic note.

Hitler ordered an immediate investigation, suspecting (and he is of a suspicious nature) sabotage of his dignity, if not of his safety. All doors were immediately barred, the workmen down to the most humble little hod carrier were examined by the Secret Police and special operatives of the S.S., whose duty it is to guard Hitler's life. The most ruthless grilling for hours failed to produce any offence more heinous than a fuse's being so careless as to blow itself.

The only approach to the pavilion is by a road from the Berghof, winding along the mountainside until it ends abruptly before a huge iron portal in the rocks. When Hitler's car approaches, it swings open as if by magic, quietly, electrically operated. The car drives into the mountain and enters a cave, which turns out to be a marble-walled garage large enough for four cars. From this chamber, a short tunnel leads to the elevator. The pavilion on top is electrically heated and accommodates about eighteen persons comfortably. There is a kitchen and adjacent is a glass-enclosed rock garden with grottoes and fountains. The furnishings are of Bavarian-Alpine design. On all sides there is a clear view of mountains and valleys. A powerful radio transmitter and receiver are at hand.

In the Kehlstein also are several safety chambers where especially valuable or secret Nazi papers are kept. In one room, to which only Hitler and Rudolf Hess had access, is kept Hitler's political testament, in which, among other

things, he stipulates that he shall be buried in that great stone tower if he dies as a civilian. If he dies as a soldier, then he shall be buried on the field of battle. In the strong room, too, are Hitler's personal sketches and paintings.

Thirty feet above the lower entrance to the shaft, at spaced intervals, are dynamite chambers for blowing up the elevator and the strong rooms in case of need at a time of internal disturbance. The dynamite could be discharged at a moment's notice to block all possible access to the top of the Kehlstein, except for mountaineers, perhaps, willing to face great hazards.

The Kehlstein by now has already come to have a considerable tradition associated with it. Important political and military conferences have taken place there. Hitler's break with the Chief of the General Staff, Ludwig Beck, over war policy, occurred in the glassed-in room. In January, 1939, there was the famous conference between Hitler, Ribbentrop and Goering (with Neurath as listener-in) at which the whole Polish issue was discussed and Hitler outlined the methods by which he proposed to solve it. At least one suicide has taken place from the parapet of the Kehlstein.

There lies at all times on Hitler's desk on the Kehlstein a piece of rock shaped like a human hand. It was found on the spot during the construction of the Eagle's Nest and Hitler, who has as much superstitious interest in such things as anybody else, had it mounted in a special case and called it "Wotan's Hand." He is greatly attached to this relic, regards it as a symbol of good luck, in which his astrologers have confirmed his judgment.

On the parapet of the Kehlstein the well-known optical firms, Zeiss of Jena and Leitz of Wetzlar, have mounted powerful telescopes at Hitler's orders for gazing at the stars, which he often did before the war in company with his astrologers. Smaller telescopes are available for peering into the mountains roundabout.

One of the earliest foreign visitors to the Eagle's Nest after its completion (and one of the few foreigners invited there at all) was the French Ambassador, André François Poncet, who had more cordial relations with Hitler than any other foreign diplomat. Poncet was obviously greatly im-

pressed by the place. As he emerged from his ascent in the elevator with an adjutant and entered the big glassed-in room, he looked around in surprise, and said softly yet audibly: "What? Isn't Wotan here yet?" A guttural voice from behind a door which Poncet had not seen replied: "Yes, here he is," and Hitler stepped out.

In a report which Poncet later made to his government, he had the following to say about the Eagle's Nest:—

Seen from afar, this place appears to be a sort of observation or hermitage, perched high on the crest of a ridge of rock. . . .

An elevator ascends to the level of the Chancellor's abode. Here one's surprise reaches its highest point. In effect, the visitor sees before him a squat and massive construction, consisting of a gallery of Roman pillars, an immense, glassed-in circular chamber with a vast chimney in which burn great logs of wood, as well as of several adjoining rooms.

On every side, looking through the bay windows, one's gaze, as from a high, speeding plane, passes into an immense panorama of mountains. . . . Close to the house, which appears to be suspended in the void and almost hanging over it, an abrupt wall of naked rock rears itself. The whole, bathed in the glow of an autumn evening, is glamorous, wild, almost eerie.

The visitor wonders whether he is awake or dreaming. He would like to know where he is. Is it the Castle of Montsalvat, inhabited by the Knights of the Grail; a Mount Athos sheltering the meditations of a cenobite, or the Palace of Antinea, rearing itself in the heart of the Atlas?

Is it a realization of one of those fantastic designs which Victor Hugo used to decorate the margins of *The Burgraves*, a millionaire's fantasy or only a hideout where brigands take their rest and accumulate their treasure?

Is it the product of a normal mind, or that of a man tormented by delusions of grandeur, haunted by a desire for domination and solitude, or simply the prey of fear?

One detail attracts attention, and for those who seek to determine the psychology of Adolf Hitler, it is of no less value than the others; the roads of access, the entrance to the tunnel, the immediate surroundings of the house, all

are organized along military lines and protected by nests of machine guns.

Another of Hitler's favourite construction projects, though vastly different from the Kehlstein, is the new Reichschancellery in Berlin. Prior to the Nazis' accession to power, the old Reichschancellery was both good enough and large enough to take care of the needs of the Chancellors. Hitler continued to use it also for the first two years of his office, but decided that something really befitting the affluence of the Nazis should be put up. He gave orders on January 11th, 1938, that the new building must be ready for occupancy exactly one year from that date. As in the construction of the Kehlstein, he would not compromise with the difficulties of time or space, even if an entire row of buildings had to be razed. A year later to the day he moved in, not seeing perhaps the workmen who were still drying the walls with blow torches.

On my last visit to the Chancellery a year ago, I was able to see that moisture was still the Chancellor's enemy, for great patches of the corridor walls were damp and discoloured, and strips of carpet stained a dirty brown by seepage. Regularly, even today, sections of the wall have to be removed to blot up moisture. But Hitler got in on time. He says that the Chancellery is only temporary anyhow and that some day a permanent building, presumably even larger and more gorgeous, will be put up, which will surely last the Nazis' "Thousand-Year Reich."

It is characteristic of Hitler that he has left the old Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse intact, not for reasons of tradition, since it is a relatively modern affair in more or less "functionalist" design, but as a horrible example of Republican artistic decadence which is supposed to impress Berliners and visitors as such.

Hitler took an intense personal interest in the architectural plans for the Reichschancellery. Many of these plans bore marginal notations or drawings in his own hand. As a matter of fact, his interest in the construction of the place was embarrassingly thorough. When the Chancellery was projected, Hitler insisted that the Grand Corridor leading to the so-called Diplomats' Hall should be 650 feet long.

The architects told him that it was impossible to provide this length because of space limitations. They would have had to remove further buildings or block off a street. Hitler was insistent, and told them firmly to try to fit it in. But the best they could do was to stretch the Hall from the original proposed 325 feet to 475 feet, which it is today. Hitler finally agreed with a sigh, but said: "I resign those hundred and seventy-five feet with a heavy heart." The architects did everything they could to please him by making the hall *look* longer. They worked out an arrow design for the marble floor, for example; but when samples of it were laid it was found that the design was hard on the eyes. Finally, the illusion of greater length was left to be expressed in the border design.

Each one of the samples of illusion was submitted to Hitler, of course, for personal consideration. As I have said, he dotes on working out small details of his giant projects. The red marble framing of the great full-length windows in the Corridor, carrying out the tone of the flooring, was a Hitler order.

When the time came to provide his own office in the Chancellery, Hitler again insisted upon space. When the plans were submitted to him he vetoed the dimensions as being too modest and in his own marginal figures exactly doubled the measurements. This presented a new impossibility, but again the architects did their best.

Hitler has a passion for superdimensional constructions, whether it be the rooms in the Chancellery, the Kehlstein, or the great stadium accommodating 400,000 persons which he ordered to be built for the annual Party rallies at Nuremberg. Hitler says "big ideas can only be produced in big rooms; the spirit bumps against walls and ceilings." This passion for space and magnitude is represented also in his political thinking, and the word *gross* (great) recurs frequently in his vocabulary. It is either *Gross Deutsches Reich* or *Grossraum Politik* or *Gross Wirtschaftsraum*.

I probably have a depraved and puny sense of architecture and interior decorating, but the Chancellery, when I was taken on my first tour of it shortly after its completion, struck me as pretty horrible. From the outside it is certainly a dreadful-looking barn in Hitler's favourite style, full of

angles and little windows. The entrance reserved for eminent visitors is an automobile gateway on the Wilhelmstrasse (its great bronze doors were unhinged and melted down early in the war, replaced by bronze-painted wood) through which the cars sweep across the Courtyard of Honour leading to the ceremonial inner doorway, flanked by two very naked male figures of heroic proportions. Somehow it seems to me that these great nude figures must have symbolized crude German strength to men like the British and French Ambassadors when they went in to present their governments' declarations of war to Hitler, or to feeble little President Hacha of Czechoslovakia when he came in to be "read the terms" by Hitler and Ribbentrop.

The visitor goes through this great door into the so-called "Mosaic Chamber," which always struck me as a particularly fine imitation of Turkish-bath interior. Then he goes through a couple of miscellaneous rooms until the door bursts open upon the splendour of the Grand Corridor. Depending upon whether he is headed for the Diplomats' Hall at the opposite end (which he could perceive with a pair of reasonably good binoculars) or for Hitler's cosy little 75-foot den, he must wend his perilous way over highly polished and skiddy marble for either 175 feet or, roughly, 175 feet. Above the entrance to Hitler's office are the majestic initials "A.H." on a huge bronze shield, and before it always stands a burly S.S. man with fully bayoneted rifle.

If on the journey the visitor should tire, there are little clusters of tables and chairs along the way and, presumably, an attendant would bring him a glass of water. In the spaces between these rest depots (where coffee is also served when there are receptions) are fourteen breathtakingly beautiful Gobelin tapestries, all personally selected by Hitler and all but four of them representing a horse motif in either hunting or war scenes.

Every one of these horses is a stallion, which is a fetish of Hitler's. He likes animals but only males, and those with power. His two male shepherd dogs, Castor and Wolf, have accompanied him even to his headquarters during campaigns. Virtually the only horse pictures he will allow around the place are stallions. If the features of the body which would identify the sex of the beast are concealed in

the tapestry or photograph by foliage or other objects, then he has experts determine the sex from the nostrils, the mane, the musculature or the bone formation. Thereafter, if a person who is supposedly a horse fancier visits Hitler, he engages him in talk about horses and says casually: "By the way, you are an expert. What do you think of this stallion?" If the visitor says cautiously: "I can't tell from this picture whether it's a stallion or a mare," Hitler observes with a superior expert air: "Why, you don't know anything about horses. That is a stallion," and then proceeds to point out the proof.

There is one room in the Reichschancellery for which Hitler does not have much attachment, and that is the so-called "Cabinet Room." It, too, is a chamber of no mean dimensions, with a long, beautifully polished wooden table in the centre and chairs in deep purple upholstery. Before each chair is a tooled leather writing pad, emblazoned with the name of the respective Minister in gold letters. The official by whom I was being conducted quoted to me a bon mot of Der Fuehrer's: "This is where the Cabinet sleeps while I run the government."

The Chancellery also, of course, includes a great number of smaller offices for Hitler's staffs as Reichschancellor and Fuehrer, and underneath it is Berlin's safest and most elaborate air-raid cellar. At the time of the most intense R.A.F. raids on Berlin, Hitler gave orders that a certain number of poor persons from different parts of the city should be brought there on every raid night, particularly women who were about to give birth to children. There were numerous births in the cellar's delivery room and every wailing infant got as a godfather Adolf Hitler, Fuehrer and Chancellor.

Hitler's passion for architectural pictures and photographs, and the almost psychic meaning that he reads into them, is well illustrated by an incident which concerns Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop. When Ribbentrop returned from Moscow in August, 1939, after signing the Soviet-German pact, he brought with him, as a gift, one hundred pictures of Russian architecture. Going into the Chancellery to give his report to Hitler on the momentous pact which he had signed at the Kremlin, he presented the

pictures also. Hitler lifted the cover, became absorbed, and when Ribbentrop politely suggested that he might give his report, Hitler said impatiently: "No, no! Leave me alone with these for an hour; I want to study them; then we can talk." Ribbentrop retired, came back in an hour, whereupon Hitler said dreamily: "These pictures show me that there is a great kinship between the Russian and German souls. If I had seen these pictures a year ago, I would have entered this pact then."

Dependence upon such reactions in political matters is not uncommon to Hitler. When he and Mussolini first met, they talked almost not at all on specific political details but about matters like architecture, painting, even philosophical subjects, and Hitler's attitude was that if he and Mussolini understood one another in such things they would talk the same political language.

Hitler is a great devotee of columns and halls or passageways in architecture; psychically interpreted, these are phallic symbols, and medical experts are convinced that in Hitler's case they represent an intense morbid preoccupation with sexual symbolism. Hitler wants as many columns in any given space as possible. Men who know of this humour him in it. Once when Hitler showed Ribbentrop the plans for a small passage-way in which the architect Speer had placed two large columns, Ribbentrop squinted appraisingly, turned to Hitler and said: "It's very fine, Mein Fuehrer, but wouldn't this look better if there were four columns, smaller ones, instead of two?" Hitler was delighted and paid Ribbentrop a compliment on his architectural sensitiveness. Very often Hitler tests men with such little problems in order to see how closely their views coincide with his. Men like Ribbentrop never give the wrong answer.

The great-bulked Goering, however, sarcastically observed once that a certain hall at Hitler's Berchtesgaden home, which was being remodelled, "should have 400 columns in it." The remark found its way to Hitler, who, quite without realizing the sarcasm of it, said that that was a splendid suggestion but—indulgently—the scheme did not quite permit of that.

Hitler's chief adjutant, Wilhelm Brueckner, who was later

dismissed for financial corruption, used to turn a pretty penny by suggesting to wealthy and influential visitors to Hitler that they would be sure to get on the Chief's good side by bringing the conversation around to architecture and letting Hitler ramble on about his favourite topic. Superadroit ones would even bring up the matters of columns.

Hitler's primary graphic interest is unquestionably architecture, but closely allied to it is his never-abandoned passion for free-hand sketching and water colours.

His earlier water colours are fairly creditable performances, with good conventional use of colour and with, as always, considerable attention to detail. A physician who knows Hitler thoroughly says that his sketches reveal the nature of the typical half-educated, half-trained man who has the ability in a marked degree to co-ordinate detail into a whole harmonious scheme. He thinks that this is particularly evident in Hitler's treatment of fences and walls.

Hitler's choice of subjects is very catholic and he often quickly snatches a pencil from the nearest available spot to translate into visual form the ideas which overcrowd his tongue, whether they concern a cornice, a uniform or a new gun. On the West Wall, I have listened to rapturous accounts by General Staff officers of how Hitler during a tour of the Wall pointed out in self-made sketches where this or that pillbox should be improved. He was said by these officers to have designed entire pillboxes.

In another field, Hitler has originated with his pencil the costumes to be worn by the dancers, the twin sisters Hoepfner, and also designed the uniforms now affected by the Foreign Office staff. On the Western Front he sketched a number of war scenes, including the Maginot Line after the attack by the Germans. He has also voluminously sketched German naval vessels, including the proposed 35,000-tonners. Hitler's war sketches are kept in two special portfolios designed for publication after the war.

His strong psychic complexes have received display recently in the form of undisciplined fantasies of eight-legged animals with queer splay feet or of humans with fantastic heads. This fantasy reaches over into the realm of

the technical, and some of the ships and U-boats which he has drawn are from another world.

Hitler has combined his drawing interests with his racial theories in a series of his own sketches which he calls *Ein Herrenvolk* (A Master Race). These sketches, which repose in the strong room of the Kehlstein, are of the heads of men and women and children representing his conception of the ideal Nordic type. Interesting is his observation in script that the only people worthy to compare with the Germans under this classification are the English—and that because they are of Germanic strain.

Whatever others may think of Hitler's own work, he has a very high opinion of himself as an art critic. After he had caused much of the greatest and most interesting contemporary German art to be thrown together into an exhibition called "Degenerate Art," which toured the country before finally being broken up and sold for foreign currency, he ordered the cultivation and assembly of what he considered really worthwhile contemporary German art in the great "Haus der deutschen Kunst" (House of German Art) in Munich. Here, every year, amongst great panoply and fanfare, Hitler himself opens an exhibition. It is ultra-conventional in tone and runs very heavily to nudes, most of which are bought in time by prominent Nazis. Dr. Goebbels has quite a number.

When the "House of German Art" shows originated, Hitler had appointed a jury with his friend and official photographer, Professor Heinrich Hoffmann, as foreman. Such a bitter quarrel broke out in the group over some of the atrociously stereotyped paintings and sculptures which Hoffmann championed that Hitler himself stepped in and, displacing the voting right of the entire committee, decided personally on what should be shown. Hitler's patronage of some favourite artists has been enough to jump them into the high-priced class in Germany today.

Hitler has designed a war memorial for the unknown soldiers of the present war to be erected in the neighbourhood of Dresden, the geographical centre of the Reich. It is a very elaborate affair and is to have exhibition halls for enemy flags, guns, tanks and planes. Naturally, the memorial is to be supermonumental in size, with a huge court, and to

be built of great blocks of stone. The only decorative motif in this projected war memorial is to be the swastika of the Great German Reich. A model of the proposed memorial, built by Albert Speer, is now at Hitler's Berchtesgaden home.

A favourite project of Hitler's has been the beautifying of such German cities as Düsseldorf, Cologne, Hamburg, Münster, and Stettin. Recent British air raids, however, have blasted an unexpected track through many of these rosy plans.

Chapter 8

"THE INTELLECTUAL"

AMONG the ruling passions of Hitler's life is that for music.

It is well known that he has a blind devotion to the music of Wagner, of whom he has said: "For me, Wagner is something godly, and his music is my religion. I go to his concerts as others go to church." It is difficult to say whether the poscur Hitler is speaking here, but it is interesting to see him at a concert when he does not know he is being observed. Grimaces of pain and pleasure contort his face, his brows knit, his eyes close, his mouth contracts tightly.

Certainly music has a strong emotional effect on him. Sometimes he will go to a concert in the worst conceivable humour and return home smiling, or vice versa. On one occasion some old Party friends asked him to intercede to set aside a sentence which had been imposed upon a Nazi stalwart for a moral offence. Hitler flatly declined, but a few hours later, after he had returned from a concert, he suddenly called his adjutant and ordered precisely the change which had been requested of him.

Often, on even the tensest political days, he wanted to hear music, and if there was no other possibility he had a small string orchestra brought to the Chancellery, where alone, or with two or three of the closest members of his staff, he would relax for half an hour. He felt this impulse on the evening of the conclusion of the German-Russian pact, word of which he received telegraphically from Moscow. It was 11 p.m., but regardless of the hour several

prominent artists were hurriedly telephoned and summoned to the Chancellery for an impromptu concert.

Hitler cannot tolerate phonograph or radio music. He says: "I must see the musician himself who brings music from the dead instrument." He likes light Bavarian and Austrian things, especially peasant or folk songs. In the old campaign days he very often took with him a member of his staff, Sepp Kannenberger (today major-domo of his household), on long automobile trips. Kannenberger had a small, pleasant voice and accompanied himself on a typical Bavarian accordion.

Hitler is no supporter of military music, although he once said that it was "a military necessity." He finds the *Schalmeien* (shawm) bands which the Storm Troops took over from the Communist organizations interesting, but all attempts by shawm musicians to have them introduced into the regular armed forces encountered Army resistance.

Strangely enough, Hitler personally is almost amusical, or at least unmusical, as far as his own ability is concerned. He cannot whistle or sing. For several years he tooted intermittently on a flute presented to him in 1935 by the Belgian Fascist leader DeGrelle, but he never got beyond the rudiments. He is able to pick out simple tunes on the harmonica.

Hitler admires the technical proficiency involved in the execution of Wagner's music. Although his reaction is essentially emotional, he has a profound interest in the creation or production of the thing which inspires his emotion. He is in fact an admirer of technical proficiency of all sorts and is fond of all types of mechanical gadgets. Models of various sorts, particularly of weapons, fascinate him, and wooden miniatures of all new guns are brought to him for inspection. His interest in mechanical things, however, is not like Goering's, for example. Goering drives airplanes and automobiles and plays for hours with an elaborate miniature railway which he had installed in the attic of his home. But, as far as I know, Hitler has never learned to drive an automobile. I am not sure that he has even sat at the wheel of a car, and as for piloting an airplane, he actually gets air-sick, although under pressure of time he has flown hundreds of thousands of miles. His frequent attempts to learn to use a typewriter never got him

past a laborious two-finger technique. In 1938 he was presented with a newly designed portable, made entirely of plastic material and weighing just a few pounds. He tried again, but when he saw that he was gaining no speed he abandoned the machine, which is now gathering dust in the attic of the Reichschancellery.

Although he has an almost fanatic addiction to mechanical modernization, especially in the Army, there is one personal possession which he resists modernizing, and that is his watch. Although admirers from all over the world have sent him many valuable timepieces, he still carries an ancient key-winder model belonging to his family.

Another timepiece which belonged in his family is a musical clock in Hitler's study. His prejudice against mechanical music extends even to this clock, and he will not allow it to be wound up for playing. On its cover in crude letters the family name has been inlaid in ivory, but the name "Hitler" is spelled with a *d* instead of a *t*. It is not clear whether this was an error on the part of some unlearned village craftsman or whether the name in earlier years might indeed have been spelled "Hidler." No one has ever ventured to ask Hitler about this. His family affairs are never discussed in his presence. All of his family papers, in fact, are kept under lock to which he alone has the key.

In truth Hitler has no "family life" as such. Coolness, if not actual hostility, has prevailed for years between himself and his half-brother, Alois Hitler, who runs a café on the Wittenbergplatz in Berlin. Up to 1935 Alois appeared occasionally at the Chancellery, although at most only once a month; then these visits ceased entirely. Hitler did not, as some accounts have it, provide the money for the establishment of the café for his half-brother; in fact he never looked on it with favour, and instructions were issued at one time to all his Storm Troop and S.S. leaders, as well as to political functionaries of the Party, not to patronize the café. Many S.A. and S.S. men from the provinces, however, visiting Berlin, went to the place out of curiosity to take back with them a souvenir menu on which stood the name of "A. Hitler."

Hitler does not go in for driving motorcars, and he has

never actually taken part in the hardening regimen which has been prescribed for the S.A. and the S.S., although some of the Cabinet ministers like Darre have pulled muscles trying to measure up for the Golden Sports Badge of the Storm Troops. He is not in any sense an athletic type, although, as was apparent at the Olympic Games, he projects himself emotionally into athletic competition. Walking has been his main form of exercise for years, and when in Berlin he usually takes a daily constitutional in the garden of the Chancellery, where part of the walk has been covered over against rainy days. At Berchtesgaden he walks in the countryside, usually with one of his police dogs. On occasion he has taken Goering with him and, setting off intentionally at a fast clip through the woods, has made the fat Marshal puff to keep up. A number of his associates have urged Hitler to take up horseback riding, but this he has parried with the remark: "Horses have more important work to do." In earlier days he did some gardening at Berchtesgaden, and it was a great occasion when radishes grown and picked by Der Fuehrer were served on the table. At one time he also had some iron dumb-bells put in his room and with these exercised for twenty minutes each morning. For a brief period Hitler also practised other setting-up exercises for ten to twenty minutes at a stretch. His manservant, Walther Meyer, a former bodyguard, counted the "one-two, one-two" for him as he went through his calisthenics in the nude.

Hitler favours nudism, and the circulation of nudist books, complete with photographs extolling the practice of nudism in lyric phrases, has his approval. Reich health officials sometimes write the forewords to these books, urging, among other things, the removal of hair from the body, a practice which Hitler himself has followed. He believes, in fact, that the superman of the future (German, of course) will be a hairless creature except for what is on his head.

Hitler's own physique would hardly make people in a nudist camp stop and gape in admiration. He has almost femininely smooth white skin, and soft, muscleless limbs and arms, with a caved-in chest requiring his tailor to pad his uniforms in order to give him the necessary front.

Walther Meyer once suggested that Hitler should box with him. They sparred with bare fists. Meyer clipped Der Fuehrer one on the right ear, which remained swollen for several days. His house physician, Professor Morell, was annoyed and alarmed, but it all passed off and Hitler did nothing about it. Finally he gave up the dumb-bell workouts, and walking remained his only exercise.

He does, however, enjoy target shooting, but his associates learned that it was not wise as a regular thing to outscore Der Fuehrer. He became definitely miffed. General Werner von Fritsch once dared to score seven bull's-eyes in twelve shots on a military range, whereas Hitler scored only one, though with good secondary shots. There was a cool moment, but Hitler relieved the tension with a laugh and said: "Well, General, after all, shooting is your business."

All of the S.S. men around Hitler have to be good shots, and he sometimes took part enthusiastically in pistol practice. One of his prize possessions was an old English pistol given to him by his English admirer, Unity Mitford. It was unique and valuable. The ammunition for it ran out (he had 5000 rounds) and he could get no more in Germany. But that did not bother him, for he said confidently: "Never mind; we'll fetch it ourselves in London."

In the cellar of the Reichschancellery stands a miniature cannon modelled after one of Krupp's modern giants. The barrel is about thirty-two inches long, with a silencer on the chamber. When Hitler had time, he used to delight in loading, aiming and firing this little piece himself. The targets were wooden figures of Polish, English, French, Belgian, Dutch and Russian soldiers, the Russians painted with leering, brutal faces. Prominent visitors were taken to the cellar to see the cannon. Mussolini, as a great mark of distinction, was even allowed to load and shoot it, and with great glee entered himself in the record of results which was kept.

Models of virtually all of Germany's modern artillery have been brought to the Chancellery and there set up in the garden, to be studied by Hitler and whatever general or adjutant happened to be accompanying him on his morning walks. Long-range pieces he inspected at the proving grounds at Döberitz, occasionally himself pulling the firing

cord. This used to enchant him, and adjutants often had a hard time getting him away punctually to other appointments.

A steel helmet and a pistol are part of Hitler's wardrobe, but they have never been worn, not even when he reached the front lines or when he watched artillery duels from a short distance behind the front in the Western and Polish campaigns.

Hitler takes moderately good care of himself and eats sparingly, without meat except for an occasional small piece of sausage. He eschews alcohol in general, although he has for some years partaken of a very weak beer, especially brewed for him. Also on occasion he has taken a nip of the Bavarian schnapps *Enzian*, and during the cold winter at his eastern headquarters even drank a hot grog once in a while—as many, in fact, as three or four in an evening. At official banquets he merely touches wine to his lips during the toasts. As already indicated, he does not smoke and does not like people to smoke around him.

He sleeps comparatively well, going to bed late (often in Berlin as late as three or four in the morning after reading) and rising late. On the day of the Zeppelin *Hindenburg* burned at Lakehurst he did not learn of it until two o'clock the next afternoon when he awoke. His physicians have been worried since the start of the war by his tendency to use sedatives as sleeping aids, but there is no evidence that this has become a habit with him.

For the last four years Hitler has received occasional "ray" treatments for the larynx at the hands of his house physician, and at one time he had an operation for the removal of a small polyp from the larynx. There was some talk at the time of this being a growth of malignant nature, but that rumour (to the regret of a great many people) proved to be false. He has had infrequent attacks which seem to be caused by gall-bladder disturbance, but these too were not serious.

Whatever he thinks or does about his own health, Hitler is determined to raise the public health level of the Reich. In this connection he deputed Rudolf Hess (a "nature" healer) to formulate and distribute to the Party a dietary programme which includes the use of many of Hess's favourite

herbs and bans the use of alcohol and narcotics. In fact, Hitler attributes great importance to diet in working out his "superior German stock." He also envisages a day when the Reich's breweries will turn out only milk products and fruit juices, although apparently for economic reasons he does not plan to disturb the country's wine industry.

Hitler reads insatiably, omnivorously. It is on the basis of this tremendously wide reading through the years that he has gained his knowledge of history and of military science, for he had only an elementary education.

This exhaustive reading habit, which enables him to absorb incredible masses of detail rapidly and effectively, is characteristic of that side of his nature which is meticulous, careful, even plodding. The other side of his nature is psychic, brilliant, with almost lightning-like flashes of intuition on the basis of which he also reaches decisions. Whether he decides a thing by the careful, analytical process, absorbing the necessary groundwork of information from books or in long conferences with other persons, or by flashes, he has seldom been known to swerve from a decision once made. And heaven help the man, whether general or menial, who questions the wisdom of his decisions once made, or hesitates to carry them out. I have seen him reprimand officers of ancient name in public, as if they were schoolboys, for some real or fancied hesitancy in this connection.

In trying to complete my picture of "what is Adolf Hitler" in his physical, mental and emotional aspects, it was very important for me to know what his library looked like and what he read in it most. I found that his personal library, which is divided between his residence in the Chancellery in Berlin and his country home on the Obersalzberg at Berchtesgaden, contains roughly 16,300 books. They may be divided generally into three groups:—

First, the military section containing some 7,000 volumes, including the campaigns of Napoleon, the Prussian kings; the lives of all German and Prussian potentates who ever played a military role; and books on virtually all of the well-known military campaigns in recorded history. There is Theodore Roosevelt's work on the Spanish-American War, also a book by General Von Steuben, who drilled our troops during the American Revolution. Blomberg, when he was

War Minister, presented Hitler with 400 books, pamphlets and monographs on the United States armed forces, and he has read many of these.

The military books are divided according to countries. Those which were not available in German Hitler has had translated. Many of them, especially on Napoleon's campaigns, are extensively margined in his own handwriting. There is a book on the Gran Chaco dispute by the German general Kundt, who at one time (like Captain Ernst Roehm) was an instructor of troops in Bolivia. There are exhaustive works on uniforms, weapons, supply, mobilization, the building-up of armies in peacetime, morale and ballistics. In fact, there is probably not a single phase of military knowledge, ancient or modern, which is not dealt with in these 7000 volumes, and quite obviously Hitler has read many of them from cover to cover.

The second section of some 1500 books covers artistic subjects such as architecture, the theatre, painting and sculpture, which, after military subjects, are Hitler's chief interest. The books include works on surrealism and Dadaism, although Hitler has no use for this type of art. One of his ironical marginal notes could be roughly translated: "Modern art will revolutionize the world? Rot!" In writing these notes Hitler never uses a fountain pen but an old-fashioned pen or an indelible pencil.

In drawers beneath the bookshelves he has a collection of photographs, drawings of famous actors, dancers, singers, both male and female. One book on the Spanish theatre has pornographic drawings and photographs, but there is no section on pornography, as such, in Hitler's library.

The third section includes works on astrology and spiritualism procured from all parts of the world and translated where necessary. There are also spiritualistic photographs, and, securely locked away, the 200 photographs of the stellar constellations on important days in his life. These he has annotated in his own handwriting and each has its own separate envelope.

In this third section there is a considerable part devoted to nutrition and diet. In fact, there are probably a thousand books on this subject, many of them heavily margined, these marginal comments including the vegetarian observa-

tion: "Cows were meant to give milk; oxen to draw loads." There are dozens of books on animal breeding with the photographs of stallions and mares of famous name. One interesting psychological angle here is that, where stallions and mares are shown on opposite pages, many of the mares have been crossed out in red pencil as merely inferior females and unimportant compared with the stallion males.

There are some 400 books on the Church—almost entirely on the Catholic Church. There is also a good deal of pornography here, portraying alleged licence in the priesthood: offences such as made up the charges in the immorality trials which the Nazis conducted against priests at the height of the attack upon the Catholic Church. Many of Hitler's marginal notes on this pornographic section are gross and uncouth. Some pictures show Popes and Cardinals reviewing troops at moments in history. The marginalia here are "Never again" and "This is impossible now," showing that Hitler proposes that the princes of the Church shall never again be allowed to gain political positions in which they can command armies and otherwise exercise temporal power. Hitler is himself a Catholic, though not a practising one.

Some 800 to 1000 books are simple, popular fiction, many of them pure trash in anybody's language. There is a large number of detective stories. He has all of Edgar Wallace; adventure books of the G. A. Henty class; love romances by the score, including those by the leading romantic sob sister of Germany, Hedwig Courts-Mahler, in which wealth and poverty, strength and weakness, are sharply contrasted, and in which honour and chastity triumph and the sweet secretary marries her millionaire boss. All of these flaming volumes are in neutral covers so as not to reveal their titles. Hitler may read them, but he doesn't want people to know that he does!

Among Hitler's favourites is a complete set of American Indian stories written by the German, Karl May, who had never been to America. These books are known to every German youngster, and Hitler's fondness for them as bedside reading suggests that he, like many a German thirteen-year-old, has gone to sleep with the exploits of "Old Shatterhand" reeling through his brain. Hitler's set, which was

presented to him by Marshal Goering, is expensively bound in vellum and kept in a special case. They are much thumbed and read and usually one or two may be found in the small bedside bookcase with its green curtain in Hitler's bedroom.

Sociological works are strongly represented in the library, including a unique book by Robert Ley, written in 1935, on world sociological problems and solutions. This book never was circulated. Six thousand copies were printed, 5999 were destroyed; the single remaining copy is Hitler's. The reason: all books and pamphlets on National Socialism have to be submitted to a special Party commission before being released for publication, and books by prominent Nazi individuals have to be shown to Hitler himself. The book by Ley, a notorious idolator, so idealized Hitler that even he couldn't stomach its being published.

Another suppressed book in Hitler's library is Alfred Rosenberg's work on the proposed Nazi Reich-Church, of which today there are only twelve copies in proof, although typewritten carbon copies of some sections are known to exist and in mysterious ways to have circulated as far as the United States.

In earlier days, when he had time, Hitler used to bind his own damaged books.

Hitler's own best-seller, *Mein Kampf*, has yielded him a fancy fortune, estimated by German banking circles to be about 50,000,000 reichsmarks (\$20,000,000 at official rates). With part of this sum Hitler amassed a collection of precious stones valued at some 20,000,000 reichsmarks, which he keeps in a special safe built into the wall of his house at Berchtesgaden. The stones were bought for him in various parts of the world by his friend Max Amann, head of the Nazi publishing firm, the Eher Verlag, in which Hitler has an interest. It was Hitler who put Max Amann in charge of the Eher Verlag, and it has turned out to be a lucrative job; Amann's own fortune today is estimated by bankers at around 40,000,000 reichsmarks. With absolute autocratic control over all publishing enterprises in Germany, it is no wonder that the Nazi Eher Verlag snowballed into a phenomenally profitable enterprise for everybody connected with it, including Adolf Hitler. The Reichschancellor has

never found it necessary to use his official salary, a large part of which he turns over to charity.

Among the books in Hitler's library is one volume covering a field in which he has always shown particular interest: namely, the study of hands. This volume is one of sketches of various types of hands, including those of as many famous people throughout the ages as could be procured. Hitler, in fact, bases a good deal of his judgment of people on their hands. In his first conversation with some personality, whether political or military, German or foreign, he usually most carefully observes his hands—their form, whether they are well cared for, whether they are long and narrow or stumpy and broad, the shape of the nails, the knuckle and joint formation, and so on. Various generals and diplomats have wondered why Hitler sometimes, after starting a conversation in a cordial and friendly way, became cool as he went along, and often closed the discourse curtly or abruptly without much progress having been made. They learned only later that Hitler had not been pleased by the shape of their hands.

Inversely, many men have found favour and advancement with Hitler at least partially on the basis of possessing hands which he approved. This, for example, was true of his favourite architect, Professor Ludwig Troost, a man of very mediocre talents, whose strongly formed, bony and almost coarse hands Hitler regards as ideal. He regards Goering's hands as "too fat and pudgy." Among the hands which he approves are those of Hindenburg, Mussolini, Franco, Beethoven, and the leading German orchestra conductor, Wilhelm Furtwaengler. Among hands which he considers bad are those of the Jewish painter, Max Liebermann; the first President of the Republic, Fritz Ebert; the Socialist leader Philip Scheidemann; Stresemann; Lenin and, interesting to note, Ernst Roehm, whom Hitler had shot in the Blood Purge of 1934, but with whom he was intimately associated in the early days of the Party struggle. Hitler once said to a prominent English physician who visited him in the company of the British Fascist leader, Sir Oswald Mosley, that "the hand is the mirror of human character."

The fascination of human hands for Hitler does not extend into palmistry, but there is one amusing anecdote

in this connection which bears telling. A woman of some social and political prominence in Germany, who was also an enthusiastic palmist, had often asked Hitler to let her read his hand. He finally agreed, but only on condition that he submit his palm from behind a curtain together with that of some other unidentified person, so that the woman would not know which was Hitler's. This was agreed to and the test took place. The woman read the first of the two out-thrust hands rather quickly and found it of none too absorbing interest. She spent a good deal more time over the second hand, the owner of which, according to her final dictum, would one day set the world's tongues wagging. The curtains parted and out stepped Hitler—and Rudolf Hess, the owner of the second hand.

It is typical of Hitler's estimate of himself, in connection with his evaluation of hands, that he regards his own right member as practically the finest thing God ever put on a human arm, and often exhibits it as his idea of perfection. Indeed he very frequently poses for photographs or paintings with his right hand posed on his hip. In friendly encounters Hitler is addicted to the two-palm grip, especially when the cameras are recording for eternity his welcome to Mussolini, Ciano or some other visiting ally.

Hitler is indeed vain and, as I have said, thinks of himself pictorially against the background of the mere world. Perhaps this is the reason why, shortly after he became Reichschancellor, he had the shape of his nose corrected by a well-known Munich plastic surgeon. The nose had been a little bulbous at the end and fatty on the bridge, so Hitler got a Berlin medical man to recommend a colleague in Munich and there the operation was performed and the superfluous flesh removed. Thereafter he was always posed by his official photographer, Professor Hoffmann, to bring out the best points of his remodelled nose as well as of his other facial and physical features. Hoffmann usually poses him with the back of his overcoat collar turned up so as to soften the line of his cap either in profile or full face.

Although he has worn glasses for several years for reading, Hitler is very strict about not allowing anyone to photograph him with glasses on. Photographers, newsreel men and others had stern instructions from Hitler's adjutant

Brueckner to photograph Der Fuehrer only after he had removed his spectacles. Several rolls of film had to be destroyed on one occasion because this injunction was not observed, and one camera man lost his permit to work because he tried to retain such a snapshot as a curiosity. Hitler wore glasses publicly for the first time for the signing of the Munich agreement with Daladier, Chamberlain and Mussolini. Whenever he is photographed at his headquarters now studying maps, reports and such, it is always with a magnifying glass only.

Hitler's caps were always a matter of serious concern to him. He used to wear a swagger style but came to consider that too jaunty for the "Fuehrer und Reichskanzler" and ordered his tailor to work out a more serious model. A wax head based on the exact dimensions of his skull was made and sent to the factory which manufactures his hats for him. Various styles of cap were designed, tried on the wax head and photographed from every imaginable angle. These photographs were sent to Hitler at the Chancellery by special messenger, but unfortunately the artist who created the wax head had given the face a moustache much broader than Hitler's, making Der Fuehrer look more or less like Stalin's cousin. Hitler was enraged and ordered a careful investigation to see whether anyone was poking fun at him. But no evidence of sabotage was found. The incident, however, is typical, both in the pains which were taken to photograph the caps and thus present Hitler in the finest possible light, and in his wounded vanity over the moustache.

It was after this incident that Hitler forbade anyone in his immediate circle with whom he came into frequent contact to wear a moustache or a beard. The one exception to the edict was Julius Schreck, Hitler's chauffeur, whom he indulged in many small things and to whom he was much attached.

Schreck repaid this attachment with fanatical loyalty to his chief. He was a coarse, brutal, animal type of man who, in the early days of hard, grinding campaigning, had driven Hitler tens of thousands of miles, and continued to serve as his personal chauffeur after the Nazis' rise to power. He received instructions one day to take Hitler's car from Berlin to Munich, where Der Fuehrer, coming on by air-

plane, was to pick it up. Schreck meanwhile, in Berlin, had developed a badly abscessed tooth which had swollen his jaw alarmingly. Determined that no one but he should drive Hitler, he went out into the garage of the Chancellery, took a screwdriver from his tool case and went to work on his infected jaw. In horrible pain he gouged and scraped, broke open an abscess covering four teeth and tried to pull the worst tooth with a pair of dirty pliers. He started for Munich with a temperature of over a hundred degrees. Arriving there half crazed with pain and fever, he tried to drink himself into some relief on cognac, got only worse, went into a delirium and was taken to the hospital, where he died. Hitler wept bitterly at his funeral.

Schreck's successor was a young, almost frail-looking S.S. man, much more of the type that Hitler likes to have about him. He likes the men in his immediate household entourage to have wavy hair, preferably blond.

Hitler has a large wardrobe, but for him simplicity in dress is important, and he calls "tails" for men a laughable get-up. He wears them only when he is obliged to, as at receptions or banquets. A really fashionably dressed man is anathema to him, and his aversion to Anthony Eden, whom he called "a lacquered monkey," was based on this antipathy. He does, however, like elegant military uniforms on his generals, even though he himself has elected to wear a military costume of exaggerated simplicity "for the duration." Hitler practically always carries gloves, but usually just in his right hand. His attitude towards women's dress is quite different from that towards men's. He likes women to be adorned by their garb and he likes to see well-dressed women around him, even having reports and lectures delivered to him on the creation of a German mode for women. Occasionally he takes up his pencil to sketch what he considers to be improvements in a particular model.

He has a very high regard for American fashions, and frequently after witnessing American films at the Reichschancellery, which he used to do regularly, he would observe that he wished the German women to dress as smartly. He found American women's shoes particularly attractive. He never uses the words "beautiful" or "pleasing" about a

costume or a mode, but only "dignified" or "undignified."

Hitler's wardrobe is extensive. A long corridor in his private apartment in the Chancellery is fitted on both sides with cupboards, shelves, drawers and hat compartments which accommodate his hundred suits and uniforms, sixty pairs of boots and shoes and thirty-five hats and caps. Many of his shirts and lightweight uniforms are made of English goods, recognized even in Germany as the best. As head of the state he has, of course, to observe sartorial protocol closely, or at least did in the days before he went permanently into uniform, and one member of the protocol staff of the Foreign Office was dismissed without ado when he failed to give Der Fuehrer accurate notification about his dress at some public function.

Goering's fantastic regalia, on the other hand, is a source of amusement to Hitler. One time after a new balcony had been built on to the Chancellery, the engineer in charge asked whether a squad of husky bodyguards could be sent out to stand on it to judge its strength. Hitler, who happened to be passing by, said: "Oh, don't worry. Goering was just out there in full uniform with all his medals on. It'll hold!"

Hitler makes frequent jokes at the expense of others. Goering and Goebbels are among the most common victims, and his jibes have an extreme barrack-room flavour. But Der Fuehrer is very stuffy about jokes at his own expense. In other words, he can give it but he can't take it. Nor will he tolerate political quips about the Nazis or their allies. Eleven persons have been disciplined for violating a Chancellery ban or cracks at Italy.

Hitler's lack of grace about jokes on himself springs from his morbid vanity and the conviction of his historical importance. But I have seen another man, no tyro at self-esteem, clip Hitler's vanity off at the roots with an old trick. It was on the occasion of Mussolini's much-publicized first visit to the Reich and all eyes were on the two men, very much aware of themselves and of the scene. As they started off to inspect the Guard of Honour in front of the Munich railway station, Mussolini looked at Hitler out of the corner of his eye and started ahead at a pace which could only be called a sprint. Hitler, startled, found himself trailing along

like a flunkey with the rear guard; he, too, put on speed and they finished neck and neck. Mussolini never headed Hitler after that.

Chapter 9

"THE CELIBATE"

THE one phase of Hitler's nature which, above all others, is never officially discussed is his sexual-emotional life. To all appearances, he has none. The taboo springs partly from the desire of his professional publicity managers to keep him above physical romance; partly from the fact that this phase of his nature has been the subject already of too much unsavoury gossip; and lastly from the Nazi view that a man's sexual morals are his own affair unless they compromise the Party. In several known instances where his men were involved Hitler has required them to "marry the girl"; in others he has got his men out of scrapes by talking with the young ladies themselves; but no one supervises the conduct of *Der Fuehrer*.

The general reticence makes it difficult to get a consecutive picture of Hitler's emotional development. As a youth and young man he suffered from divers psychic maladjustments in his life in Vienna and later in Munich, and he does not seem to have had in this period any routine relationships which other young men, even as poverty-stricken as he, would have had among women of their own class; nor does his life as a soldier in the World War reveal any such associations.

After the war, when he launched himself upon a political career, he seems to have found an outlet for all his vitality in political campaigning, into which he threw, as his movement gained momentum, tremendous energy. His brain at this time was far more occupied with his work than with anything else; an ill-dressed, burning-eyed political fanatic, he was hardly a romantic figure in these years.

There is only hearsay evidence, but its sources appear reliable, that Hitler was sporadically an active homosexual in this period, and the names of Ernst Roehm and Rudolf Hess are accepted among persons close to the Fuehrer as

having been his intimates. There were many perverts in the early Nazi movement, absorbed from various radical groups like the Freikorps. Desperately in need of supporters whatever their origin and whatever their habits, Hitler did not inquire what their morals were as long as he could count on their loyalty. Nor did they inquire about his.

To what extent Hitler's relations with Roehm affected his attitude and actions at the time of the 1934 Blood Purge, when he had Roehm killed, has never been clear. No one dared point the finger at Hitler in that lurid exposé of perversion in the Nazi ranks, about which everybody knew anyhow and which caused the Italian newspaper *Il Messagero* in those pre-Axis days to refer to the Nazis as a "gang of pederasts." However, when, some time later, the first head of the Secret Police, Rudolf Diehls, was retired, it was said that he possessed certain compromising correspondence between Roehm and Hitler which he had deposited in Switzerland, with instructions to publish it if anything untimely ever happened to him in Germany.

In any event, in the Blood Purge, Hitler had led all the rest in heaping brimstone upon the heads of such notorious perverts as Roehm, Heines and Ernst, *because* of their homosexuality. Thereafter, he had to be vastly more careful than ever to keep his own name free of connection with the same offence. Whether that was the main reason or not, Hitler seems to have made the effort, or to have given the appearance of making the effort, in the next few years, towards adjustment to more normal relationships. At what exact time remains unclear, but apparently about 1935, he made the acquaintanceship of a Bavarian girl, Eva Braun, who was to play a considerable part in his life in the coming years. She was twenty-five years old and Hitler was forty-seven.

There was nothing much to distinguish Eva Braun from a great many other healthy and healthy-looking young Bavarian women with olive skin and rather dark blond hair, but something about her attracted Hitler when she was sent up one day to take some photographs at the Berghof. She was an assistant to Hitler's old friend and photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, and that day Hoffmann himself had been away from Munich and had sent young Fräulein Braun

in his stead. Her father was a *Studienrat* (a modest official title) in the Bavarian Ministry of Education, and her own education and upbringing were quite typical of her class. She had had the opportunity to learn to dance and enjoyed dancing; she was also fond of ski-ing, which she was able to do in the mountains outside of Munich; she dressed nicely, if quietly and with no great style; and she was fond of photography and artistic things, though herself not a creative artist in sketching or painting as Hitler was.

In his first conversations with the girl, Hitler found her intelligent, mentally responsive, cheerful and natural in manner. He asked Hoffmann to let her come up again to take photographs, and in time began showing her small attentions, such as inviting her to this and that function where, chaperoned by the wife of one of his associates like Wilhelm Frick or Rudolf Hess, she sat unobtrusively at Hitler's table. By late 1937 the relationship, still of a discreet and undefined nature, had reached the point where Fräulein Braun had at her disposal special guest rooms both at the Reichschancellery and at Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden. No photograph published in Germany ever showed them together, nor does the German public know of the liaison to this day.

Meanwhile Hitler's name began to be linked in greater or lesser degree with the names of other women as his own social contacts broadened and his growing power lent him more attractiveness to them. Leni Riefenstahl, who had made a name as camera expert or chief actress in a number of artistic outdoor movies and who was given the important assignment of documenting photographically the Olympic Games in 1936, was a frequent guest at Hitler's social functions. The name of the blond cinema actress, Renate Mueller, was mentioned with his in a vague sort of way; she later committed suicide. The eighteen-year-old niece of Frau von Dirksen (an early patroness of the Nazi Party) was invited down from her home in Mecklenburg on Hitler's special request; if his attentions to this child were ever serious they were terminated when she fell in love with one of his sturdy S.S. men, half his age. Another young woman for whom Hitler had a marked, though apparently platonic, admiration was the blond English beauty, Unity

Mitford, who had given him the target pistol mentioned previously, and who had a burning admiration for both Hitler and the National Socialist movement. Hitler's attraction to her as "the ideal Nordic type" tapered off in direct ratio to the tension in German-English relations. One of her sisters married the Fascist leader Sir Oswald Mosley at the *Fuehrerhaus* in Munich, with Hitler as a witness. Miss Mitford, herself of a highly sensitive disposition was much affected by the actual outbreak of war and Hitler placed a special car at her disposal to take her back to England.

Whatever the character of these various relationships, they do not seem to have interrupted the progress of Hitler's attachment to Eva Braun, and by midsummer of 1938 she was definitely established in his household and was referred to in staff conversation as "Die Chefin" (the feminine counterpart of Hitler's intimate title, "Der Chef"). Nevertheless, behind the development of this affair Fräulein Braun does not seem to have been entirely happy, for, possibly as a bid for sympathy from a man whose colossal egoism would have presented a problem for any woman, it was during this period that she made the first of the two ineffectual suicide attempts which marked her relationship with Hitler. Moreover, three young men had attempted, or achieved, suicide because of her; possibly enamoured more of Der Fuehrer's companion—though she was scarcely the courtesan type of history—than of Fräulein Braun, daughter of Herr Studienrat Braun.

The most sensational of the suicides was that of the young officer in Hitler's Death's-head Bodyguard, Sigmund Breuer, who leaped to his death from the parapet of the Kehlstein after a last meeting with Eva Braun in a group there. Breuer, formerly a small tradesman, had later worked for Heinrich Hoffmann, where he met Eva. He was attentive to her and apparently fell in love with her, only to find that he was treading on Der Fuehrer's preserves. Breuer took what to many fanatical young Nazis would seem the logical consequences. When his body was found crushed on the rocks at the bottom of the great tower, a camera was around his neck, and the pretence was adopted that he had lost his balance in trying to take snapshots.

By August, 1938, Hitler had given Eva Braun a ring and had ordered for her a custom-built Mercedes touring car. At that time I learned on reliable authority that Hitler actually contemplated marrying her; about all that remained to be settled was the date.

In this period it was represented by those close to Hitler that he was desirous of living a more domestic life, of devoting his attentions to the social welfare of the German people and to his own architectural and artistic interests, and that he wanted to turn over the actual administrative responsibility of running the country to Hermann Goering. Success in his political projects had given Hitler, so it was represented, both time and appetite for domestic happiness. He himself had said, in addressing the Nazi Women's Auxiliary: "I should love nothing more dearly than a family. When I feel I have accomplished my historic mission, I intend to enjoy the private life which I have thus far denied myself."

But Hitler never married Fräulein Braun; the touching picture of himself as a family man, German style, was not to be realized. What the reason was I do not know. Perhaps Goebbels persuaded him that it was easier to maintain the hero build-up for a bachelor than for one who was merely a husband. Or perhaps the opening up of new vistas in his "historic mission" during this momentous year relegated marriage to its position of previous unimportance in his plans.

He did not break with her when he failed to marry her, however. Eva Braun had done more to give him the comfort and attention of a wife than any woman in his life. She bought him handkerchiefs, socks and shirts on his birthdays and tried to induce him to let his tailor make his uniforms with a smarter cut, at which he balked. On his forty-ninth birthday she bought for him at an Unter den Linden shop a dozen pairs of pyjamas, which included some in blue and white stripes, the colours of her Bavarian homeland. They were the first pyjamas Hitler had ever had; previously he had worn old-fashioned nightshirts. She induced him to wear comfortable lounging shirts, made of English goods, when in informal civilian dress, and to try silk underwear.

Following his "renunciation" of marriage to Eva, Hitler began to be openly attracted by other young women, especially dancers, and brought one young American girl, duly chaperoned, all the way across Europe from the Riviera in a special airplane to perform at a Munich theatre. He sent a German dancer a large spray of orchids. During 1939 I heard occasional very "hush-hush" stories that Hitler had had young women, three or four at a time, to dance for him in very sparse attire at Berchtesgaden. His fascination at these times seems to have been partly outright erotic and partly the "It's the art of the thing that interests me" rationalization. At Christmas, 1940, Hitler sent ten-pound cans of coffee to a number of young actresses, with a smirking little note that "in view of the scarcity of this commodity" (it cost forty dollars a pound on the black market) the young lady might be willing to accept this "modest quantity."

Fräulein Braun was not unaware of, or unaffected by, these digressions on the part of her middle-aged admirer, and the faint echo of jealous scenes reached even my foreign ears. In fact it was at this time that Eva once again tried the suicide technique. But Hitler did not even learn of this second attempt until several weeks later, for his ultraconsiderate paladins did not dare broach such disturbing matters at a time when he was busy politically reshaping the world. Eva's head wound received the most expert medical attention and in good time healed quite satisfactorily.

From what opportunity I have had to view Hitler in social surroundings, I should say that his external adjustment to women is good. He is poised, animated, polite, and his parties, insofar as they were outright official functions and littered with portly diplomatic wives, were always adorned with a liberal sprinkling of good-looking young movie and stage actresses, dancers and singers. And some of these were usually to be seen at his table. He cultivated a gallant memory for names and faces and always in social life kissed the hands of women who were introduced to him.

I remember an interesting incident that concerns Dorothea Wieck, a beautiful German actress who had gone

to and returned from Hollywood after making a tremendous success as the teacher in the German film "Maedchen in Uniform." Fresh from Hollywood, she attended a large, formal reception at the Propaganda Ministry, replete (as was possible in those pre-war days) with fine wines and a wonderful buffet. My wife and I were talking with Frau Wicck about America when a sudden hush fell on the huge room. Hitler was due to appear. Frau Wicck had never met Der Fuehrer but confessed herself excited at the prospect. The double doors at the end of the room were flung open and Hitler, as he and his imitators like Ribbentrop always do (and as any ham actor, in fact, does on an entrance), paused a moment on the threshold before starting down the aisle which the group had made for him. Obviously enjoying his triumphal progress, completely poised and aware of the theatrical suspense, Hitler walked slowly down the lane, bowing formally to his right and to his left. He was followed by his aides in uniform, he and they raising their hands in the familiar Nazi salute which, if not too jerkily done and combined with a slight inclination of the head, can look like the benediction of a Roman prelate. Dorothea Wicck was not among the women who, despite full décolleté, incongruously returned this military salute; but as Hitler drew up to the position where she stood he paused dramatically, gave a more than usually deep inclination of his head and said: "Good evening, Frau Wicck." It was of course a tribute and a compliment, and even more of one later when Hitler's adjutant came to her and requested her to join Der Fuehrer at his supper table, where a group composed largely of film people had already taken their places.

With every opportunity for romantic conquest at his command, Hitler seems only with Eva Braun to have overcome his noticeable shyness about making more than casual advances to women. Whatever the character of his relations with her may have been, medical opinion is that Hitler has always retained a strong component of homosexuality in his nature. Evidence of this is given in the statement that by some subconscious impulse he almost inevitably injects into private conversation some homosexual theme. This may consist merely of an apparently innocent question of

observation, which to the initiated, however, betrays a constant preoccupation with the subject.

But normal or abnormal in his emotional life, Adolf Hitler is growing older and he knows that some day he must die. In a number of his recent speeches he has, in fact, intimated this acceptance of the prospect of death, something which he never did in earlier years, and it is noticeable that his references to Providence have become more frequent. Perhaps as a suicide or after the mental crash which has been predicted for him, or in some other form of violent end. Doubtless there have been attempts upon his life; certainly there have been rumours of such, though Secret Police vigilance has hushed all details.

However his death may come, he is determined that the name and face and symbolism of Adolf Hitler shall be perpetuated in school books and history books, in scientific treatises and in the homes of succeeding generations. His political testament, reposing in the Kehlstein, provides for the manner of his burial. He has also taken care that future Germans shall have a picture to remember him by in the proper heroic setting. It is a portrait he commissioned the artist Fidus to do of him, which is to be the official commemorative Hitler picture in every home, school and public building in the Reich. This work shows Hitler standing on a hillock, with the sunlight forming a halo round his head. He is in simple brown uniform, with a cape romantically thrown across his shoulder and his collar turned up at the back of his neck in Heinrich Hoffmann's best manner. Beneath him stand men in the uniform of all the political and military units of the Third Reich, gazing up at him adoringly. Thus Hitler's apotheosis.

Another mechanism in the commemoration of Hitler is to be the "Guards Regiment Adolf Hitler" which is to be formed for special guard duty at the Chancellery and at other posts of honour, with headquarters in the nation's capital. The men must be veterans of the present war, of such and such a size, and must be able to prove that their fathers and grandfathers also fought in German wars. And they must be good Nazis.

Also included in his testament is Hitler's order that upon his death his brain shall be dissected. All preparations have

been made for this in a special laboratory in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem, where there is already a considerable collection of dissected brains, many of concentration-camp occupants, including numerous Jews. This brain dissection, in an effort to work out some common pattern of the origin of good and evil, talent and mediocrity, genius and stupidity, and of racial differences among humans, is a literal mania of Hitler's. In fact some people who know of it fear that it has already led to the killing of particular "subjects" for the sole purpose of studying their brains. It is known, moreover, among his intimates that Hitler wants a law empowering a special commission to appropriate the brain of anybody whom the commission judges a desirable subject for dissection after death. Hitler's mania is apparently a feature of his development of an eventual superman out of the German *Herrenvolk*.

Another modest contribution which Der Fuehrer has made to this study is the perpetuation in a 130-page typewritten report of all the details of his own skull and facial structure. It was on a February day in 1937 that a handful of solemn men gathered in the front parlour of Hitler's apartment on the Prinzregenten Platz in Munich. Hitler, as his library shows, was interested in the science of craniology and the study of phrenology. He considered his own measurements to be of sufficient importance to posterity to summon a commission of scientific men, under the chairmanship of the internationally famous surgeon, Professor Ferdinand Sauerbruck, to take precise measurements of his head and face. The experts, who included specialists in craniology and phrenology, brought tape measures and calipers large and small. They measured the breadth of Hitler's skull above the ears, from forehead to vertebrae, from jaw to jaw, from chin to forehead, from eye socket to eye socket, from nose to chin, and so on *ad infinitum*. Some of the more mature members of the commission were a little embarrassed (and later a little ironic) by Hitler's almost childish enchantment with the proceedings, but others were typical Nazi sycophants and made the appropriate remarks. No sooner would a certain dimension be made and recorded than one of these men would exclaim: "Just like Napoleon's!" or "Nothing like it since Frederick the Great!"

Hitler, solemn as a judge, completely missed either the irony or the hypocrisy and ordered happily: "Yes, yes! Put it all down." The report today is a valued item in Hitler's personal library, and at least one of the younger members of the commission whom I know of has received official advancement beyond his dreams.

Another phase of Hitler's race-purification dream (in addition to already accomplished mass sterilizations and national dietary programmes) is the activity of the so-called "Euthanasia Commission," headed, when it was created, by Rudolf Hess and the Nazi official, Philip Bouhler. Up to the summer of 1941, when I got my last figures, the commission had destroyed 37,000 persons in Germany for various reasons of physical or mental disability. Roughly, half of these were men and half women, and 17 per cent came from concentration camps. In single issues of certain German newspapers I have seen death notice after death notice revealing to the uninitiated that the subjects—mentally defective or suffering from some incurable ailment—had been put to death by the Nazi state under Hitler's euthanasia programme. These notices stated simply that such and such a person had "died" after having been hitherto an inmate of some institution named. I have talked with the relatives of some victims. They do not want to say much and the whole subject of euthanasia is one only for whispers. Hypodermic injections containing a lethal overdose of some accustomed drug is the system usually used. The assumption is that in each case a mixed medical and legal commission has rendered a decision justifying the killing.

It has been pointed out to Hitler that his resolve to free the Reich of the need of insane asylums within twenty years, largely through sterilization and euthanasia, would put into the hands of unscrupulous physicians or lawyers the power arbitrarily to get rid of people in whose deaths their clients might have an interest; but he has been adamant.

It is Hitler's stipulations that no wearer of the Golden Party Badge or the Blood Order (the first theoretically held by only the first hundred thousand Party members, and the second by those who marched with Hitler on his 1923 *Putsch* in Munich) shall be destroyed by euthanasia under any circumstances. The case of an ordinary member of the Party

whose destruction has been recommended by the commission must be referred to the Reich Party headquarters.

One application of euthanasia which has had a strong psychological effect in wartime Germany is the killing of hopelessly wounded soldiers, against which the Bishop of Münster, Count von Galen, protested and warned in a by now famous telegram to Hitler. Regular practice of this destruction of soldiers who have become maimed in battle for the Reich could obviously seriously undermine German morale.

Chapter 10

"THE WAR LORD"

It is more than likely that Hitler, being the egoist that he is, was relieved not to have to submerge his identity or his personality in so conventional a thing as marriage. Whatever propaganda value the role of husband, and perhaps father, might have had, it probably would not have equalled his identity as bachelor War Lord. So he gave himself entirely to his role, which is almost certainly what he has always wanted above everything else.

The propaganda machine, with the first Nazi invasion, switched over smoothly to glorifying Hitler as War Lord rather than as statesman. The build-up had actually started when Hitler took personal command of Germany's fighting forces in 1938, and after Poland it took on new proportions. Goebbels, in his capacity of propaganda chief, led the chorus, and myriad were the newspaper and magazine articles and photographs which reminded the Germans that Der Fuehrer was in the field.

It was Hermann Goering, however, who reached the epitome of acclaim when, on May 20th, 1940, he said that Hitler had attained heights of military genius achieved only once before in German history—by Frederick the Great. He gave Der Fuehrer unreserved and unqualified credit for conceiving, planning and directing the execution of the Nazi onslaughts on Poland, Norway and Western Europe.

"Who is responsible for the overwhelming success of these plans?" he asked in a special press conference, and answered

himself without pausing for breath: "Der Fuehrer. He is the originator of these plans. In long nights, for weeks and months, Adolf Hitler acquainted himself with every possibility of military developments and with all the eventualities of enemy counter-action. He even outlines all minor attacks down to the very last detail."

Goering went on to say that German tacticians had considered Fort Eben Emael, in the northeast corner of Belgium, at the juncture of the Albert Canal and the Meuse River, the strongest fort in the world, but that even that Allied stronghold guarding the gateway to Belgium was taken "in conformity with plans made by Der Fuehrer himself." He added that Hitler possessed an almost incredible knowledge of every type of arms.

"There is no warship, no gun, and no weapon in existence which Der Fuehrer cannot judge as to its effect on operations," Goering continued. "Not only has he intimate knowledge of weapons but also, as an old soldier on the front line during the World War, he knows the value of man power. His experience and expert knowledge enabled Der Fuehrer not only to make plans of operations but also to lead the armies himself. He is in continuous contact with everything that happens anywhere on the fighting fronts and consequently is able to make his dispositions accordingly. His enormous energy and exemplary discipline make every German officer and private strive to the utmost limit of what is humanly possible."

Such panegyrics about Hitler are not unusual for Goering. A large man, he pays large compliments. But the song of praise goes right on down the line. I remember well the eulogies of one General Staff officer who conducted a party that I was in on a five-day tour of the West Wall, Germany's great line of fortifications in the Rhineland. He was one of the Army's leading technical experts on the Wall and always conducted Hitler personally on his tours of inspection. This is what he told me:—

A book had been published in France by a certain high Army officer detailing what he considered to be the faults of the Maginot Line's construction. Apparently he was disturbed at the too great faith which was placed in the Line. The book was immediately suppressed in the interests of

military secrecy, but one copy of it fell into German hands in Paris, whence it was immediately dispatched to the War Ministry in Berlin. It was shown to Hitler, who, realizing its importance to Germany, immediately had it translated verbatim into German. When the translation was delivered to Hitler he read it through without stopping, making voluminous notes. After a brief interval for digestion and reflection, Hitler sat down and dictated an exhaustive report on the book, which came to be the basis of the whole plan of Germany's opposing line of fortifications, the West Wall, construction of which Hitler ordered on May 28th, 1938, when it became evident that his forcing of the Sudetenland solution might lead to war and that his western flank was totally unprotected.

"Not only did Hitler maintain an over-all supervision of the Wall's construction," said my General Staff informant in awe, "but he even sketched the design personally of some of the pill-boxes down to the smallest detail, such as the thickness of the walls or the placement of the gun slits."

Corroboration that Hitler had taken this strong personal interest in the construction of the fortifications was given me by the engineer who built it, Dr. Fritz Todt, next whom I sat at luncheon in the spring of 1939. A simple, earnest, unassuming man, Todt, an early adherent of Hitler's, had been selected by him to construct the great network of federal auto highways, the *Reichsautobahnen*. That had been a big job of concrete construction and Todt had done it well. So Hitler gave him the West Wall assignment, with unlimited authority to get the work finished in the shortest possible time. In the face of an already shrinking labour supply, Todt got 500,000 workers out into the Rhineland by paying them higher wages, shanghaiing them, or whatever else it took, housed and fed them in co-operation with the Nazi Labour Front, commandeered 15,000 motor trucks and 8,000 railway cars, and got his concrete and steel put together in time for Goering, just five months later, to shout at the annual Party rally that Germany's western frontier had been made impregnable.

A year later, when I made my tour of the Wall, it was still abuilding, but Todt had unquestionably accomplished an astounding piece of work. After every tour of it Hitler

ordered new pillboxes to be constructed, and by the time I travelled it from Aachen to Karlsruhe it was a viciously efficient-looking line of shark's teeth, perhaps as many as 10,000 individual pillboxes, staggered in a double, or even triple row, fifty miles in depth at some points. The entire thing is co-ordinated with anti-tank barriers. The individual pillboxes contain either artillery or machine-gun equipment and at special points are built in clusters in which each unit is in constant telephonic connection with every other. The pillboxes are set into hillsides or in the midst of woods so as to escape detection either from the ground or from the air. Scores of them are built and disguised to look like houses, either out in the fields or on the outskirts of towns. A few are even camouflaged as gas stations, and one, which cradled a ten-inch gun, is built to look like just that rustic inn where you have been planning to spend your week end. An even larger gun, nestling in the midst of the Black Forest, can be fired only on direct orders from Berlin. It has a crew of fifty men to run it.

Hitler's interest in military matters down to the smallest detail cannot be doubted. We have seen what a great part of his personal library is devoted to military literature. Moreover, he was always in direct contact with the problem of operations, visiting proving grounds, airfields and barracks and holding frequent conferences with his Chiefs of Staff even long before he went into war. I think all the claims of Goering and others that Hitler possesses an innate genius for military matters are exaggerated. I think that through reading and discussion he has developed a thorough knowledge of tactics and a sense of strategy. His naturally acute ability to sift and co-ordinate facts enables him then to take what his generals tell him, combine with it, or relate to it, his own acquired knowledge on the subject, weigh it all in the light of what he knows of the enemy's weakness and his own strength, and then produce a synthesis which is pretty apt to be the right answer. His experience as a World War soldier could not be of great use to him as Supreme Commander, except in enabling him to know how the common soldier reacts. In four years of the World War, Hitler never progressed beyond the rank of lance corporal.

In military matters, as in political ones, Hitler's whole

career has reflected his choice of the bold, audacious, dynamic policy rather than the cautious and conservative course, and he draws to himself and promotes men who think and act boldly. Of such a type are the men who are closest to Hitler today in waging war. They are men whom he has appointed to generalcies and field marshalships on the basis of their performance for him and he knows them all personally. Hitler has always made it a practice not only to meet his officers but to know them.

Only after a struggle of some years' duration, in which Adolf Hitler, leader of the Party, was pitted against the forbidding, rock-bound, conservative traditions of the German Army, was he able to mould the nucleus of perhaps fifty high officers in the Army, Navy and Air Force who today are the real hilt of his sword. When Hitler came into power in 1933 he was very much suspected by the small professional Army, the *Reichswehr*, which Germany was then allowed under the Treaty of Versailles. Politics was not its tradition; it had been formed into a compact, highly trained, highly efficient military organization and its political offshoots, like General von Schleicher, were rare.

Hitler wanted a fighting Army and not a political one, but since the Army was to represent and fight for a National Socialist state, he wanted a National Socialist Army. His ambition was to achieve perfect fusion between population and fighting forces, to form a real "People's Army," democratic in spirit although perfectly disciplined. In Minister of War von Blomberg he had a man sympathetic to many of his ideas and ready to compromise with growing Nazi demands. On the other hand was a group represented principally by General Ludwig Beck, Chief of the General Staff, and General Werner von Fritsch, Commander in Chief of the Army. Beck and Fritsch, from the outset, rigorously opposed infiltration into the *Reichswehr* of the Nazi uniformed groups such as the S.S., S.A. Storm Troopers and Motor Corps. The former Army captain, Ernst Roehm, had pressed Hitler especially to merge the Storm Troopers with the Army, giving Storm Troop officers equal military rank in the switch-over. This was flatly rejected by the Army.

After the reintroduction of universal conscription in

1935 and the open expansion of the Army which it brought in defiance of the Versailles limitations, many new problems arose. There was the issue, for example, of whether the Nazi greeting, the familiar raised right arm with "Heil Hitler," should be used by the armed forces. Blomberg and Admiral Erich Raeder, head of the Navy, were willing to adopt the greeting, whereas General Beck flatly opposed it. It was finally Goering who laid the matter in all of its bitterness before Hitler. Hitler bowed to tradition and the old salute was retained. Goering himself urged that it be kept. On another point, however, which arose early in 1936, Hitler remained adamant, and that was on the question of officerships in the growing Army. Beck was for drawing the officers, as had been the custom, from the ranks of selected candidates, which usually meant the sons and grandsons of officers, usually of aristocratic family. Hitler insisted, however, that officerships in the Army of the Nazi state should be open to all, whether the sons of artisans, labourers, or farmers, and in this he tolerated no compromise.

Marked friction arose also in 1936 when Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's deputy for the philosophical education of the Party, ran into opposition in his attempts to extend the Nazi brand of *Kultur* in the armed forces by means of lectures and pamphlets. Rosenberg complained indignantly to Hitler that some of the Nazi lecturers, including himself and Goebbels, had been received with coolness and that a number of the stiff-necked generals had even walked out of the meetings ostentatiously or snorted openly. Hitler's answer was to institute a system of Nazi "observers" who reported regularly on the political attitude of soldiers in the barracks, on the drill grounds, in troop trains. The reports dealt not only in generalities but named individuals and led to numerous arrests and disciplinary action.

The issue of salutes recurred in 1937, when officers of the armed forces demurred to returning a military salute for the hoisted-arm greeting of the Storm Troopers when they met on the streets. When the controversy reached Hitler he boiled over, called a hundred of the highest ranking officers together and lectured them indignantly. His stream of injured oratory ended with the rebuke: "You owe your presence here today to these men. They fought in the streets

for you. Salute them and thank them for the courtesies that they show you."

Hitler's increasing collaboration with Mussolini was the source of a sharp clash with General Beck in 1937. The Nazi collaboration with Italy, which encompassed an exchange of General Staff officers, war plans and the like, disturbed Beck, who finally, on one occasion, declined to go to Italy for scheduled General Staff discussions. Hitler called him to the Chancellery and asked curtly: "What are you trying to do? Are you trying to sabotage German-Italian co-operation?" Beck answered quietly: "No, I am not trying to sabotage anything. But the quality of Italian arms does not permit me to approve closer collaboration. We will some day find that they are not dependable." Beck left the Chancellery in an angry atmosphere. His friends thought that he would be arrested, but he was merely confined to his house for a time. A brilliant Chief of Staff, a bachelor who lived only for the Army, he was finally dismissed by Hitler, who could not brook his independence.

The Army crisis of February, 1938, which ostensibly arose over Fritsch's protest at the marriage of War Minister von Blomberg to a carpenter's daughter, Erika Grun, was in reality a showdown between the old conservative Army forces and that wing which was sympathetic to Nazism. Hitler seized the opportunity for a general clean-up, dismissing both Fritsch and Blomberg and a considerable number of other high officers in the Army and Air Force. He himself took over supreme command and from that day on there was no open dissension. For one thing, the Army began to have little chores like Austria and Czechoslovakia to keep its mind off politics and in the next year, with the invasion of Poland, really concentrated its energies on fighting.

Many of the generals at the top today are members of the old officers' caste which accepted the Nazi Revolution because they saw in it something that would guarantee the continued existence of their own small, privileged oligarchy, or because they saw in it the only hope of revival of Germany's former military glories. These generals, the "collaborators," include men like Keitel, who were actually converted to Nazism, and like von Leeb or von Bock, who

compromised with the new movement because Nazism guaranteed a continuation of the military tradition, the "spirit of Potsdam."

Near the top also are a few Nazi *parvenus*, such as Rommel, who is a career Nazi, and a field marshal today only because of his real outstanding abilities as a commander. In the old Imperial Army, Rommel probably never would have become a general, because he is not a graduate of the Military Academy. But Hitler is an exponent of the "survival of the fittest" principle, which actually rules the German Army today after three years of war. Only those generals who have proved their merit continue to hold their jobs. Whether they belong to the old oligarchical officers' caste or not is not decisive. If they fail in their jobs, or are unable to stand the pace, they are eliminated without consideration of rank or seniority. First-rate generals like List, von Falkenhorst and Blaskowitz are relieved of active commands and relegated to a command in one of the occupied territories, or given some staff job, if Hitler decides they are no longer able to stand the pace fully. On the other hand, a man of Rommel's calibre is able by sheer personal ability to force himself into the very top flight of Hitler's commanders.

There are obviously certain pushings and pullings among the generals themselves—Goering cordially dislikes and distrusts Keitel, for example—but I have never credited the stories of a "Generals' Revolt" during the Russian campaign. There are doubtless many generals, and some field marshals, who, despite Hitler's brilliant previous victories, felt that his invasion of Russia was an unwise move, but no German general, whether a Potsdamer or *parvenu*, is going to rebel in the middle of a fight. With military defeat and with political and social conditions inside the country in a dangerous state, a general might well feel his duty to be against the government. When that situation arises in this war, the issue of Army *vs.* Nazis may become acute.

In his role of War Lord, Hitler spends his entire time during a campaign at his so-called *Fuehrerhauptquartier*, keeping his finger on the pulse of operations, receiving endless reports, either written or oral, and filtered for him by his own staff of military aides and by Field Marshal Keitel.

He reserves to himself the big decisions after consultation: such as whether to bombard Warsaw, to suspend the siege of Leningrad or Moscow, to take Rostov or Stalingrad whatever the cost. From his *Fuehrerhauptquartier* also he conducts the broad lines of foreign policy with von Ribbentrop, and all new laws, decrees and announcements by Hitler during wartime bear *Fuehrerhauptquartier* as the stamp of origin. It is from here also of course that the famous High Command communiqués are issued.

Technically, the *Fuehrerhauptquartier* in wartime is anywhere that Hitler happens to be. Thus if he returned from the front to resume residence for the time being in Berlin, the Chancellery itself would become *Fuehrerhauptquartier*. Or if he lived in a tent at the front, that would be it. On the West Front it was at one time a large brick building in a Belgian town, at another it was a collection of wooden camp buildings in a forest. During the Russian campaign it has been a special train parked "somewhere" in a heavy forest. Its location is of course a matter of utmost secrecy. Whether the Russians ever actually located the train is not certain, but in any case their planes have flown over it at least six times and on two occasions dropped bombs near it. The train is made up of cars especially built and armoured for Hitler by the great locomotive and armament firms Borsig and Henschell. His own car has a bedroom, bath, office, and dining-conference room large enough to accommodate ten or twelve persons. His staff of upward of two hundred persons live in other cars or in temporary buildings. A complete telephone switchboard, through which Hitler can be connected with any part of the world with which he happens not to be at war, is maintained day and night, and through it, or over the network of eight or ten teletype machines, comes an endless stream of reports on military or political matters. One of the coaches is a special press car which Hitler had built and presented to his Reichs Press Chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, for the latter's birthday. This is complete with the most modern available German radio, teletype, telegraph and telephone equipment, in addition to a complete staff office for Hitler's "Little Sir Echo." There is a constant stream of copy day and night from the Propaganda Ministry, the official Nazi news agency, DNB, and from

Transocean, which has handled much of the Nazis' propaganda report abroad; likewise from regional and local press officers throughout the Reich, enabling Dr. Dietrich to keep his fingers on the morale pulse of the nation for Hitler. Foreign broadcasts may also be directly received and translated in the press car if Hitler and Dietrich do not want to wait for versions of Roosevelt or Churchill speeches, for example, to be relayed from Berlin. Dietrich gives Hitler the daily world-wide press digest even during wartime. Near the "Chief's" train, Goering, Keitel and Ribbentrop maintain their own headquarters; Ribbentrop especially never wants to risk being too far distant from Der Fuehrer's shadow.

Hitler's life at the *Fuehrerhauptquartier* is a crowded one, with endless conferences, and he has need of his capacity for attending to detail on a wide variety of subjects in the course of a single day. Sometimes he receives visiting statesmen there to pin medals on them. Nazi Party affairs as such are taken care of pretty much in Berlin by deputies, and Party men have been seen less and less at the *Fuehrerhauptquartier* during the Russian war, a fact which has pleased the generalcy. Practically all of the captured Russian generals were taken before Hitler personally in the early stages of the campaign and many were examined through interpreters in his presence. Stalin's son, Jakob, was examined there.

At the end of July, 1941, a month after the invasion, Hitler received a commission of prominent doctors and dieticians who, upon his orders, had been making researches in new concentrated foods, particularly those which were suitable for use by the German troops in the winter months in Russia, and especially fish concentrates, milk derivatives and fruit preparations. Professor Sauerbruck had been charged with the working out of an injection which was to help the troops stand the Soviet winter. In fact, according to those close to him, practically the whole of Hitler's interest towards the late summer and early autumn of 1941, insofar as he was not occupied with immediate military matters, was in figuring out how to winter his troops in Russia. This is interesting because it reveals that even then Hitler admitted to himself the likelihood of a winter cam-

paign in Russia, though for reasons of morale he could not until later make it known to the public in such things as the appeal for winter clothing and the like.

The last few years of Nazi "dynamism" and nerve war have taken their toll of the world's nerves and blood; they have taken their toll, too, of Hitler's nerves, though he is yet alive. Even shortly after the beginning of the invasion of Russia, Hitler was reported by persons who saw him to have grown extremely serious of expression and as showing signs of unusual sensitivity. Ribbentrop was among those who sought to spare him shocks and sternly forbade persons coming to make special political reports to him to say things that might smack of defeatism. It was at this time that Hitler began using sleeping sedatives, so that even his doctors cautioned him about them. The coldness of the nights, too, made him resort to an occasional hot grog, something unheard of in earlier days. I myself saw him twice at fairly close range in these months. His colour was not good, his eyes had more than their usual sharp, glaring, not quite normal stare. He fidgeted in his chair, peered up at the ceiling, seemed to look through people near him. But as always, when the moment came for him to assert his personality and his dominance, to say a few words, he was in absolute command of himself: poised, assured, hard; acting *Der Fuehrer* as if born to the title.

Chapter 11

"THE ANTI-SEMITIC"

In a conversation with the Italian Ambassador at an official reception in Berlin in the year 1935, Hitler stated that in a decade there would be no more Jews in Germany.

"You mean in the trades and professions, I presume, Herr Reichskanzler?" the Ambassador asked.

"Not only that; not on the streets either," Hitler replied emphatically.

The Ambassador was sceptical. "Why, you can't build concentration camps large enough to accommodate all of Germany's Jews," he rejoined. "What do you propose to do with them?"

Hitler declined to go into detail; with his jaws clamped tight he looked straight at the Ambassador, saying: "All right, Herr Botschafter, but I tell you: in ten years they will be gone."

The conversation was typical of Hitler's attitude toward the Jews, which brooks no halfway measures and which, according to persons close to him, is dictated by a degree of hatred difficult to gauge. A well-known German physician described it as "a primitive hate, typical of half-civilized or even uncivilized persons." It led Hitler to exclaim passionately one day: "I regret that I am Chancellor of the Reich. I would like to be a young S.A. or S.S. man and be able to meet the Jews with doubled-up fists or bludgeon."

In the years immediately after the Nazis came into power and were laying down the lines of their domestic policies, a number of persons who had more conservative views on the Jewish question than the fanatical Nazis attempted to induce Hitler to moderate his policy on the Jews. Schacht, for example, felt that a sudden elimination of the Jews from business life might endanger the whole German industrial and commercial structure, though there was perhaps nothing to be done to prevent their being removed from official positions in the federal, state and provincial administrations. Hitler, however, would hear nothing of this, and swore that the Jews must be rooted out to their last hair from every phase of German activity. "The Jew is an inferior thing," he declared. "He can only be called a man of third grade."

The outspoken General Werner von Fritsch, while still Commander in Chief of the Army, said in conversation with a small group at an official function one day that he felt that the Jews should be kept in the Army, since they were especially useful in administrative work. He pointed out dryly that Frederick the Great had approved of his officers' marrying Jewesses "because their families gained not only money but brains." Hitler, who had sauntered up to join the group, heard the tail end of Fritsch's remarks, looked at him coldly, and without a word turned and left.

On another occasion, upon the suggestion of the well-known Zeppelin expert Dr. Eckener, Goering interceded with Hitler on behalf of certain Jews. Hitler's reaction was

a violent refusal, and from that day forward he forbade anyone to speak in his presence of "a decent Jew."

While Hitler manages to infect many persons otherwise neutral in the matter with his own hatred towards the Jews, Der Fuehrer is himself always greatly quickened in his anti-Jewish feelings by contact with the notorious Julius Streicher. It is often noticeable that after Hitler has been with Streicher for a time he is apt to come out with some new anti-Jewish measure or speech. It was Streicher who observed that 1,400 members of the Nazi Party who had been sentenced before the Nazis came to power for attacks (many fatal) on Jews should not only be summarily pardoned, as they were immediately Hitler achieved power, but should be given medals and lifelong pensions as well. Placed next to Streicher for three hours at a *Bierabend* once, I noted that his cycle of thought as reflected in his conversation was of blood, rape, flesh and whipping; those were the words that rose again and again to his lips. He confessed that he carried a whip with him wherever he went. But Streicher slipped: he got caught stealing money in deals on confiscated Jewish property.

Years before the Nazis came to power Hitler and Streicher had sworn their revenge on the Jews, and pitilessly and systematically this promised vengeance is being exacted today. At least 200,000 Jews—probably the full number never will be known—in occupied Russia, the Baltic States and Poland were slaughtered by Nazi execution squads between the outbreak of war and spring, 1942. Millions more throughout German-controlled Europe have been and still are being driven from their homes and businesses into ghettos.

The present wave of persecution of the Jews has been actually carried out largely by Hitler's subordinates, Goebbels, Heinrich Himmler, Reinhard Heydrich, who met his death from a Czech bullet in June, 1942, and Streicher; but the full responsibility lies with Hitler himself.

Persecution of the Jews by the Nazis has swept onward for nine years in a series of waves, each exceeding the previous one in ferocity. It began immediately on Hitler's assumption of power on January 30th, 1933. Jews were expelled from key positions throughout the country.

Thousands were arrested and put into concentration camps. Then followed the drastic Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws proclaimed at the Nazi Party Congress of September, 1935; the looting of Jewish stores and beating up of Jews in Austria after the *Anschluss* in March, 1938; the deportation of more than 40,000 Polish Jews to Poland in October and November, 1938; and the orgy of window smashing, looting of Jewish stores and burning down of synagogues on November 10th, 1938, after the murder of Ernst vom Rath, young Third Secretary in the German Embassy in Paris, by a Jewish youth, Herschel Grynszpan. At that time Hitler imposed a "fine" of one billion reichsmarks on the Jews in Germany, ordered them to repair at their own cost the damage to the stores, estimated at another one billion reichsmarks, and confiscated all their insurance claims for the Reich's benefit.

The position of the Jews in Germany at the outbreak of the war had become one of complete hopelessness. They were barred from all professions and trades and excluded from any place in the life of the German Reich. They were forbidden to enter restaurants, theatres, cinemas, museums, bathing beaches or any other place of recreation. They were subjected to every form of social ostracism and humiliation. Their chances of emigration abroad were now virtually closed. They had no hope of just treatment in Nazi courts of law. If convicted, they were sent to special penitentiary camps from which few ever came out alive. Jews of all ages were conscripted for work in armaments factories. In the winter, gangs of elderly men and women without proper clothing, shoes or gloves could be seen shovelling snow in subzero temperatures in the streets of German cities. The Jews were given no ration cards for clothing and no permits to buy shoes. Their radio sets and telephones were confiscated. And soon after the outbreak of war began deportations to the ghettos of Eastern Europe.

The deportations started tentatively and on a small scale and without any fixed plan. They were a makeshift Nazi scheme for getting rid of Germany's Jews in the easiest way. Hitler had a vague idea of establishing a sort of "reservation" for Germany's and the rest of Europe's Jews in and around Lublin, in Eastern Poland. During the first winter

of war perhaps 30,000 Jews in all were transported to Poland and dumped in the Lublin ghetto. They came mostly from Stettin, Vienna and the two cities of Moravska-Ostrava and Brno in the "Protectorate" of Bohemia-Moravia. Nothing more was ever heard of them. Without adequate clothing or food, they were left to their fate in the frozen wastes of an Eastern Polish winter. Thousands are believed to have died. The Nazis themselves found the half-baked scheme unworkable, as the Lublin district already was overcrowded, and deportations ceased for a while.

They began again in real earnest in September, 1941. There was nothing halfhearted about Hitler's plan now. It was nothing less than to dump the entire remaining Jewish population of Germany—numbering now only around 100,000, compared with 600,000 in 1933—in mass deportations into the ghettos of Poland and occupied Russia. Apparently those commissioned with this task hoped to continue the deportations at the rate of 20,000 monthly with the object of creating a "Jew-free Reich" by April 1st, 1942, as a birthday present for Hitler. Owing to transportation and other difficulties, however, Der Fuehrer's present could not be delivered on time and deportations were continued during the summer of 1942. It is estimated that about 60,000 to 70,000 Jews were dumped in Eastern Europe between September, 1941, and the spring of 1942.

The new wave started in Hanover on the night of September 3rd, 1941. The Jews suddenly were evicted from their homes and herded into the Jewish mortuary building until they could be shipped off to Poland. The deportations quickly spread to Berlin, the Rhineland, Hamburg, Breslau, Vienna and Bohemia-Moravia. At the same time, Heydrich issued a decree compelling all Jews remaining in Germany to wear a yellow David's Star inscribed with the word *Jude* (Jew) on the left breast of their clothes. This was extended further at the beginning of 1942 by another order compelling Jews to attach a David's Star to their front doors.

The first warning of impending deportation to reach a Jewish family usually was an order to report to the Nazi authorities its entire personal property down to the last dishcloth and handkerchief. Simultaneously they received a list of the officially permitted "normal property" of a Jew

—for example, one pair of shoes, one suit, three shirts, six handkerchiefs and so forth. Anything above this was liable to immediate confiscation. The Nazis, having seized the entire wealth of the Jews in Germany during the previous nine years, now commenced stealing their clothes. Thousands of Jews received peremptory orders to get out of their apartments immediately and were warned not to attempt to find new ones. They were housed temporarily in flimsy wooden barrack-camps on the outskirts of Berlin and other cities or forced to double up with other Jews in overcrowded slum tenements. The vacated apartments were taken over at once by the S.S., the Todt Organization and other Nazi services, or given to "Aryan" German families whose own apartments had been damaged in air raids. All furniture, household goods and personal belongings above the official "normal property" list were publicly auctioned and the proceeds confiscated by the Nazi authorities.

Another warning for thousands of Jews that deportation to Polish and Russian ghettos awaited them was an order to report at their local police stations. There they were forced to sign papers declaring themselves "enemies of the state," giving the Reich the "legal" right to confiscate their entire property. The papers also stated they were "emigrating voluntarily." Their passports were stamped *Rueckwanderer* (returning immigrant), although most of them came of families which had lived in Germany for generations and never had been in Poland or Russia in their lives.

The actual deportations were carried out at night to avoid attracting attention. A knock on an apartment door at midnight, three tough Gestapo officials waiting outside, and a curt order to pack a single bag. This scene was enacted night after night in countless Jewish homes through the autumn of 1941 and the spring of 1942. It was the fate which thousands of Jews throughout the Reich knew sooner or later inevitably would be their own.

In Berlin, Jews chosen for deportation were bundled out into waiting police trucks and driven to the Levetzowstrasse synagogue, which had been stripped of its furnishings, filled with straw sacks and converted into an overnight camp for Jewish deportees. On arrival there the Jews—men, women and children alike—were ordered to strip and were searched

for valuables, papers and money. Anything of any worth, including wedding rings, was seized by the Secret Police. Overcrowding and lack of sanitation were acute and there was barely room for many of the deportees to sit down.

Next day the Jews were herded again into police trucks and carted out to a suburban station which was heavily guarded to keep sightseers away. A member of our staff was assigned to get a story on it, and did, though two others of the staff previously had been arrested by the Gestapo for reports from the Polish frontier. The nightmare trip to the East was made in ancient, unheated passenger coaches or cattle trucks and often lasted several days.

The majority of deportees were sent first to Litzmannstadt (formerly Lodz) in the part of Poland now annexed outright by the Reich. They were jammed temporarily into empty schools and other buildings, without tables, chairs or heating. Food consisted mostly of thin ersatz coffee and watery soup. The crowding again was so acute that many deportees were compelled to try to sleep standing up. Later they were transferred to squalid, unsanitary houses in the ghetto or sent to labour camps. Other transports were sent to the ghettos in Riga, Warsaw and Lublin and, according to reports, also to Minsk, in White Russia.

Little authentic information ever reached the outside world about the deported Jews, since they are not permitted to correspond with friends and relatives still in the Reich. It is known, however, that hundreds are now being put to work in branch factories of Siemens, Henschel and other German armaments concerns in and around Litzmannstadt, constructed as far as possible out of range of R.A.F. bombers.

For the dwindling number of Jews left in Germany life becomes daily grimmer and more hopeless. Recent Hitler decrees deprived them of all rights and privileges of Aryan German workers, forbade them to leave their place of residence without police permit and made it illegal for them to shop except between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. when most provision stores already are sold out. They cannot ride in over-filled public conveyances unless there is room for all Aryan passengers, and may not sit down if any Aryans are standing. They get no tobacco, cigarettes, clothing cards or vacation trips. They do not participate in occasional special small dis-

tributions of fruit, chocolate, coffee or tea. They are forbidden even to use public telephones. Most of their synagogues are burned down or seized by the Nazis. The huge synagogue in the Oranienburgerstrasse in Berlin is now used as a military clothing depot. Even the slender hope of escape some day by emigration is gone now. By a recent Nazi decree no Jew between the ages of eighteen and seventy may leave the country—that is to say, any Jew whom the Nazis can force to work for them.

Thousands of Jews have committed suicide. At one time the Jewish hospitals in Berlin were admitting twenty-five to thirty cases of attempted suicide each week. Many Jews, still hoping against hope they will be spared deportation, carry small bottles of veronal on their persons to take if ever they hear the Gestapo's midnight knock on their own doors.

Thousands of Aryan Germans, married for years to Jewish wives or husbands, have been compelled by the Nazis to obtain divorces under the threat of being treated as Jews if they failed to do so. German wives of Jews were told that if they did not obtain a divorce they themselves would be compelled to wear the David's Star and be deported to the ghettos of Eastern Europe. Thousands let themselves be divorced. A few, however, did not.

Meanwhile in Poland and occupied Russia a mass slaughter of the Jews by the Nazis on a scale unparalleled in modern times was taking place. The greatest of these massacres occurred in Latvia in the summer of 1941. A responsible Nazi official is authority for the statement that in that country alone 56,000 Jews were slaughtered by German S.S. and Latvian irregular formations. Later in the official German newsreel there were pictures of armed squads out shooting Jews in the streets of Riga. The Nazi commentary cynically described this as "the vengeance of the infuriated Latvian populace against the Jews," but it could be seen that the "infuriated Latvians" were wearing German Army helmets!

In Lithuania, also, about 30,000 Jews, according to the best estimates obtainable, were executed by special S.S. "clean-up squads" brought in from Poland with the knowledge and approval of the German civil administration. The entire Jewish populations of many towns and villages, in-

cluding women and children, were driven out into the woods, forced to dig their own graves and then machine-gunned to death. More than 8000 Jews from one town alone were slaughtered. The executions in Kaunas, the capital, were less sweeping owing to the strong opposition of the Catholic Church. Only in Estonia, last of the Baltic countries to fall, were comparatively few Jews executed.

A fearful blood-bath took place in Poland, too. According to reliable information obtained in Berlin, 80,000 Poles, including a high percentage of Jews, were executed by S.S. firing squads as a reprisal for the alleged killing of 52,000 minority Germans at the outbreak of war. In some concentration camps orders for simple decimation were given. Jews were marched out and mowed down by S.S. machine guns in front of mass graves in which they then were buried.

The same massacres of Jews followed in the train of the invading German armies in Russia, as I was able to observe on an extensive tour behind the German lines. This was particularly true in the Ukraine, although here the Germans sought to shift the blame on to the Ukrainians themselves. It was impossible to ascertain who actually carried out these executions—the Germans or the local Ukrainian population, who are known to be strongly anti-Semitic—but it is most likely that the Germans had a large hand in them and still more certain that they did nothing to prevent them. The entire Jewish population of the large city of Jitomir was wiped out. In Cherson, another Ukrainian city, 4,000 Jews were disposed of in mass executions. When the Germans occupied Kiev they shot in cold blood many Jews seen on the streets. One *Volksdeutscher* or "Racial German" was encountered walking through the streets of Kiev with a rifle slung over his shoulder. He proudly boasted he had shot thirty-seven Jews that night. The Rumanians made still less bones about the treatment of Jews in the territories occupied by their army. They frankly admitted to our party exterminating them wholesale.

Throughout the occupied Eastern territories millions of Jews who escaped Hitler's butchery squads are being herded systematically by the Nazis into shabby twentieth-century ghettos. The largest and most notorious of these is the Warsaw ghetto, where 500,000 of the 1,750,000 Jews in the so-

called Polish "General Government" live congested behind high walls and barbed-wire fences in the old slum districts of the ruined Polish capital. No Jew is permitted to leave this ghetto and no non-Jew may enter it. The ghetto is administered by a Jewish Council of Elders under Nazi supervision and patrolled by a special Jewish constabulary, but is subject to frequent raids by the Gestapo.

The Nazi authorities compel all Jews in Poland and parts of occupied Russia to wear on the right arm a white arm band with a David's Star. In some parts of Russia, the Jews have to wear a large yellow circle sewn to the back of the coat. They are made to work for the Germans in labour gangs cleaning up war debris, repairing roads, exhuming bodies and doing other unpleasant jobs. A collection of one million lice, for example, belonging to the German Spotted Fever Institute at Cracow, is fed daily on the blood of Jews. The *Voelkischer Beobachter*, which reported the story, claimed, however, that the Jews get paid for this.

The same wave of Nazi-inspired persecution of the Jews has spread to the conquered countries of Western Europe and Germany's Axis satellites. The David's Star now has been introduced into the Netherlands, Belgium and occupied France. In the Netherlands, "liquidation" and "Aryanization" of Jewish businesses and landed property was in full swing during the early summer of 1942 under the auspices of Reichscommissar Artur Seyss-Inquart and the Dutch Quisling, Anton Mussert. In occupied France all Jews were evicted from their businesses, which the Germans in the usual manner then proceeded to secure for themselves by "purchase" (in occupation marks), confiscation, use of French "fronts" and other polite forms of theft. Even in Norway, hitherto almost free from anti-Semitism, the Quisling puppet regime is now busy "liquidating" all Jewish property.

Far more drastic are the measures being taken against the Jews in Central and Southeastern Europe. Hitler's little satellite Slovakia not only aped all his severest anti-Semitic decrees in force in the Reich but began in the spring of 1942 rounding up its entire Jewish population of 100,000 and throwing it into ghettos and concentration camps. In an attempt to "out-Hitler" Hitler himself, the Slovaks then

began to deport their Jews to Poland and Russia with complete Nazi ruthlessness and as fast as transport could be found, with the boasted objective of making Slovakia Europe's first "Jew-free" country by autumn, 1942. Hungary during 1942 disenfranchised its one million Jews, barred them from the theatre, radio, journalism and all other professions and began wholesale confiscation of all Jewish landed and other property. Rumania imposed repeated levies, special taxes and confiscations on Jewish property and compelled Jews to do forced labour for the government and army. Even Bulgaria, previously almost untouched by active anti-semitism, banned Jews from all liberal professions in the spring of 1942, expelled them from certain districts and forbade them to travel anywhere in the country, without police permission, only to be granted in exceptional circumstances.

The persecution of the Jews never was actually popular with the great mass of the German people, but they did nothing to try to stop it. The fearful mass slaughters of Jews in the occupied Eastern territories were almost unknown in the Reich itself. Such things naturally never are mentioned in the controlled Nazi press, and the average German hears nothing about them except in reports brought back from the front by soldiers on leave. With the deportations it was a different story. Probably there was no one in Berlin who did not have some idea of what was going on, although the Nazis hushed things up as much as possible. Berliners, however, could not help knowing when Jews living in the same house or street suddenly disappeared and the contents of their apartments were publicly auctioned.

Halfhearted individual demonstrations of sympathy with the Jews compelled Goebbels to unleash a strong new propaganda blast against them, during which he also castigated Germans who failed to conduct themselves towards the Jews in a manner befitting the "Master Race." But Hitler does not care whether persecution of the Jews is popular with the German people or not. There is a saying in Germany that "every German has a pet Jew whom he does not wish to see maltreated. What happens to the rest of them is of no importance to him whatsoever." But Hitler has no pet Jews.

Chapter 12

BEGINNING IN POLAND

"THE Polish Air Force was wiped out in the first three hours of the war. The Polish armies were smashed in the first three days. That is blitzkrieg as it should be."

The speaker at my side at dinner was a small, middle-aged man with greying hair and a dark moustache, with a nervous, almost diffident manner, who talked German with a faint trace of Austrian accent. He had the quiet, academic voice of a professor. I could have imagined him to be a professor but for the fact that he wore the braided uniform of a general in the German Luftwaffe.

"Our bombers already were in the air and over the Polish frontier at zero hour, 5.45 on the morning of September 1st," he continued. "The Poles were still asleep. Their anti-aircraft guns were not manned. Their planes were drawn up in rows on their airfields. We caught them completely by surprise, we bombed them unmercifully and we destroyed their air force on the ground in the first three hours of the war."

The conversation took place in Vienna early in 1940. General Alexander Loehr, former chief of the Austrian Federal Air Force, now commander of Hitler's Air Fleet Southeast, with headquarters in Vienna, was explaining to me scientifically and dispassionately the technique of the world's first blitzkrieg—how without warning or declaration of war a small country had been attacked, overwhelmed and destroyed. General Loehr himself had been one of the executioners. He had commanded the Southern Air Fleet which, together with General Kesselring's Northern Air Fleet, had wiped out the greater part of the Polish Air Force in one blinding lightning blow on the morning of September 1st, 1939, and had laid the way open to Warsaw for Hitler's panzer and motorized hordes.

In the same quiet voice General Loehr continued:—

"Our bombs rained down on the airfields, ripping up and smashing hangars and wrecking the planes lined up as if for parade. So unexpected was the attack that the Polish anti-aircraft gun crews in most cases never were able to train

their guns on our planes. We caught them by surprise and we smashed them. The Polish Air Force of about eight hundred planes never recovered from this blow. By the end of the first day the German High Command was able to announce that the Luftwaffe had gained complete mastery of the air over Poland."

I asked General Lochr how the Germans justified the new "blitzkrieg without warning," the treacherous attack without declaration of war on an unsuspecting neighbour. He replied without hesitation:—

"It is our new philosophy of war. It is the most merciful type of warfare. It surprises your enemy, paralyses him at one blow and shortens a war by weeks, maybe months. In the long run it saves untold casualties on both sides."

Paralysing and overwhelming the first surprise blow had been indeed. But militarily the Polish Army never stood even a sporting chance against Hitler's tanks and motorized divisions. I was able to see that when immediately after the campaign I flew and motored over the main battlefields of Poland. It was flesh and blood and sheer human courage pitted against tanks and Stukas and a new technique of warfare which a year later the world still had not grasped. The odds against Poland were too great.

Zero hour on September first had found the German armies deployed in two main army groups in a broad arc along the Polish frontier from the forests of East Prussia to the rugged mountains of Slovakia. The northern group of two armies under Colonel General von Bock was ready to smash immediately through the Polish Corridor and menaced Warsaw from the north. The southern army group of three armies under Colonel General Gerd von Rundstedt extended from Silesia to Slovakia and threatened the Polish capital from the south. The German armies were heavily equipped with tanks and motorized infantry.

To meet this threat the Poles also had massed their fifty infantry and cavalry divisions in an inner arc along the German frontiers, hoping apparently to swallow up Danzig immediately and envelop and destroy the German forces in East Prussia. They had little motorized equipment and practically no tanks.

Hitler's plan of campaign disclosed for the first time a

daring strategy destined soon to revolutionize the entire science of modern warfare. It was later to be seen with only slight variations on the battlefields of France, Libya and Russia. Briefly, it consisted in flinging out swift spearheads of tanks from a number of directions, closely followed up by motorized infantry. Each spearhead was to strike farther ahead than the one next to it, with the purpose of splitting up the Polish armies, cutting them off from each other into isolated groups and destroying them piecemeal. Contrary to all previously accepted principles of warfare the armoured spearheads were to operate far in advance of the main bodies of infantry and without attempting to maintain contact with their own supply columns. They were to take the enemy constantly from his rear, cut across and smash his communications, disorganize his supplies and throw him into confusion and panic. Simultaneously, the German Air Force was to aid in blasting the enemy's lines of communication in the rear and make it impossible for him to move his troops quickly away from the clutches of the enveloping tank forces. It was a strategy that depended for its success on command of the air, superiority in armoured forces, superior fire power, extreme mobility and complete co-operation between Army and Air Force. All these the Germans possessed, and against them, let it be repeated, the Poles never stood a chance on earth.

But the Polish High Command helped hasten the doom of its own armies. High German officers later expressed the opinion to me that Poland's only hope would have been to have evacuated the entire western part of the country and retired to the only possible defence line, along the Vistula and Narew Rivers. Instead of this the Poles had lined up their armies in proud array opposite the Germans along their northern, western and southern frontiers. A strong group had been concentrated in the Corridor near Danzig. It was encircled in the first three days of the campaign. In the centre, in the deep bulge created by the province of Poznan (Posen), the Poles had concentrated the flower of their entire army, five or six infantry divisions and several cavalry brigades, waiting like a fat prize to be nipped off, encircled and crushed by the iron claws of the swooping German panzers.

The advance of the German mechanized forces across the flat plains of Poland was unleashed with a precision and swing never before seen in history. The weather seemed to be on the side of Hitler's legions and in vain the Poles looked for the rains they had hoped would transform their primitive road system into a morass in which the heavy German equipment would flounder and bog down.

Striking across the Corridor from Pomerania at the narrowest point, the German 4th Army under General von Kluge linked up by the evening of September 4th with General von Kuechler's 3rd Army in East Prussia, thus cutting off all the Polish forces in the northern part of the Corridor around Danzig and Gdynia.

Hitler now set his new strategy in full motion. He began a vast concentric attack from north, northwest, southwest and south, with armoured and motorized spearheads smashing from all sides towards Warsaw and the Vistula to cut off, surround, and annihilate the main Polish armies in a series of huge "pockets" in the centre of the country. At the same time the Luftwaffe carried out systematic, devastating attacks on railroads and main highways, wrecking the Polish communications and crippling their troop movements. For the first time in history the world saw the dive bomber in action against field troops. Used like artillery, the bombers blasted the Polish troops with a fury and effectiveness such as no artillery barrage had ever before achieved in military history. When I flew over the battle area immediately after the campaign I was able to see just how effectively the Germans had smashed the Polish communications. The railroads had been blasted into nightmares of twisted steel, the trucks burned out and stations devastated. I was told by German officers at that time that the testimony of prisoners had shown that after the first three days, communications between the various Polish armies and between the armies and Warsaw had been smashed completely by the German bombing. The individual Polish armies were operating practically independently, without any instructions from the Polish High Command and without any real knowledge of the general situation. The same story I was to hear later in Yugoslavia where German bombing of communications had the same crippling effect.

By the evening of September 3rd the Polish leaders realized at last that the octopus-like German armoured tentacles, clutching from all directions, were threatening to cut off and surround their main armies in the Poznan bulge west of Warsaw and the Vistula River. They began hastily to withdraw the Poznan armies eastwards towards the Vistula, but it was already too late. Their lines of communication were already wrecked and it was impossible to carry out the retirement quickly enough. Poland, as General Loehr had told me, was already, to all intents and purposes, defeated. By September 5th, five days after the invasion, its utter defeat was an absolute certainty. The concentric panzer spearheads had split up the main Polish armies. The Polish southern army had been cut off from Warsaw and was already in headlong retreat through Cracow towards the San River, hotly pursued by the extreme German right wing under General List, which had advanced across the mountains from Slovakia. Von Kuechler's East Prussian army in a series of bloody battles broke through the powerful defences of Mlawa and the Narew River line and was driving towards Warsaw from the north. The motorized and panzer divisions of Generals von Reichenau and Blaskowitz, which had smashed northeastwards from Silesia towards Kutno and Warsaw, already had virtually cut off the retreat of the central Polish army eastwards from Poznan. On the afternoon of September 8th, an advanced force of von Reichenau's tanks battered its way into the outer suburbs of Warsaw from the southwest—it later was driven out again—while his main army, the German 10th Army, blocked the Polish retreat towards the Vistula. On the afternoon of the twelfth, the main Polish army was caught and encircled near Kutno and its fate was sealed. On the thirteenth the encirclement of Warsaw itself was completed by a German force which had driven around to the east of the capital. The overlapping German spearheads had done their job. The Polish armies were encircled in a series of iron pockets from which there was no hope of escape. Hitler's strategy of splitting and surrounding the Polish armies by swift-moving armoured forces, operating far ahead of their supply lines, had succeeded.

The remainder of the Polish campaign was the story of

the piecemeal destruction of the isolated Polish armies, fighting heroically—as German officers and soldiers later testified to me—but hopelessly, against impossible odds. Strategically the campaign had little further interest. To all intents and purposes it had been won in three days and concluded in fourteen. For five more days the main Polish army fought off the encircling ring in a terrific battle—a “battle of annihilation” was the new phrase coined by the German High Command—which began around Kutno and ended on the Bzura River. The battle finished with the virtually complete destruction of the Polish armies west of the Vistula. More than 170,000 prisoners were taken, according to the German communiqués. With its conclusion the only serious Polish resistance now was in the two fortresses of Warsaw and Modlin.

While the Russians on September 17th fell on Poland from the east, the battles of the fortresses continued. In Warsaw about 120,000 men were encircled, including a fraction of the Poznan forces. In Modlin about 35,000 still held out. On September 25th Hitler gave the order for the general German attack on Warsaw. The Polish commandant already had contemptuously rejected several German demands for surrender. The great city of more than one and a half million inhabitants now was subjected to such an artillery bombardment as probably no other city in modern times before. At the same time German bomber squadrons hurled tons of high explosives on the streets of the doomed capital. For two days the horror continued. The civil population shuddered in their cellars as shells and heavy bombs rocked the city continuously. In the suburbs the Polish defenders turned still uncompleted new apartment houses into individual fortresses which the Germans had to storm one by one. At night the whole sky was lit up for miles by the burning city. The heat was so great that the German troops in their trenches could feel the torrid blast on their faces. Then on September 27th the Polish commander capitulated. Warsaw could stand no more. On the evening of September 29th the beaten Polish Army began its march into captivity. Modlin fell shortly afterwards.

I was a member of the first group of foreign newspapermen to reach Warsaw. We arrived there on October 5th,

the day on which Hitler held his victory parade amid the ruins of the former Polish capital. Such devastation would be difficult to imagine. The whole centre of the city had been laid in ruins by the two-day fury of the German bombardment and air bombing. Dead horses still lay rotting in the parks, their carcasses half hacked up by starving Polish troops during the siege. New graves bulged the grass alongside street car tracks. Bomb craters made it difficult to drive along some of the main streets. The brand new central railway station was scarcely recognizable. The Polish population looked bewildered and stunned.

For an hour we stood alongside Hitler as tank after tank, motorized infantry, guns, and more tanks thundered past along the tree-lined avenue where most of the foreign embassies and legations are situated. No Pole saw that victory parade. The street where Hitler stood and those along which the grey German columns rolled had been cordoned off and no Pole was allowed nearer than a block distant. The tanks were clean and in parade-ground condition. The troops were fresh and clear-eyed. The dull steel armour of the new Nazi *Wehrmacht* had scarcely been dented by its first blitz campaign.

That was the lesson of the conquest of Poland. Overwhelming superiority in tanks, overwhelming superiority in the air from the outset, use of the dive bomber as the new "super-artillery" of the future, and complete co-ordination between Army and Air Force. And the new strategy—lightning attack to gain the advantage of surprise and use of the swift, overlapping armoured spearheads to split the enemy, encircle him and crush him in an iron ring from which there is no escape.

Later that afternoon on the Warsaw airport a dozen or so foreign newspapermen were presented to Hitler. His face was pallid and unhealthy-looking but his mood was that of a triumphant conqueror.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have seen the ruins of Warsaw. Let that be a warning to those statesmen in London and Paris who still think of continuing this war."

With a quick Nazi salute he turned from us and walked towards the plane that was to carry him back to Berlin. He had used this chance meeting with our small group of

foreign correspondents to send back to London and Paris the warning: "Remember the ruins of Warsaw. Remember what your own fate may be."

Chapter 13

SCANDINAVIA AND THE WEST

FOR six months after the conquest of Poland we sat in Berlin and waited for the war to get started again. Hitler had discovered that Great Britain and France were not bluffing and that he was going to have to shoot his way out of the mess. But nobody seemed anxious to start the shooting. It was bitterly cold, the coldest winter Germany had known for decades. Railroads and canals froze up and Berlin suddenly found itself in zero weather without coal. For six weeks the central heating was turned off in our office building and we sat half-frozen, muffled in overcoats, woollen scarves, several pairs of socks and innumerable pullovers and tried to type with gloves on.

Although we did not realize its full significance at the time, one event appeared like a small angry cloud in the sky. I refer to the "*Altmark* incident." The *Altmark* was a large German oil tanker which was attempting to sneak down the coast of Norway in the middle of February, when it was caught by the British destroyer *Cossack*. The *Altmark* ran for safety into the narrow territorial waters of Joessing Fjord and beached itself. It was followed in by the *Cossack* and boarded, and more than three hundred British seamen who had been held prisoner in its hold were rescued and taken off to England. In the scuffle which resulted several of the German crew were killed.

The Germans raised a terrible hullabaloo about the incident. With three other foreign newspapermen I rushed up to Joessing Fjord by a special plane chartered by the German government to interview the captain of the *Altmark*. The purpose of the trip was to show the world the "brutality" of this violation of Norwegian sovereignty and the "barbarity" of the British attack on the German vessel. The captain of the *Altmark*, a red-faced, white-bearded sea-dog type, was a sailor, not a propagandist. The

story he told us was that the *Allmark* was a German Navy vessel, that it had acted for months as the supply ship of the pocket battleship *Graf Spee* (scuttled two months previously after the battle of the River Plate) and that it had been carrying more than three hundred British sailors captured from vessels sunk by the *Graf Spee*. In other words, it was a war vessel and had no business itself sailing in Norwegian territorial waters. He further volunteered to us the fact that he had attempted to ram the *Cossack* in Joessing Fjord before he was boarded. For us newspapermen the story was perfect. The embarrassment of the German Foreign Office officials who had accompanied us to Norway was acute. But the real significance of the story was that for the first time Norway had become a battleground of the new World War.

The real storm burst at 6 a.m. on April 9th when the Foreign Office announced a special press conference at 6.30 to "hear a declaration of the Reich government." Experience taught us that a "declaration of the Reich government" at 6.30 in the morning could mean only one thing—that Germany had invaded another country. This was indeed the case as we soon found out. Germany had invaded Denmark and Norway. Denmark had accepted the invaders. Norway was resisting and had declared war. We were unable to cable the news for the time being as all communications were cut off until the release of the official announcement.

At the press conference Ribbentrop sputtered and barked his way through a wordy outburst against Britain and France, who were seeking, it seems, to extend the war to Scandinavia. The day before, British warships had laid mines in Norwegian territorial waters to prevent German ore ships from creeping down the coasts with cargoes of valuable iron ore for the Ruhr armaments factories. Such "attacks" on her little neighbours could not be tolerated by justice-loving Germany. Der Fuehrer had decided to take the neutrality of Denmark and Norway under his "armed protection" until the end of the war. Whether they wanted to be "protected" was immaterial. Furthermore, Der Fuehrer had beaten Great Britain to it by only ten hours, or so we were asked to believe. "England," shouted Ribbentrop, "has raped Scandinavia, and Der Fuehrer has now

given the just answer to this breach of international justice." He marched out of the room. The farce was over.

During the next few months we were able to piece together what had occurred that morning and during the days preceding it. The primary German objective was to occupy the whole of Denmark and the main ports and air-fields of Norway in a surprise operation before superior British sea power could intervene. Every effort was made to preserve complete secrecy, although a good tip-off, if we had realized its significance at the time, was the fact that large numbers of Alpine troops had been seen strolling around Berlin in the last week of March and that German U-boat operations in the Atlantic had come virtually to a standstill. The submarines were being massed in the North Sea against the British Home Fleet. Concentration of troops in the North German seaports had to be avoided and it was not until the evening of April 6th that the transports put in and immediately began embarkation. The deadline for the simultaneous attack on Denmark and Norway was dawn on April 9th.

Merchantmen with German troops concealed under their hatches were dispatched to Narvik and Copenhagen about a week before the invasions were scheduled to start. They were to remain in the ports and play a Trojan-horse role when the attack began. Owing to the great distances to be covered, the main German naval and transport squadrons destined for Narvik and Trondhjem put to sea during the night of April 6th-7th. This fact later was confirmed by the 1942 edition of the semi-official German *Nauticus* year book and is a patent refutation of the Nazi claim that Hitler beat the British into Norway by only ten hours. On the morning of April 7th the leading German squadrons, steaming through the North Sea in clear, sunny weather, were spotted by British planes and later attacked by bombers, which did no damage. The British Admiralty, however, apparently received no prompt information that the German warships were at sea, because no immediate naval attack was made on them. The Germans continued to steam unopposed towards Narvik.

At 2 a.m. on the morning of April 9th the German Minister in Copenhagen, von Renthe-Finck, handed an

ultimatum to the Danish Cabinet which had been in session since midnight, demanding the right for German troops to occupy Denmark. After some hours of indecision and after consultation with King Christian the Cabinet bowed to fate and accepted the demand. An order was sent to the Danish Army not to resist. At 4.30 in the morning German motorized and tank troops under General Kaupisch poured over the frontier at Flensburg and Tondern and quickly occupied the whole country. One German naval force landed at Copenhagen and was joined by German Gestapo forces, who for more than a week had lain concealed under the decks of German coal ships in the port there. By mid-day the occupation of Denmark was practically complete.

In Norway the Germans evidently realized that strong-arm tactics alone would not suffice. They had prepared the ground well beforehand by fixing up a local Fifth Column under Major Vidkun Quisling, leader of the insignificant Norwegian Nazi movement. As a double insurance they also organized a melodramatic kind of plot to kidnap King Haakon and the entire Norwegian Cabinet and hold them as hostages for Norway's "reasonable" behaviour. This fact I had later from a well-informed Nazi, who told it to me as an example of German ingenuity and thoroughness! At 2.30 a.m. the German Minister in Oslo demanded an immediate interview with Prime Minister Johann Nygaardsvold and asked him to call a session of the Cabinet at once to study a document "of the greatest importance"—the German ultimatum. King Haakon also was to be asked to attend and the German Minister himself was to be present to keep the discussion going until zero hour—probably around 6 a.m.—when the German troops would land in Oslo and capture the King and Cabinet while still in session. The plot certainly was ingenious, but the time-table went askew. The weather was foggy and the German ships were unable to maintain their speed. Instead of encountering no resistance as they had expected, they were fired on by Norwegian shore batteries as they steamed up Oslo Fjord and the cruisers *Bluecher* and *Koenigsberg* were sunk. The King and Cabinet were alarmed in time and managed to get out of the capital. Instead of an acceptance of his ultimatum

the German Minister found himself with a declaration of war in his hands.

But by noon on April 9th, despite Norway's decision to resist, Narvik, Trondhjem, Bergen, Stavanger, Kristiansand, Arendal and Oslo were in German hands. At Narvik, a flotilla of ten German destroyers under Commodore Bonte arrived in the fjord at dawn. They had been preceded the day beforehand by a large German whaler, from below whose decks landing troops were disgorged at the crucial moment. A large force of German air-borne and parachute troops also was landed by plane. Meanwhile the British Fleet, alarmed at last, had put to sea. But the weather was foggy and the sea rough and the British warships were unable to make contact with the enemy except for a brief, indecisive skirmish between the *Renown* and the German battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. By the evening of April 9th, we received the official German High Command report: "At the end of today all militarily important bases in Norway are firmly in our hands." The surprise blitz invasion, aided this time by the local Quislings, had done its job again.

At dawn on April 10th a British destroyer flotilla attempted to force its way up Narvik Fjord but was repulsed with the loss of three vessels. Three days later the attack was renewed by a much stronger force, including a battleship, and in the ensuing battle all ten German destroyers were sunk or put out of action and Commodore Bonte himself killed.

The history of the remainder of the Norwegian campaign is well known. Strategically there was nothing particularly distinguished about it. It was the story of the quick triumph of a powerful, well-organized, well-equipped armoured and motorized force with strong air support over troops which had no heavy equipment and practically nothing but human courage to fight with. A small Allied expeditionary force was landed at Harstad, some forty miles north of Narvik, on April 16th. Another expedition established itself at Namsos and Andalsnes on April 20th and was rushed southwards by rail to meet the German armoured columns advancing northwards up Norway's two main arterial valleys, the Osterdal and Gudbrandsdal. The first clash occurred on

April 22nd at Lillehammer and resulted in the repulse of the British and Norwegian troops. They were pushed steadily backwards up the two valleys with their backs to the sea. On May 1st the British re-embarked from Andalsnes and on May 4th Namsos was evacuated. The struggle of the isolated Allied and German forces around Narvik continued for another month. On June 8th the British finally evacuated Narvik also. The Norwegian campaign was at an end. It had cost Hitler, by the German High Command's own admission, at least three cruisers and ten destroyers. About one third of the small German Fleet was out of action or damaged. But Hitler was in possession of Norway. He had new air bases from which to attack Britain's eastern flank. He had finally broken through the so-called "wet triangle" of the North Sea and now had free access to the Atlantic for his submarines and commerce raiders. The Nazis said the gains had been well worth the losses.

But the lessons of the campaign were of resounding importance. To begin with, the question of "Air Power v. Sea Power." Two years later United Nations strategists were still swapping arguments with each other on this theme. But what had the Norwegian campaign shown? Hitler, with a fleet less than one-third the size of Britain's, succeeded in transporting a complete expeditionary force to Norway by sea over distances ranging up to more than a thousand miles and under the noses of the British Fleet in Scapa Flow. True, the initial success was achieved mainly by surprise. But the troops, once established in Norway, had still to be supplied. In the first attack Hitler had seized all the Norwegian airfields and used them now as bases for his Luftwaffe squadrons. When the British Fleet attempted to halt supplies to the German forces in Norway it received a bad pummelling from the shore-based German bombers. Again, when an Allied expeditionary force was landed in Norway, its transports and warship escorts were battered incessantly by the German bombers based in Norway. Having no airfields in Norway themselves, the Allies never were able to provide effective fighter screens for their ships nor in any way effectively retaliate by bombing the Germans. The final result was that the British Fleet most of the time had to keep a respectful distance from the German air bases in

Norway. The Nazis proclaimed that the superiority of the air arm over the fleet had been proved once and for all before the world.

The second vital lesson was summarized by the German High Command itself: "The campaign is particularly distinguished as an operation of all the armed forces which, to a degree hitherto unknown, employed detachments of the Army and Air Force tactically in co-operation with the Navy under a single command." Neutral military experts in Berlin with whom I talked over the campaign afterwards told me that in their opinion this unified command was the chief reason for the lightning German successes. The general outline of the campaign probably was conceived by Hitler himself. But the detailed planning was carried out by General von Falkenhorst, who had not only the German ground troops but also the naval and air forces under his direct orders. The net result of this unified command was to achieve a close collaboration of all three branches in carrying out a large-scale operation which neutral military critics regarded as a model of its kind. It enabled the Germans to achieve their initial surprise; it enabled them to maintain a regular flow of reinforcements and supplies; and it enabled them to flout superior British sea power.

The third lesson was the self-evident one that you can't go out hunting lions with a pea-shooter. The Poles had tried and had been devoured by the lion. In other words, it had been shown that an ill-equipped force, without tanks and without air protection, can do nothing against an army which possesses plenty of both. German officers who took part in the Norwegian campaign told me that the Allied troops had no tanks, very few anti-tank guns, very few anti-aircraft guns and next to no artillery. Almost their only equipment was machine guns, rifles and their own courage. But against panzers and dive bombers that again was not enough. Victory in modern warfare goes to the well armed.

During the second week of May, 1940, we began suddenly to hear a lot in Berlin about the Schlieffen Plan. The War in the West had broken loose. Hitler's tanks were rampaging across Holland and Belgium and something which Prime Minister Churchill in London named "the Bulge"

was just beginning to show itself like an ugly little wart on the Allied line near Sedan. German military writers rummaged in their files, dusted off old articles about the Schlieffen Plan and spruced them up for publication again. In the daily press conferences the High Command spokesmen made elaborately casual allusions to the Schlieffen Plan. The inference was all very clear—that Hitler had gone back for his strategic inspiration to pre-World War General Count von Schlieffen, and was putting into operation his classic plan for the conquest of France. Not merely the half-hearted version which von Moltke had used in 1914 and which many Germans to this day believe cost Germany the war, but the full, un-watered-down plan.

General von Schlieffen had been a Chief of the German General Staff before the last war. His plan, tested out in countless peacetime manoeuvres, still reposes somewhere in the archives of the German High Command. Briefly, it called for a mighty sweep by the entire German right wing, pivoting near Sedan, through Holland and Belgium down the Channel Coast as far as the mouth of the Seine, then swinging back eastwards to crush the French armies against the rear of their own fortifications on the Franco-German frontier. The essence of the plan was that the full German strength must be concentrated on the right flank.

At dawn on May 10th, 1940, Hitler's armoured colossus was flung against the Allies in the West. Panzer and motorized troops stormed through Holland and Luxembourg and crushed the Belgian frontier defences like walnut shells. Parachute troops were landed in Rotterdam and turned the great Dutch city into a battlefield. The whole centre of the city was wiped out in a terroristic dive-bombing onslaught which for sheer savagery has seldom been equalled. Holland with its army of twenty divisions capitulated after a struggle of barely five days. The Germans swept on along a front of more than 350 miles from the North Sea to Luxembourg. The full weight of the drive still was concentrated in the hammer blows from the right. Schlieffen was being put into operation with the precision of a parade-ground drill manual.

Or so it seemed. All the indications were there, but in Berlin we could not dispel a slight feeling of disbelief. After

all, it is not like the Germans to signal their punches quite so obviously. Either they felt themselves so strong that they did not care who guessed their intentions, or they were doing some very elaborate shadow-boxing.

General Gamelin, supreme commander of the Allied forces, apparently was not assailed by any such doubts, however. As the German armies crashed across the frontiers on May 10th he flung his best motorized armies, the 1st and 7th French Armies and the British Expeditionary Force, up into Belgium to receive the full impact of the German blow from the right. The Allied troops raced across the plains of Flanders to join the Belgians and take up a defence position with them along the Dyle line. Again something seemed not quite right. Reports received in Berlin told of terrific bombing attacks on Allied airfields and columns in Holland and France. But Gamelin's motorized armies were being allowed to drive across Belgium comparatively unmolested from the air. It almost gave the impression that Hitler wanted to lure them into Belgium.

On May 11th, the second day of the invasion, Fort Eben Emael, one of the strongest of the outer defence works of Liège, fell, overwhelmed, according to the German High Command announcement, by a "new means of attack." This cryptic phrase was inflated by the High Command spokesmen and Goebbels' propagandists during the next few weeks into a first-rate mystery thriller. From the moment the announcement was released, they were bombarded with questions about the "new means of attack." Did it mean a secret weapon or a new form of strategy? They would nod knowingly and add: "Of course you can't expect us to tell you any details of military secrets." Fantastic stories about secret weapons, death rays and paralysing gases were casually let drop by German officials. Although speculation by correspondents in their stories about military matters normally was categorically forbidden under the censorship regulations, it was positively encouraged in this case. Even the German press joined in the chase with long-winded articles about secret weapons in general.

The mystery of "The Secret Weapon of Eben Emael" was kept flourishing for several weeks. The full story behind it still has not been disclosed but the probable facts,

pieced together from the most reliable German and neutral military sources, are as follows. Parachute troops and regular assault troops were landed from airplanes and gliders on the flat grassy top of the fort. Heavy weapons and ammunition probably also were landed by glider at the same time. From the top of the fort flame throwers were directed downwards into the fire ports which became so hot and smoke-filled that the gun crews inside were unable to serve their weapons. At the same time, other shock troops crawled along the bank of the Albert Canal under cover (one side of the fort abuts on the canal) and were able to work their way gradually up to the fire ports and hurl explosive charges into them, putting the guns out of action and killing or stunning the crews. The entrances of the fort were then blown open by more explosive charges. The whole operation was, in fact, an elaborate variation on the standard bunker-storming technique used by the German Army which is described in a later chapter. What was new was the use of parachute troops and glider-borne troops for the first time in an operation of this character. The "secret weapon" story was bluff, pure and simple.

But there was a bigger bluff in progress. The Schlieffen Plan apparently was unfolding itself with textbook orthodoxy with Nazi variations such as bogus radio advice to civilians to leave their homes and machine-gunning of refugees who were clogging the highways in Belgium, hampering Allied troop movements. The attention of the whole world was focused now on the spectacular battle raging for Brussels and the Channel Ports. Purposely the German High Command communiqués were helping to keep attention fixed there. Meantime, almost unnoticed, a spearhead of German tanks was boring through the Ardennes Forest in the south of Belgium. On the evening of May 13th it reached the deeply cleft valley of the Meuse between Dinant and Sedan, where the French 9th Army was holding fortifications which constituted a northern extension of the Maginot Line. This army, under the command of General Corap, was not composed of Gamelin's best troops, but it had none the less been given the vitally important assignment of acting as hinge between the three motorized field armies in Belgium and the fortress armies

of the Maginot Line proper. On May 14th, preceded by a terrific dive-bombing attack, the German panzers forced the crossing of the Meuse and, followed closely by motorized infantry, broke through the French fortifications. Unnerved by the dive-bombing, the French troops broke and the Germans poured through the breach. During the next two days it was widened to nearly seventy miles and ultimately opened up the way to the River Oise and the Channel Coast. The story of the lightning march of the German spearhead from the Bulge to the coast at Abbeville is history now. Despite repeated attempts by both French and British to snap off the Bulge at its base the German advance continued. On May 20th a force of German tanks smashed its way through to Abbeville. Two French armies, the B.E.F. and the Belgian Army were cut off from the remainder of the Allied forces and trapped. The crack-up of the French 9th Army and the creation of the Bulge were, in fact, the beginning of the end for the Allied armies in Belgium. And they revealed at last the gigantic bluff staged by Hitler with the Schlieffen Plan.

For it was not the Schlieffen Plan itself but a "Schlieffen-in-Reverse" that Hitler and his generals had devised to hoodwink the Allied High Command. The Schlieffen Plan proper called for the full weight of the blow to be delivered from the extreme right German wing in Holland and Belgium. Instead of this, Hitler had put the head on the opposite end of the hammer—the *left*. On the right he had concentrated merely enough troops to ensure the quick conquest of Holland, a rapid break-through of the Belgian frontier fortifications and a complete deception of the Allies as to his true intentions. As in Poland he had shown himself to be a master of surprise. He preferred to do the unexpected and to risk a manoeuvre that outraged all the textbook principles. What he had done, in fact, was to drive a swift armoured wedge right through his opponents' armies, cutting their supply lines and splitting them asunder. It was a move that orthodox strategists would have considered impossible, because it exposed the wedge itself to the risk of being nipped off at its base and encircled. But the risk had justified itself a thousand per cent in the results. It was a variation on a vaster scale of the "iron ring" or "cauldron"

strategy first tried out in Poland. In the history of the present war it has a particular significance, not only because it resulted in the rapid destruction of the Allied armies in Flanders but because it fore-shadowed German strategy in the great series of cauldron battles in Russia. Hitler's plan had been greatly facilitated for him by Gamelin's throwing his three best mobile armies into Belgium. When the breakthrough occurred on May 14th they already were irrevocably committed in the trap laid for them by Hitler. Six days later the Germans reached the Channel Coast, the jaws of the trap snapped to and the sequel was Dunkirk.

One of the outstanding mysteries of the present war has been how the Germans succeeded in keeping their tanks supplied during their six-day dash to the Channel. Each day the Allies had hoped the Germans would be forced to a standstill through lack of petrol. But still the panzers raced ahead without rest or apparent opportunity for refuelling. The German Propaganda Ministry later put out a cock-and-bull story about the Nazi tank crews carrying "petrol pills" which they dropped in their petrol tanks, after which they filled up with water at the nearest stream and drove off! The real story was told me some months later by a German Air Force sergeant pilot who himself had been engaged in the operation. The answer is that they were supplied by air. Drums of petrol were carried each day in Junkers-52 transport planes to prearranged rendezvous. Even the actual meadows where the planes were to land had been decided on in advance. At a set time the planes would come down at the agreed spot, be met by tanks and refuel them. Food, ammunition, spare parts and all kinds of supplies were carried by transport plane also. This pilot said that during the conquest of Holland light field guns, small jeep-like trucks, baby tanks and even horses were carried by plane. These slow, crate-like Junkers-52 transport machines played a considerable share in the German victory in the West, part of a plan of action prepared in advance down to the last minute piece of equipment, the last conceivable detail.

On May 20th, the day on which the Germans crashed through to Abbeville, Gamelin was replaced by 73-year-old General Maxime Weygand. On May 28th the entire Belgian

Army of 400,000 to 500,000 men capitulated. On June 4th the agony of Dunkirk ended and the Germans occupied the ruins of the town.

With the fall of Dunkirk the Battle in the West, and with it German strategy, entered a new phase. "Schlieffen-in-Reverse" now became "Double Schlieffen." The French armies were to be swept up and crushed against their own eastern fortifications, the Maginot Line, not merely by one but by two vast broomstick movements.

The German offensive was renewed on June 3rd. Hitler's armies, numbering probably between 900,000 and 1,000,000 men in all, were divided into three main army groups. The extreme left wing of two armies under Colonel General Ritter von Leeb remained stationary for the time being, pinning down the Maginot Line defences. The right wing, composed of four armies under Colonel General von Bock, rested on the Channel Coast, while a new powerful spearhead of three panzer armies was stationed in the centre under Colonel General von Rundstedt.

The war in Poland and the break-through to the Channel had at last taught the Allies one thing—that some new means of defence against the racing German armoured spearheads must be found. The old system of static defence lines had proved powerless to hold them. Each time the tanks had broken through to find themselves behind the defence lines in open country, in which they could rampage at will. Instead of a shield defence the Allies had to devise a feather-pillow defence in which the panzers would thrash around and eventually smother themselves without achieving a break-through. There was nothing really new about the idea, which goes by the technical name of "defence in depth." It had been tried out by Ludendorff during the First World War. But its reappearance in 1940 had a particular significance. It was the key to Hitler's failure to smash Russia in 1941. The Nazi juggernaut which had stampeded unhampered across Europe finally was brought to at least a temporary standstill in the Russian feather pillow.

After his heavy losses at Dunkirk Weygand, however, had no materials to create a complete feather pillow. The best

he could do was to whip together a small cushion—the so-called “Weygand Line,” south of the Somme. In contrast to the highly developed but narrow Maginot Line, it consisted of a series of field fortifications in depth, without those isolated strong points like the fortresses of Liège and Namur which offered too easy a target for the Nazi dive bombers and which the Germans had shown could easily be circumvented. Into this line Weygand had thrown every available reserve with orders to defend it to the end.

But the time and forces at his disposal were inadequate. Regardless of casualties, the Germans flung themselves at the French defences and after only four days' fighting the smash-through was complete. The Nazi tanks, supplied again by plane, broke loose and swung away towards Rouen, Le Havre and the mouth of the Seine. The main German blow now was struck on June 9th by von Rundstedt's army group in the centre. The objective was to drive a new wedge between the French armies, to strike immediately at Paris and to roll up the whole Maginot Line from the rear. It was to act as the second of the two broomsticks of the double Schlieffen operation.

After two days of terrific fighting the German infantry forced the crossing of the Aisne and opened up the way for von Rundstedt's tanks to drive south and southwestwards. By June 11th the panzer armies under Generals von Kleist and Guderian were hurtling through the Champagne towards Troyes and St. Dizier, headed directly for the Swiss frontier. On June 14th the Germans entered Paris.

The remainder of the campaign, the last days of France's agony, saw the triumphant completion of the Double Schlieffen operation. While the extreme German right wing swept part of the French armies southwards and southwestwards through Orléans towards Bordeaux, the panzer spearheads of the centre drove due southwards and reached the Swiss frontier at Pontarlier on June 16th. Hitler's objective had been achieved. The mobile armoured spearheads had done their job once more. No connected French front existed any longer. The French armies were split into three groups. The Maginot Line was isolated and already being broken through from the east by von Leeb's army group, which at last had moved to the assault. The remnants of the

main French army were being harried across the Loire to the southwest while a third group was being pursued into Brittany. On June 17th Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain took the destiny of France in his hands. That night he asked Hitler for his armistice terms. At 6.50 p.m. on June 22nd the armistice was signed at Compiègne in the same dining car in which Foch had met the German delegates in November, 1918—a typical Hitler gesture of revenge which, whatever the private reactions of the better type of German may have been, was hailed with approval by Nazi Babbitts and *petits bourgeois*. At 1.35 a.m. on June 25th, after only six weeks' fighting, the campaign in the West ended. For the time being, Britain alone remained, almost unarmed and defenceless, to defy the Juggernaut.

Many words have been written about the causes of France's downfall. Inadequate equipment, lack of air power, bad leadership, political corruption, a defensive instead of offensive mentality, absence of the will to fight and a general breakdown of morale. All these causes and many more have been cited and will continue to be argued over. I name only the principal reasons to which the Germans themselves attributed their phenomenal victories.

First among these was air power. The German High Command in a special survey released after the campaign attributed the German victory in large measure to the power wielded by the Luftwaffe—not mentioning, of course, the part played by the machine-gunning of refugees on the roads. From the very beginning of the campaign the Luftwaffe held a numerical advantage which the Allies at this time could not hope to match. With the withdrawal of the R.A.F. after Dunkirk, the Luftwaffe was left virtually unopposed over the whole vast battlefield of the West. In Poland the Junkers-87 dive bomber already had been used with devastating effect as the "New Artillery" against field positions, bunkers and supply columns in the enemy's rear. In France it proved again an overwhelming factor in the German victory. Both Germans and Frenchmen who participated in the campaign have confirmed to me the fearful effect wrought by the dive bombers on the morale of the French troops.

The second factor, according to the Germans, was tanks

and heavy artillery. The Allies had nothing to oppose against the heavy German Mark III and Mark IV tanks. They also had nothing to compete with the heavy German antitank guns, including the 88-millimetre anti-aircraft gun which already had been used in Poland and now was used again in France for "tank-busting" and "bunker-cracking" work. These guns with their terrific muzzle velocity and armour-piercing and concrete-piercing power were among the most effective weapons revealed by this war for smashing both tanks and fortifications. In Poland and France the Allies possessed nothing to match them.

The third factor was superior fire power. At every vital stage of a battle the Germans concentrated a fire power of artillery and machine guns which the Allies never were able to match. The campaign, as German officers afterwards repeatedly asserted to me, showed again and again the vital necessity of close co-operation between air force and ground troops. It showed the revolutionary character of the new German strategy of spearhead and cauldron. And it showed that the big successes generally go to the army which thinks on offensive rather than defensive lines.

Much has been written about the relative failure of the French troops to acquit themselves in this campaign as their fathers had in 1914-1918. Many Germans who participated in both campaigns asserted that the Poles fought with a great deal more stubbornness and tenacity than the French. A happy exception, however, was revealed in a little-known incident described to me later by a very well-informed Nazi. When the German-French armistice became effective on June 25th a number of fortification works in the Maginot Line still were holding out. All but three surrendered. The commander of one, when called upon to surrender, replied that he had no means of being sure of the authenticity of the radioed order from the French High Command to lay down his arms. He demanded that a signed order from the French government should be brought to him personally by a French officer whom he named. Only then would he accept the armistice. In due course the order was brought by the officer named and the fortification surrendered. A separate armistice had to be concluded with another large fortification, whose commander also doubted the

authenticity of the radioed general armistice announcement. A third fortress refused to surrender under any circumstances. It had to be reduced with dive bombers and heavy siege artillery. The garrison died fighting.

Chapter 14

THE NAZIS TURN EAST

FOR three weeks I trailed the German armies across the bare mountains of Yugoslavia and Greece. It was now April, 1941. The Nazi Juggernaut was crashing across Europe again, destroying with the same swift ruthlessness two more countries which preferred their own death rather than subjection to Hitler's "New Order": Yugoslavia, which had thrown out the government that signed a pact with the Axis and, for just ten days before the Nazi chieftain struck, had indulged in a devil-may-care defiance of Hitler until German bombs began to rain down on the streets of lovely, cosmopolitan Belgrade, and Greece, which for six months had trounced Mussolini's armies all over the mountains of Albania and now preferred to die fighting rather than submit to the Nazi War Lord.

The fighting was nearly over now. Belgrade, stunned and crushed by a dive-bombing ordeal as ruthless as those which had destroyed Warsaw and the centre of Rotterdam, still lay gasping in the early spring sunshine. Athens saw with helpless anger the swastika of the Nazi war flag fluttering over the Acropolis cliffs.

With other foreign newspapermen I drove out from Athens to a temporary prison camp near Corinth where more than 8000 British, Australian, New Zealand, Palestine, Indian and Serbian troops who had been left behind on the beaches at a minor "Dunkirk" in the southern Peloponnesus now were awaiting transportation to Germany. Most of these men already had taken part in General Wavell's first victorious drive to Benghazi in Libya and formed part of the British Expeditionary Force of 60,000 to 70,000 dispatched to Greece in a brave but futile effort to stave off the Nazi panzer columns. We managed to pry ourselves loose from the German officers accompanying us and walked

around and talked freely with the prisoners, many of whom had been captured only the previous day. It was not altogether easy to explain to these men what I, an American correspondent, was doing with the German Army. Some of the Australians were under the impression that the United States already was in the war. I explained that an assignment after all is an assignment, whether you like it or not, and that we American newspapermen in Germany were trying to do a distasteful but necessary job of work telling the world what actually was happening behind the ersatz front of the Nazi New Order. We quickly became good friends and I later was able to inform relatives of more than a hundred of these prisoners that they were alive and well. The stories they told me revealed more vividly than all the pompous lectures by the stuffed-shirt military spokesmen in Berlin the reasons why in a campaign of barely three weeks Hitler's panzer forces had been able to destroy the Yugoslav Army of twenty divisions and drive the B.E.F. from the Greek mainland. The story was one of dive bombers and tanks and incomplete defence against them. Let a captain in a famous British motorized cavalry regiment tell it:—

"For three weeks we underwent the hell of dive-bombing. Real hell it was, too. And the worst of it was that we had no protection against it ourselves. We were equipped with very few anti-aircraft guns, and fighter protection from the R.A.F. was virtually nil. That doesn't mean, of course, that they didn't do their best. But there weren't enough of them to give us any cover worth speaking of. This was partly due to the fact that there simply weren't sufficient landing grounds for them and partly to the fact that a lot of our planes were bombed and destroyed on the ground. We got the impression that this must be an inside job. Every time our planes were moved back to another field the Germans came over and bombed them. If there were five hangars and our planes were in three of them, they went after only those three. They seemed to know every time exactly where our machines were.

"But to go back to the beginning. In the first week of April our unit was sent up to the region of Florina in Northern Greece. We were there when the first German attack came on April 10th. We barely escaped encirclement

by a force of heavy German tanks and were withdrawn rapidly southwards. Our own light tanks could never have stood up to the German 'heavies' in a pitched battle. For days we moved southwards over the mountains. Our engineers did a superb job blowing up the mountain roads, but somehow this never seemed to stop the Germans. And all the time we were being dive-bombed without respite. Imagine what that meant to long columns of motor vehicles retreating in close order along these few twisting mountain roads. On April 14th our medium tanks fought a pitched battle with General List's panzers at the crossing of the River Aliakmon. Then we had to resume the retreat again.

"When we reached Larissa in the Thessalian Plain, where all the roads southwards converge, the dive-bombing attacks redoubled in fury. Day and night without respite the Junkers 87s came over and unloaded their high-explosive bombs on the tightly packed columns crawling slowly through the narrow streets. In Lamia, some twenty-five miles southwards, and then over the tortuous Pass of Thermopylæ it was the same. With virtually no protection at all we were exposed day and night to incessant attack. Vehicles were blown up and hurled off the road right and left. With the German panzers threatening us from behind we never had a moment to stop and repair or service our tanks. One by one they were wrecked by dive-bombing or broke down from sheer overwork and lack of repair facilities. Our own unit abandoned the last of its tanks a hundred miles back up the road. The rest of the way down here to Corinth and across the Peloponnesus we had to do on foot.

"This campaign has taught one lesson and it's been worth while if the lesson is taken to heart. The lesson is that without proper air protection and without anti-aircraft guns the best army in the world never will be able to beat the Germans. If we had had enough fighters, enough anti-aircraft guns and enough heavy tanks we could have put up a show. And if we ever meet them with equal numbers, equal tanks and equal planes we can lick the hell out of them."

But in April, 1941, the Allied troops in the Balkans had neither the weapons nor the air protection. The British had been chased from the Greek mainland to Crete and were to lose that a month later, also because they had no adequate

air protection. Throughout a three-hundred-mile drive from the Bulgarian-Greek frontier through the Metaxas Line, battered Saloniki and Larissa and the Pass of Thermopylæ to Athens I was able to see what lack of weapons and lack of air protection had meant in terms of blasted roads, wrecked towns, burned-out tanks and motor vehicles and human slaughter. Mile after mile as we crawled southwards along the Allied route of retreat, over the twisting hairpins of Mount Olympus and Parnassus and through the stifling, smothering dust and heat of the Plain of Thessaly, we passed an ever-increasing number of British tanks and trucks, wrecked or simply abandoned by the roadside. The dive-bombers had done their task efficiently. I remember one stretch of road between Larissa and Lamia where huge bomb craters were spaced out methodically at twenty-yard intervals along both sides of the road, leaving the single highway, along which the Germans themselves later advanced, completely undamaged. It was unnecessary for the Stukas to aim at the road itself. The blast from the bombs placed on each side of it had been sufficient to hurl heavy army trucks into the air and leave them as piles of twisted, battered metal. Many of the British vehicles had been abandoned undamaged. They had broken down during the retreat and the relentless attacks by the German bombers had left no time to repair them. On the road between Athens and Corinth there were scenes reminiscent of Dunkirk. Thousands of motor vehicles, light tanks and Bren gun carriers had been abandoned and littered the roadside every fifty or hundred yards.

Such is the speed of modern blitz warfare that we drove sometimes for miles without seeing any signs of destruction except bomb craters in the fields and abandoned vehicles by the roadside. This was particularly true in Yugoslavia, over which the war had swept in a few weeks with a swift, torrid blast, leaving the country itself virtually untouched except for the destruction by air bombing of Belgrade, Sarajevo and one or two other large cities. In the haste and disorganization of the retreat the Yugoslavs had even failed to blow up many of the bridges. In Greece, however, the retreating British troops had done a thorough and effective job of demolition. Not a bridge had been left standing.

The roads through all the mountain passes had been dynamited and the single railroad running from north to south had been destroyed so completely that the Germans had made no attempt to repair it.

The city in the Balkans which really had been blasted to its foundations was Larissa, one-time health resort for rheumatic Athenian citizens. Twice I spent a night there—once on the way to Athens and the second time on the return trip. Not a complete house had been left standing. Larissa suffered its first damage from an earthquake in March, 1941. Subsequently it was bombed successively by the Italians, the Germans and the British, and there was not much left that you could call a town. One night we spent sleeping on the floor of what had been a hotel. There was a crack down the side of one wall large enough to see the stars glinting through it and at night the sweet, sickly odour of hundreds of bodies still buried under the ruined houses came wafting through the glassless window. The greater part of the destruction had been done by the Stukas while the British troops retreated southwards through its narrow streets.

In Belgrade also the dive-bombers had done their job. They began it on the morning of April 6th, the day when Hitler sent his armies to crush Yugoslavia and Greece. And they continued it until April 13th when the Nazi armies marched into the city. When we arrived in Belgrade the once lovely city seemed still to be in a stupor. Everywhere ruins and piles of rubble marked the sites of what had been fine buildings until the Stukas came over and recklessly dropped their bombs on an almost unprotected city. The Srbski Kralj Hotel, where my United Press colleagues usually had stayed, was merely a heap of stones, concrete and bricks. I recognized it by a hotel sign lying on top of a pile of rubble. Great bomb-holes gaped in the royal palace, the ministries and the National Museum buildings. Belgrade, however, was less thoroughly wrecked than Warsaw. The Germans estimated that about one-fourth of Warsaw had been destroyed completely, whereas in Belgrade the total destruction amounted to only about one tenth of the city.

That trip across the Balkans in the wake of Hitler's panzer

armies and dive bombers had taught me much about the secrets of the Nazi conquest of Europe. It had shown me that no army, however courageous, can fight without air support and air protection. It had shown again the power of the dive bomber as the "New Artillery" and as a weapon to wreck a country's communications. The dive-bombing of Belgrade, Nish and Sarajevo had so effectively disorganized the Yugoslav Army's telephonic communications system that after the first two days a unified control of operations no longer existed. It had shown also that tanks and dive-bombers and superior fire power together can smash through almost any position, however strong and however stubbornly held—I think in particular of the Pass of Thermopylae—if the defenders have not the weapons to match the enemy on his own level. And it had shown once more the effectiveness of the co-operation between the German Air Force and ground troops. The Nazi juggernaut had rolled irresistibly over Poland, Norway, the Lowlands and France, Yugoslavia and Greece, because its opponents had not the weapons to halt it or still did not understand its new, revolutionary blitzkrieg strategy.

While I was still in Greece, I met two of Hitler's panzer divisions and the crack S.S. *Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler* speeding northwards again barely two days after the conclusion of the campaign. Without stopping to be refitted they were rushed straight through Bulgaria and Rumania to Poland. Hitler was preparing for the invasion of Russia. The concentration of troops on the eastern frontiers continued as rapidly as the German railroads could transport them and their equipment. In Berlin we counted troop trains steaming eastwards along the *Stadtbahn* or city elevated at the rate of one every ten minutes. Early in June the greater part of the four air fleets which Hitler had retained on the Channel Coast for the blitz against England suddenly was transferred to the Eastern Front, and attacks on the British Isles almost ceased.

Shortly after the invasion of Russia had begun I asked a Nazi, closely associated with Marshal Goering, why exactly Hitler had attacked Russia. His answer was frank and revealing: "Because since the beginning of this year Hitler has been convinced that a war with the United States is in-

evitable. He knows such a war will be a long one, and to fight it he must be sure of the Caucasus oil for our war machine and of wheat of the Ukraine to save not only Germany but the whole continent of Europe from collapsing from starvation. It is an essential insurance policy for us against an Anglo-American blockade of Europe."

So at 3 a.m. on June 22nd, when the guard was changed on the international bridge at Brest-Litovsk, the German sentries, instead of saluting in the usual manner, merely shot the Russian sentries dead without warning and the Nazi invasion of Russia began. The necessity of securing Russia's economic resources intact and in the shortest possible time was the key to Hitler's strategic plan of campaign for the conquest of Russia. It was to follow the blitz methods with which he had conquered every opponent on land so far. Powerful armoured spearheads were to break through the enemy's defence lines and spread confusion and chaos in his rear. There were to be three main drives—one in the south to grab the Ukraine and Caucasus; a second in the north through the Baltic countries to Leningrad, which would put the Soviet Baltic Fleet out of action; and a third aimed straight at Moscow. The German panzer columns would reach Moscow in six weeks, so the Nazis boasted to us, and Hitler would dictate a peace from the Kremlin as he had done at Compiègne. As a matter of fact, they added, it probably would not be necessary to dictate a peace at all, because once the Germans reached Moscow the Bolshevik system would explode like a gigantic puff-ball. In any event, the war in Russia would be over in six weeks, or ten at the outside, and the fabulous wealth of the Ukraine and the Caucasus of which Hitler had dreamed since the day he first pondered over *Mein Kampf* would be his merely for the asking. Then the strong National Socialist sword would turn and smite England to the ground as she so richly deserved.

For his onslaught on Russia Hitler had massed probably between 200 and 210 divisions, including between twenty and twenty-five armoured divisions. His total strength on the Eastern Front amounted, according to the best available estimates, to between 4,000,000 and 4,500,000 men. He also had stationed there at least four of his five air fleets of

between 1000 and 1500 first-line planes each. This tremendous military concentration, greater than anything seen before in history, was divided into three main army groups under the three veteran marshals who had served Hitler so well in France. Strongest of the groups was that of the centre under Field Marshal von Bock. It was subdivided into three main armies under Field Marshal von Kluge, Colonel General Strauss and Colonel General Baron von Weichs. Two strong panzer armies were attached to it, commanded by Colonel General Hoth and Colonel General Guderian, most dashing and successful of all Hitler's panzer generals except, perhaps, Rommel in North Africa. The air fleet of Marshal Kesselring and part of that of Marshal Sperrle were stationed with this army group in the centre. The army group of the right, commanded by Field Marshal von Rundstedt, regarded by many as the ablest of all the Nazi generals, was divided into two armies under General von Stuelpnagel and Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau, who later died suddenly in the spring of 1942. A mixed force of German and Rumanian troops, nominally commanded by Marshal Antonescu, was actually under the effective command of Colonel General Ritter von Schobert, who was killed near the Perekop Isthmus four months later. The armoured forces of this group were headed by another crack panzer expert, Colonel General von Kleist. The air fleet of Colonel General Loehr was assigned to the right wing. The army group of the left flank under Field Marshal von Leeb also was divided into two main armies commanded respectively by Colonel General Busch and Colonel General von Kuechler and was supported by the panzer army of Colonel General Hoepfner and the air fleet of Colonel General Keller. In the far north the Finns were supported by several Alpine divisions under the Narvik commander, General Dietl.

Facing the Germans were the three main Soviet army groups of Marshal Voroshilov, Marshal Timoshenko and Marshal Budyenny. Hitler's plan of campaign, as we have seen, was to be carried out in three lightning thrusts towards Moscow, Leningrad and the Ukraine. The Russians had had comparatively little time to build strong defences in the new territories acquired in Poland and the Baltic countries since

September, 1939, and all the evidence points to the probability that their best troops were not concentrated there, but far back in Russia proper. Surprise and the speed of their first onslaught carried the German panzer spearheads with breath-taking momentum through the first Russian defences. Lithuania, Galacia and part of White Russia were overrun in the first week. German Propaganda Ministry officials began already to talk openly of plans to take foreign correspondents on an escorted trip to Moscow!

The Nazi battle tactics were fundamentally the same as those which had brought Hitler his phenomenal successes in Poland and France. The main force of the assault was delivered by the armoured spearheads, whose primary objective was to drive bald-headed forward, break through the enemy's static defences and demoralize him by turning up in his rear. In this type of warfare the tanks do not allow themselves to be held up by strong points. In fact, they deliberately avoid them and thrash around until they find a weak point where they can achieve a break-through. They rely for their success partly on the chaos by cutting the enemy's supply lines and partly on the demoralizing effect on an enemy of merely knowing that he is encircled. The tanks are followed by motorized infantry through the gap thus created while the task of the main infantry bodies is to deal with a serious opposition. These, as we have seen, were the panzer tactics as developed by the Germans in Poland and France. In both these campaigns the break-through usually had been made at one point only in the enemy's front. In Russia the Germans now introduced a variation of these tactics. In place of a single break-through they aimed at piercing the enemy's defences simultaneously at two different points, sometimes a considerable distance apart. The armoured spearheads then were turned inwards to meet in the centre and encircle the enemy in a vast pincers movement. This manoeuvre was carried out at least a half-dozen times during the first Russian campaign and on a scale never before seen in military history. The cauldrons thus created were so vast—in the Kiev battle an area half the size of the state of New Hampshire was encircled—that it frequently was necessary to repeat the same pincers movement several times on a smaller scale to reduce the cauldron

to manageable proportions by splitting it into several smaller ones.

The first of these huge battles developed within a week after the beginning of the invasion. Flinging in the entire weight of his tanks and dive bombers, Field Marshal von Bock broke through the Russian lines at two points simultaneously on the central front and encircled a huge body of Red troops in a gigantic cauldron between Bialystok and Minsk. But then something occurred which had not been provided for in Hitler's battle blueprints. Instead of surrendering *en masse* after being surrounded the Russians continued fighting. This was not at all according to plan. In the Western Front campaign the mere fact of knowing they were encircled frequently had been enough to make whole bodies of French troops lay down their arms. But the Russians did not fight according to the book of rules. When surrounded they kept on fighting back and killing Germans until they themselves were destroyed. And another point where the Nazi calculations went sadly astray was on the number of troops and quantity of war materials at the Red Army's disposal. On June 3rd, the German High Command communiqué announced the end of the cauldron battle of Bialystok-Minsk, in which it was claimed 324,000 prisoners had been taken. The communiqué went so far as to describe the victory as a "decision on a world-historic scale" and to add that "unimaginable chaos has overtaken the Soviet armies." It was evident from these tones of triumph that Hitler was convinced that the main strength of the Russian armies already had been smashed. He was soon to discover that the campaign had barely begun.

After the first two weeks or so of fighting Hitler found that his original blitz tactics simply would not work in Russia. Instead of stringing out his armies along the whole frontier to be pierced, encircled and captured by the Nazi panzer and motorized forces, Stalin had adopted the only form of strategy suitable to a country of the vast dimensions of Russia, namely the "feather pillow" or "defence in depth" system. Each time they slashed through the Russian defences the Germans found themselves confronted by new Russian armies in the rear. Furthermore, the Russians themselves were trying out a new means of dealing with the armoured

spearheads. When encircled themselves, instead of surrendering immediately, they tried to encircle the encirclers with their own tank-forces. The result time and again was a fearful mix-up of cauldrons within cauldrons, with Russian and German tank and motorized forces swinging wildly around, each trying to encircle and destroy the other in a chaotic free-for-all over a battlefield sometimes covering several hundred square miles. As a result, Hitler and his marshals were compelled to make a radical change in their plan of campaign. Instead of trying for a quick knockout by driving straight through to Moscow, Leningrad and the Caucasus, the Nazis had now to attempt to win by destroying the Soviet armies one after the other in a series of bloody *Vernichtungsschlachten* or "annihilation battles." In place of the speedy, comparatively bloodless victories which he had pictured to himself, Hitler had to drive the youth of Nazi Germany to the fearful slaughter of a conflict in which each side was out only to wipe out its opponent. This change of strategy was marked by the oft-repeated assertion of the High Command spokesmen in Berlin: "Our objective is not to gain territory but to annihilate the Russian armies."

The German High Command adapted itself quickly to the new circumstances. Instead of simultaneous drives from three directions, Hitler now maintained the important surprise element by striking at different points on the Soviet front in turn, always with the main objective of trying to split the three army groups of Voroshilov, Timoshenko and Budyenny from each other. In this new plan of campaign the Nazis retained their basic principle of striking with huge concentrations of all available tanks, troops, guns and planes on narrow sectors with the objective of creating a breakthrough by sheer weight of materials and man power. The centre of gravity then swung back and forth—first towards the centre, then to the Baltic States, then back to the south. The first three months were distinguished by a series of great annihilation battles in which the Germans slowly wore down Russia's vast reserves of troops and war materials and advanced deeper and deeper into the country only to find themselves faced by new armies and new reserves of tanks, guns and planes. The names of these great battles already are history. Bialystok and Minsk in the first ten days of the

conflict; the march through the Baltic countries; Smolensk at the end of July; Uman in the Ukraine in the first week of August; the encirclement of Leningrad on September 9th; the greatest of all cauldron battles east of Kiev in the last days of September.

But, however far they advanced into the depths of Russia and however many Soviet armies they destroyed, the Nazis still saw the mirage of final victory retreating tantalizingly from them. The Bolshevik system did not crack up with its first defeats as they had pictured to themselves. The "scorched earth" policy of the Red Army destroyed before their eyes those very treasures of raw materials, agricultural and industrial machinery, which they had come to steal for themselves. Hardly a factory was left standing, hardly a machine left behind which the Nazis could use. German officers admitted to foreign correspondents at the front that it would be at least two years before they began to obtain grain in any quantity from the Ukraine. Behind the front and in the fastnesses of the Pripet marshes Russian "partisans" carried out a ceaseless guerrilla warfare against German supply columns and isolated garrisons. And in the huge cauldrons the Russians continued to hit back and kill Germans until they were wiped out themselves. This was a form of warfare with which the Nazis had never reckoned when they built their beautiful dream castles in the Ukraine and Moscow. Moreover, it was one which they could not understand and which they passionately resented. The Nazi newspapers and radio railed ceaselessly at the "bestial" Russians who continued this "senseless" resistance and had not the human intelligence to know when they were beaten. Only "sub-humans" could fight like this and keep on killing Germans, they wailed. The "senseless" Russian resistance whipped Hitler into such a fury that in a speech in the Berlin Sportpalast on October 3rd, 1941, he denounced them as a "cruel, bestial and animal opponent . . . the Mongolian horde of a modern Genghis Khan." In this same speech Hitler made for the first time the revealing and damaging admission that he had never dreamed the Russians possessed such reserves of man power and materials.

But the war against Russia could not continue in this way. Hitler knew he must try to finish it before winter. His

objective, as Nazis now outlined it to us, was to drive back the Russians to the so-called "A-A" line—Archangel to Astrakhan. The dream of destroying Bolshevism at one stroke had faded, but the Nazis believed if Hitler could push the Russians back behind that line the Red Army would be so much weakened as to be a military menace no longer. It would be held on that line during the winter without difficulty, we were told, and next spring its final resistance would be crushed. If the Russians retired behind the Urals the Germans would not attempt to chase after them. European Russia, with the Ukraine and Caucasus, would be under Germany's control, waiting to be exploited for Germany's war effort. The British Isles could be invaded and conquered in the spring of 1942, or at least Britain would be put out of the war by a combination of the blitz and the new, stepped-up German submarine campaign before American aid could become effective. Then let the United States try to blockade Europe!

On October 2nd, 1941, Hitler launched his supreme effort to end the war before Christmas. Leningrad already was invested. Budyenny's armies in the south had been badly mauled east of Kiev and driven from the greater part of the Ukraine and the valuable Donetz industrial basin. Timoshenko's "Moscow" army group still remained comparatively intact in the centre. On October 2nd the great German onslaught began. Its first results were startling. Two big breaks-through were achieved and several Soviet armies were encircled in two enormous cauldrons in the Bryansk and Vyazma areas. The day after the beginning of the offensive Hitler in his Sportspalast speech boasted: "I say it only today, because I can say it today, that this opponent is already broken and will never rise again." And on October 9th little Dr. Otto Dietrich came bounding and breathless direct from the headquarters of the Great Man himself to tell us in Berlin: "Timoshenko's army group is smashed. The campaign in the East has been decided. Further developments will follow as we wish. The Soviet Union is militarily liquidated with this last gigantic blow which we are dealing it. I stake my personal reputation on the accuracy of this." But both the Great Man and little Dietrich had crowed a bit too soon. Timoshenko, it is true,

had taken a heavy knock but he was not knocked out. On the outer defences of Moscow he braced himself and held the German drive. And then came something which ruined Hitler's careful, logical, German calculations. The autumn rains began in the middle of October instead of, as normally, in the middle of November. The German drive was slowed up and then began to bog down in the bottomless mud and slime of the plains before Moscow. Heavy trucks sank up to and above their axles. Even tanks were helpless. The visions of an "Archangel-Astrakhan line" dimmed. In mid-November Hitler gathered his strength again and began one more tremendous effort, this time with the more limited objective of gaining control of the important belt roads around Moscow and, if possible, of encircling the city itself. But mud and the desperate resistance of the Red armies fighting before the gates of their own capital frustrated him again.

On the southern front, meanwhile, von Runstedt had driven the Russians back beyond Rostov and was preparing for the drive into the Caucasus which was to be his crowning triumph that winter. And then, without warning, came another disaster. Von Runstedt was ejected from Rostov. The story behind this blow we learned some time later from a highly reliable military source. It was as follows. In a desperate attempt to halt the offensive which General Auchinleck had just launched against Rommel in North Africa, Goering had withdrawn a thousand planes from Marshal Loehr's air fleet on the southern sector of the Russian front and sent them to Africa. Taking advantage of temporary local air superiority, the Russians dropped regiments of parachute troops astride the rearward communications of General von Kleist's panzer troops behind Rostov, blowing up the German supply dumps and causing extensive damage. During the fighting which developed subsequently the parachute troops were wiped out but von Kleist was compelled to beat a rapid retreat to safeguard his communications. In Rostov itself were still concealed several regiments of Russian regular troops, which had been left behind in the city in civilian clothes when the Red Army evacuated it some days previously. Simultaneously with the paratroops' attack on von Kleist's rear these regiments came

out of hiding, were joined by Russian "partisans" and drove the Germans from Rostov. Meantime, Timoshenko, now in command on the southern sector, had begun another simultaneous offensive north of Rostov to threaten von Kleist's flank. In the face of this double menace the Germans beat a retreat forty miles back to Taganrog on the shores of the Sea of Azov, abandoning enormous quantities of equipment and war materials. The rout became so serious that Hitler intervened personally with a telegram to von Runstedt: "*Rueckwaertsbewegung sofort einstellen.*" (Cease rearward movement immediately.) Von Runstedt later resigned, or was dismissed, from his command and was replaced by von Bock.

The defeat at Rostov and the failure to encircle Moscow marked the end of Hitler's 1941 campaign and the end of his hopes of defeating Russia before winter. From then on all Hitler could do was to attempt to maintain a tenable line during the winter and prepare for a new campaign in the spring of 1942. There were reliable indications that the Germans had been planning to move into Spain and North Africa in November, 1941, to start a great drive to clean up the whole Mediterranean area during the winter. It was known that considerable numbers of troops had been concentrated in the Bordeaux area in the South of France and that high German Army officers had been in Madrid for some time beforehand. This plan was made impossible, however, by the bogging down on the Eastern Front. Without Russia's military destruction Germany cannot launch another large-scale military undertaking elsewhere.

The winter in Russia meant no rest for the weary German armies. An Arctic cold such as the Germans claimed had not been experienced in Russia for 130 years seized the great steppes in its grip and froze the German troops in their holes and dug-outs. The Russian armies which Hitler and Dr. Dietrich had "destroyed" came over now in mass attacks to harry and slaughter the ill-prepared Germans. The German forces around Moscow became weaker and were pushed back distances varying between fifty and two hundred miles. Hitler relieved Field Marshal von Brauchitsch and took over direct command of the armies himself. In a speech to the Nazi Reichstag on April 26th, 1942, he described the winter

as the "worst struggle of my life" and spoke of a "threatening catastrophe." In the face of ceaseless Soviet attacks the Germans were driven back along the whole 1600-mile front. The cold froze up their motor vehicles and locomotives and made it often virtually impossible to bring up supplies and reinforcements to threatened points. Hitler described the long winter retreat as "endlessly difficult to carry out."

The all-out spring offensive which Hitler had been expected to launch by the end of May, 1942, did not materialize on time. The bitter winter fighting and a large-scale attack by Timoshenko on the Kharkov front in May threw the German offensive preparations off balance. It was not until the first week of July, 1942, that von Bock finally was able to storm the great fortress of Sebastopol after eight months' siege and to begin a powerful drive on the Kursk sector aimed at the River Don, with the Caucasus as its ultimate goal.

But for the first time since September, 1939, Hitler had been stopped. The Nazis had come up against an adversary as big and tough, as ruthless and determined, as themselves. The adversary was not always well led. Budyenny let himself be drawn into a trap at Kiev in September, 1941, and lost a considerable part of his armies there. But there was no mistaking the fact that the Nazis had met an enemy who knew how to match them at their own panzer tactics. The Russians had learned the lesson of "defence in depth" and they had fought a battle in depth the whole way back across their vast territory, which more than any other country in Europe is suited to such a strategy. Instead of surrendering when surrounded they had gone on fighting and inflicted fearful losses on the Germans themselves. Letters from German soldiers at the front during the autumn and winter of 1941 reflected a growing disgust and despair at the bloodshed and ferocity of fighting to which there seemed no end. For the first time the war was beginning to take the heart out of Hitler's troops. The Nazis had seen their blitzkrieg juggernaut brought to a standstill. They had seen their lightning war develop into one of slaughter and long-drawn-out attrition. They had seen many of the raw-material resources of Russia which they came to seize disappear in

flames and smoke. And at least some of them began to fear that unless they could smash Russia completely and invade and conquer the British Isles during 1942, nothing but failure and ultimate defeat awaited them in the future.

Chapter 15

BLUEPRINT FOR BLITZKRIEG

GERMANY has today, according to the best conservative estimates, a total of some 12,000,000 men under arms. The strength of the Army alone is around 6,600,000, while the Air Force and Navy together account for some 1,500,000 men. The remaining 4,000,000 are included in the subsidiary military services such as the Labour Corps and the *Organisation Todt* which are armed and constitute for all practical purposes an integral part of the military forces. They perform the vital function of rebuilding the roads, railroads and bridges immediately behind the lines. The speed and efficiency with which they operate have contributed in a very considerable degree to Hitler's ability to fling great bodies of troops across Europe. The actual fighting army—as distinct from troops used in the rear to guard prisoners of war, railroads and bridges and to perform a dozen other similar “housemaid” duties—totals about 300 divisions. At full strength a German wartime division averages about 22,000 men.

This tremendous concentration of military power has to a large extent been built up since the beginning of the war. In September, 1939, Hitler had the veterans of the former long-service “Versailles army,” the *Reichswehr*, three fully trained conscript classes and perhaps a million or more partially trained men at his disposal. These, however, sufficed for the immediate task in hand, the conquest of Poland. He did not believe that an invasion of Poland would involve him in an immediate world conflict. When he finally made the discovery that Britain and France were not to be talked out of continuing the struggle, he immediately set about creating and training an army strong enough to crush them. The whole long, freezing winter of 1939-1940 was taken up with that task. Hitler calculated to a

nicety the number of men needed for the job. The remainder he left in the factories. It was not until he decided to attack Russia that a real comb-out of Germany's man power began. During the few months preceding the invasion of Russia more than 2,000,000 men were withdrawn from industry and agriculture and taken into the armed forces. Today Hitler has just about reached rock bottom in his man-power reserves. He cannot take any more men from the factories or fields without endangering seriously the Reich's already overstrained economic structure. Men of over fifty are being used for guarding prisoners of war and for garrisoning parts of the conquered territories. The eighteen-year-olds are being used for building roads, bridges and airfields. But death notices even of seventeen-year-olds killed in action have appeared in the German newspapers. Hitler's only real reserves left now are his annual conscript classes. These vary greatly in strength, but the class of 1923 which was called up this year has the unusually high figure of nearly 800,000.

When a raw recruit enters the German Army he is not a recruit in the sense that he would be in most other countries, notably in democratic countries which do not like war. He already has been through his first military teething in the Hitler Youth and the Labour Service. He is usually tough and bronzed and healthy after a year of building roads, airfields, and bridges. He has learned to march and fire a rifle and he is amenable to discipline. In fact, he already is a half-trained soldier. That was exactly how Hitler planned it should be when he set about the job of building a military machine to conquer Europe. He provided himself with a reserve of semi-trained young manhood and shortened by months the real military training necessary. In the first two years of war, before the *Wehrmacht* began to feel the strain, the average training for recruits in the Army took five to six months. This consisted of a three months' "Basic Training" followed by a "Unit Training" period of two to three months. Later this was cut to six weeks Basic and one month Unit Training, and during the autumn of 1941, when Hitler was making his desperate bid to knock out Russia before the winter, recruits were being sent to the front with a total training of only four to six weeks. The

training of specialist troops naturally takes considerably longer.

In the Basic Training period the recruit rounds off what he already has learned in the Hitler Youth and Labour Service. He is subjected to a further course of toughening by long route marches, is taught to salute and put through a course of small-arms training, squad drill, platoon drill and company drill. For the Unit Training period he is drafted to his permanent regiment. Every German regiment in the field maintains a duplicate establishment in reserve in the Reich which takes the necessary replacements and gives them their final training to fill gaps caused by casualties. During Unit Training, the troops take part in manoeuvres in battalions, regiments or even divisions. This enables officers to learn to handle their units and gives the troops themselves practice in operations together with tanks, artillery, antitank weapons, dive bombers and every other arm of modern war. Live ammunition frequently is used.

The winters of 1939-1940 and 1940-41 were devoted by the greater part of the German Army to prolonged training for the campaigns on the Western Front and in Russia. This training was of an intensive and specialized kind. It had one sole purpose—to prepare the troops and officers to overcome precisely the problems they would encounter in the actual battles in the following summer. Its extreme thoroughness probably explained to a large extent the almost phenomenal results achieved. One of the principal tactical problems facing the German High Command before the Western Front campaign was how to smash through the Maginot Line and the strong defences on the Belgian and Franco-Belgian frontiers. With typical thoroughness the High Command had replicas of the Maginot Line forts constructed in Poland, and throughout the winter of 1939-1940 certain assault units, which had been assigned the task of achieving this break-through, did little else but evolve and practice over and over again a new technique for storming fortifications hitherto deemed impregnable. Similar replicas were constructed at Kladow, near Berlin, and Hitler himself is said to have spent much time watching rehearsals for storming the French fortifications. It was reported that a replica of the centre of Rotterdam also was built somewhere in

Poland and used for training parachute troops and dive bombers for the operations which culminated in the ruthless destruction of the whole centre of the great Dutch city. When the time came for the von Leeb army group to storm the Maginot Line frontally, France's eastern bastion already had been cut off and isolated from the rear by the German panzer drive through the Champagne down to the Swiss frontier. It had been weakened further by the withdrawal of many of the fortress troops to support the already shattered French field armies. Nevertheless, the Maginot Line still provided a formidable obstacle to frontal assault. Using the method of storming powerful forts so painstakingly perfected during the previous winter, the Germans were able to slice through the Maginot Line with a speed which, with all due allowances for its weakened condition, dumbfounded military critics. This technique later was used with great success in storming the strong forts of the "Stalin Line," Odessa and Sebastopol, in Russia, and is worthy of description in detail.

The underlying principle of such a break-through is to mass overwhelmingly superior fire power against a very narrow point in the enemy's line. When the gap is created, troops and tanks are rushed through it and other parts of the line are attacked from the rear. The hammer heads for the actual work of "bunker cracking" are the highly trained and specialized *Sturmpioniere* or Storm Pioneers. Attacks on forts usually are carried out by two assault squads of *Sturmpioniere* of twelve men apiece, with another squad in reserve. The *Sturmpioniere* are armed with tommy-guns, flame throwers, explosive charges and "potato-masher" grenades. They rarely carry rifles or bayonets at all.

Under cover of darkness as many flat trajectory guns as possible are brought up within close range of the bunker, or fort, to be stormed. These weapons include the famous 88-millimetre anti-aircraft gun which fires twenty-five rounds a minute and is capable of drilling a hole through three feet of concrete. With its high muzzle velocity and armour-piercing qualities this gun has been used in large numbers by the Germans for point-blank shelling of forts and tanks. Some of the Maginot Line forts looked like a Swiss cheese after being bombarded by these guns. The

assault itself usually is preceded by a heavy dive-bombing attack lasting for a half-hour to an hour. After this preliminary "softening up," which frequently wrecks the enemy's gun cupolas, the flat trajectory artillery opens up, aiming straight at the firing ports to prevent the enemy from returning the fire with his guns. Under cover of this bombardment the assault squads creep forwards. A gas-pipe bomb is pushed under the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements and exploded to blast a way through. The squads continue to crawl forward, keeping as far as possible in the cover of "dead" ground. When they come within throwing range, one man hurls smoke grenades in front of the firing ports to prevent the enemy gunners from seeing out. Another member of the squad directs a flame thrower into the openings. The flame contains a considerable proportion of oil, which blazes for some time inside the fort and frequently drives the crew down from the upper turret. Two other members of the squad then push a pole with an explosive charge through one of the firing ports. The pole is strongly notched so that it will catch against the walls of the firing port and cannot be pushed out again by the enemy gun crews. The man at the end of the pole pulls a trigger and ducks for cover as the charge explodes with a terrific roar inside the firing port. The force of the explosion is so great that it usually bursts open the quarter-inch steel door of the fort. If it fails to do so, another heavier charge is brought up and exploded. As the door springs open other pioneers armed with tommy-guns leap inside to mop up the enemy crew. Sometimes the enemy continues to resist in the subterranean rooms, but in most cases all the resistance already has been scorched and blasted out of him by the combination of dive bombers, concrete-piercing guns, flame throwers and explosive charges. The official German news reel showed shots of French bunker crews staggering out blackened and shell-shocked wrecks after subjection to this ghastly ordeal.

The method usually followed by the Germans is to capture two or three adjoining bunkers in this manner. Tanks and infantry then pour through the gap while other squads of *Sturmpanzer* widen it by attacking near-by forts from the rear. Once the Germans had broken through at one or

two points they were able to take the greater part of the Maginot Line from the rear, as the French had built many of their forts to fire only through an angle of 180 degrees. For the other 180 degrees they were completely defenceless. This was confirmed later by both foreign correspondents and neutral military attachés from Berlin who visited the Maginot Line after its capture.

Overwhelming superior fire power is, as we have seen, one of the secrets of the Nazi bunker-cracking art. But it is much more than that. It is on superior fire power that the German Army bases much of its strength. Accuracy of fire is of secondary importance to the Germans. They believe in smothering the enemy with heavy concentrated fire in the conviction that if you hurl enough shells at him you are almost bound to hit something. That principle is followed with German thoroughness from the smallest unit upwards. Here there is a fundamental difference between American and German Army training. The American infantryman is taught to be a good marksman. The German Army, however, spends little time on the rifle range. Its infantry relies on its fire power rather than its marksmanship. In fact, the Germans use the rifle very little and the bayonet hardly at all. When it comes to close-up fighting they prefer to stake their chances on hand grenades and flame throwers. Every German infantry squad is equipped with a machine gun, and most of the members of the squad are engaged in carrying ammunition for it. An equivalent French squad, on the other hand, has eight men armed with rifles and only one with an automatic rifle. In other words, its fire power cannot begin to match that of a German squad.

When you ascend higher in the scale you find the difference in fire power between the German and other armies even more marked. In most armies the smallest unit to have its own artillery is the division. In the German Army, however, each infantry regiment possesses its own *Taschenartillerie* or "pocket artillery," consisting usually of four "seventy-fives" and two "hundred-and-fives" and possibly a couple of *Sturmgeschuetze*, or mobile assault guns, as well. The German division usually has two full regiments of artillery, whereas in most armies a division probably would have only one battery attached to it. The battle tactics of

the whole German Army are, in fact, based on blasting out an opponent by sheer weight of shells thrown and bombs dropped. It is not unusual for a German general deliberately to incur heavy casualties in order to capture one height from which his artillery can dominate the surrounding country. The fire power of the German Army is estimated by competent foreign military experts to be on an average about five times that of most other armies.

The *Sturmgeschuetze* have proved one of the deadliest and most effective weapons in the hands of the German Army. In appearance they are rather like tanks. They have the same caterpillars but are open at the top and armoured on the sides only. Unlike tanks, however, they can fire only forwards. They are, in fact, nothing more nor less than 75-millimetre guns on self-propelled caterpillar mounts. During the past year the Germans are believed to have introduced 105-millimetre *Sturmgeschuetze* as well. The *Sturmgeschuetze* are used principally in co-operation with tanks and assault troops when a battle is moving forward so rapidly that the regular artillery cannot keep up with the advanced troops and give them the necessary support. The *Sturmgeschuetze* come trundling right up into the front line of battle and often are used at point-blank range for silencing enemy machine-gun nests or for shelling bunkers. They are assigned in battalions of twelve guns to each division of assault infantry and to each motorized and panzer division.

The spearhead of the Nazi break-through and envelopment battle tactics in every campaign in this war has been the German panzer divisions. Dive bombers, assault infantry, motorized infantry and massed fire power all have played a vital supporting role. But in the final instance it always has been the German panzers which have smashed open the gaps and swung around behind the enemy's defences to create the encirclement which always has marked the last stage but one of the great cauldron or annihilation battles of this war. It was the German panzers which overran and swamped the Poles who had no tanks and practically no anti-tank weapons of their own. On the Western Front it was a panzer division under General Erwin Rommel, later commander of the German *Afrikakorps*, which created the famous Bulge and

made the dash to Abbeville and the Channel Coast. It was German panzers which broke through the Weygand Line, which captured the great Schneider arms works at Creusot intact and which drove to the Swiss frontier at Pontarlier, cutting off the entire Maginot Line from the rear. In the North African campaigns the one aim of the British commander always has been to destroy Rommel's two *Afrika-korps* panzer division. Numerical superiority in the air throughout most of the first two years of war, superiority in dive bombers, superiority in fire power—all these have helped carry Hitler along the road of conquest. But without his panzers Hitler hardly would have dared to set out to be another Napoleon. He probably never would have dared to set foot beyond the frontiers of the Reich.

The German Army possesses today, according to the best available estimates, a total of about thirty panzer divisions. About twenty-five of these are concentrated on the Eastern Front, two are with Rommel, two are stationed permanently in occupied France, and one is dispersed elsewhere in occupied areas. New panzer divisions constantly are being formed and trained, partly in the occupied territories, but their training is a matter of years rather than months. The total number has probably not been increased by more than ten or fifteen since the beginning of the war. The German panzer division at full strength has from 350 to 500 tanks and numbers about 16,000 men. It is estimated that Germany today has a total of about 10,000 first-line tanks of all calibres with another 10,000 in reserve at any given time. Losses in tanks have been heavy but there is every reason to believe that German production makes up for these. Both on the Western Front and in Russia the Germans captured considerable numbers of enemy tanks. In France many of these were brand-new and in perfect condition. There never has been any good evidence, however, of the Germans making extensive use of captured tanks in battle. The French tanks have been used primarily for training purposes or have been handed over to Germany's satellite allies, Hungary, Rumania, Slovakia and Finland. The Germans are believed, however, to have made use of a few of the Russian giant tanks of thirty-two and fifty-two tons, convert-

ing them into pillboxes by burying them in the ground right up to the gun turret.

When Hitler started out to be a world conquerer he had worked out to a nicety the exact number of men with whom he believed he could achieve his objectives. He also had worked out to an equal nicety the exact numbers and exact types of tanks, planes and other machines of modern warfare which he believed would do the job for him. There is good reason to think that he believed the war would take at the outside two years—that is, if Britain and France, contrary to his original expectations, actually did decide to fight. And he believed he could win a two-year war with the original types of tanks, planes, trucks, guns and so forth with which he had begun it. This enabled him to standardize his weapons of destruction to a degree never even approached by his enemies. Few types meant rapid output and saved many of the headaches over spare parts which have plagued commanders in the less highly standardized Allied armies. In no branch of the German Army has standardization been greater than in the panzers. The Nazis have just four main types of tank. Apart from small modifications and improvements these are the same as those with which they began the war. These tanks are the Mark I of eight tons and the Mark II of nine to ten tons, both armed with machine guns; the Mark III of eighteen tons, armed with a 37-millimetre gun, and now being fitted with a 50-millimetre gun; and the Mark IV of twenty-two tons which usually is equipped with a 75-millimetre gun. The armour of all the German tanks is extremely powerful. In three years of war the United Nations so far have failed to produce a tank of generally accepted and outstanding superiority to the German panzers.

Machines and fire power, planes and bombs, are the tools of warfare. They blasted a way for Hitler across most of the continent of Europe. With them he revolutionized modern war. But he also revolutionized the German armies which operate those tools and created out of them a fighting force which for sheer efficiency has yet to be exceeded. That is a basic truth with which the United Nations have to reckon in ridding the world of Hitler. The fighting machine which he created is being subjected to a severe strain, and the strain

is steadily increasing. But its technical efficiency and its quality as a power of destruction still are tremendous. Probably nothing impaired the Allied war effort in the first two years of war more than the reluctance, or even the wilful refusal, to believe that. Misguided Allied propaganda had asserted that the German troops are poorly clothed, poorly equipped and underfed; that they are mere fighting automata without brains or initiative of their own. Wishful thinking on these lines can only breed complacency and prove a dangerous hindrance to a total war effort. During three and a half years spent in Germany I saw a great deal of the German Army at close range. I saw it at the front and I talked with innumerable German officers and soldiers. I was able to see the danger of these misconceptions which only now are slowly being eradicated by the tragic lessons of the battlefield.

Physical fitness is one of the conditions on which a German officer keeps his job. The Nazis believe that no man who is not physically at the height of his powers can stand the gruelling test of leading an army in modern battle. Men like von Leeb and von Bock are both well on in their sixties, but slim and straight. I have seen both and can testify to that. Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau during the Polish campaign once slipped off his red-striped general's trousers and swam a river with his advanced assault squads. The trousers were ferried over afterwards in a rubber dinghy. Panzer generals like Guderian, von Kleist and Rommel usually ride in an armoured car with their advanced units. All three have been cut off and barely avoided capture on several occasions.

The Nazi generals are tough and they demand toughness of their men. The average young German soldier whom I have seen at the front is a bronzed, healthy, well-set-up youngster. There is nothing ersatz about his clothing or boots or equipment. The home front is becoming ragged and threadbare, but the clothing handed out to the troops is not skimped. The only occasion on which the Germans seriously fell down on equipment for their troops was during the winter of 1941-1942 when a desperate appeal had to be made to the home front for woollen clothing and furs. But the standard uniforms of the German troops are of good

materials, warm enough for anything but the abnormal rigours of a Russian winter. The troops are well fed also; much better fed, in fact, than the civilians at home. I can attest to this from having eaten frequently at army field kitchens during trips to the front. If Europe starves it will be the conquered countries first, then the German home front, and the German armies last of all.

People seeing goose-stepping German soldiers for the first time might think they were merely a set of military automata. To a certain extent they are. The German soldier's reflexes are trained in such a way that he reacts automatically and virtually without thinking to certain given orders and situations. But his training today lays great stress on thinking for himself, on using his own initiative and resourcefulness when the circumstances differ from those in the drill book. The young Nazi soldier today is trained to be a perfect fighting machine. He is trained to think for himself on the battlefield. He is a good physical specimen. His morale is high while he is winning and he is a tough and obstinate fighter on the defensive.

During the First World War the German Army lost nearly 2,000,000 dead. The casualty figures for the first eighteen months of this war were, however, remarkably low. The reason was that the war was fought by machines rather than by men. The entire Western Front campaign really was won by a dozen German panzer divisions and a limited number of assault troops and motorized infantry. The German casualty figures undoubtedly were "doctored" and cannot be accepted as fact. Nonetheless, casualties were in no way comparable with those sustained in similar periods of the First World War. Even the French losses in killed were low. With the Russian campaign the situation was altered. For the first time the lightning-like, relatively bloodless victories of the panzer armies were superseded by the prolonged slaughter of the annihilation battles, the nearest approach to the sanguinary conflicts of the First World War. What the total German casualties were no one can say for certain except the German High Command. Hitler on December 11th, 1941, claimed that casualties in the Russian campaign up to that point totalled 162,314 killed, 571,767 wounded and 33,334 missing. These figures are without doubt com-

pletely untrustworthy. They were doubted by many Germans, too. It has been variously estimated by neutral sources that Germany suffered anywhere between 12,000 and 20,000 total casualties daily at the height of severe fighting on the Eastern Front. The total killed up to the time when the Eastern campaign bogged down for the winter have been estimated at anything between 250,000 and 700,000. Probably as reliable an estimate as any would be around 550,000. The best and most generally accepted estimates of total German casualties from the beginning of the war until the end of 1941 were 750,000 killed, and 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 killed, permanently maimed and missing. To anyone living in Germany during the Russian campaign it was obvious that casualties were on a scale far above anything suffered previously during this war. Death notices in the newspapers became so numerous that some papers like the *Voelkischer Beobachter* rationed them to twenty-five daily. Every hotel in every little health resort in Germany was converted into a military hospital and still there was not room for the thousands of wounded streaming back from the front. Most of the seriously maimed cases were sent to hospitals in Poland, Slovakia, Bohemia-Moravia, France and Norway where they could not be seen by the German civilian population. It was so rare in Berlin to see a wounded soldier with a leg shot off that people would turn round and stare if one appeared on the streets. Yet during the summer of 1941 I counted as many as twenty women in deep mourning on one short stretch of the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin's West End.

Hitler was able to overrun the greater part of Europe because for years he had planned and prepared to do so. While other powers talked of disarmament he geared the entire German nation to the production of one commodity—armaments. While the general staffs of other countries still fought over the battles of the last war Hitler and the German General Staff were planning the new strategy which has revolutionized the whole science of war. In the preceding chapters the factors to which the long series of Nazi victories were due have been described in detail. Briefly, they can be summarized as follows:—

1. Air superiority. In the Polish, Norwegian and Balkan campaigns the Germans had the air virtually to themselves,

enabling them to use their dive bombers with devastating effect. In the Battle of France the situation was the same after the R.A.F. had been withdrawn. The Germans then were able to bring out not only their good bombers but every out-of-date crate which could carry bombs to drop on the French lines and communications in the rear. The Russian campaign was the first one in which the Germans had to fight the whole time for domination of the air.

2. Co-operation between all arms. The dive-bomber-panzer team was the spearhead of the German victories. Unified command of Army, Fleet and Air Force was the key to the conquest of Norway.

3. The new strategy. Throwing the concentrated weight of all available planes, tanks, artillery and troops against a single weak point in the enemy's line to create a breakthrough, encirclement and piecemeal destruction of the enemy's armies in a series of cauldrons.

4. Immensely superior fire power.

5. Superiority in tanks and guns.

6. Selection of leaders by merit, and ruthless scrapping of inferior commanders rather than paying in blood on the battlefield the price of bad leadership.

7. Meticulous training, particularly of specialist formations for jobs like bunker-cracking. The original troops of Rommel's *Afrikakorps* were put through a rigid course of training, including acclimatization to extreme heat.

8. Careful organization of supplies. Ability to replace quickly bridges, roads and railroads blown up by the enemy in his retreat.

9. Organization of Fifth Columns in the countries to be conquered.

Chapter 16.

BOMBS FOR THE THIRD REICH

THE Nazis look on war as something to be fought exclusively on other peoples' territories. They do not say so in so many words, but it is quite clear that that is how they feel about it. If the other fellow's country happens to be devastated in the process, if his women and children are killed

and maimed, if his cities are destroyed, if his cathedrals and churches are gutted, if the buildings that embody in stone a thousand years of his national history and traditions are laid in smouldering ruins—well, that's just too bad, but it cannot be helped. In any event, say the Nazis, the other fellow probably belongs to one of the lesser breeds which possess no real culture of their own, and the destruction undoubtedly was necessary for the triumph of German arms and Germany's cultural mission. But woe to anyone foolhardy or criminal enough to seek to carry the war on to the sacred soil of the German Reich, that soil which no less a personage than Reichs Marshal Hermann Goering pledged would forever remain inviolate. That kind of warfare is not provided for in the Nazi book of rules. It has nothing in common with the painless blitzkrieg, the brass bands, the trumpet fanfares, the bombastic special communiqués and the quick, flashy victories. It is just plain barbarous and criminal, they say.

Unfortunately for Hitler's calculations there was in fact one adversary "barbarous" and "criminal" enough to spoil the entire pretty Nazi picture of war. That adversary was the Royal Air Force. Like the "sub-human" and "bestial" Russians, who went on fighting when they really should have known they were beaten, the R.A.F. did not give a damn for the book of rules, Berlin edition. It began to carry the war into Hitler's private corner of the ring on May 10th, 1940, the day when German dive bombers started "protecting the neutrality" of Holland and Belgium. Since then, for two years now, it has been making it increasingly plain to the Germans that war is not simply a Nazi victory parade. The ruins of Cologne, Rostock, Lübeck and Münster and the bomb scars of Hamburg, Bremen, Kiel, Mannheim, Aachen and Berlin are a daily reminder to the Nazis that Germany too may some day have its Warsaws and Rotterdams and that modern warfare is a decidedly two-edged affair.

By rights, the R.A.F. never should have reached Berlin. Goering, in a speech to munition workers on September 9th, 1939, gave a comfortable blanket assurance that no plane ever would penetrate his West Wall of *flak* and searchlights and night fighters to attack the German Reich capital.

For some months after the beginning of the Battle of France nothing in fact did happen. The R.A.F. restricted its nightly raids to Western Germany and the Nazis became more cocksure than ever that no enemy plane ever would reach Berlin. Then, without warning, their bubble of complacency was exploded. On the night of August 25th-26th, 1940, the air-raid sirens sounded in Berlin and four and a half million people were sent scurrying into the cellars. We could hear no gunfire in the city itself, but next morning we learned that British planes actually had pierced Goering's much-vaunted *flak* defences and had dropped a number of bombs around Babelsberg, on the western outskirts of Berlin. This was more than a little disconcerting for the Nazi propagandists. However, they laughed it off as a fluke, merely a freak which would not be repeated; in fact, just to demonstrate their confidence, they rounded up a party of foreign newspapermen and hustled us off in a special bus to Babelsberg to see for ourselves that no damage of any consequence had been done. We were assured that this sort of "nuisance" would not occur again. But only three nights later the nuisance was repeated and the Berliners were again sent diving for their cellars. Only this time there was the difference that the British did not merely drop bombs on the outskirts but flew impudently right through the "impenetrable" *flak* girdle and dropped a half-dozen or so high-explosive bombs in the near neighbourhood of the Schlesischer Station. This was too much for the Nazis. They were furious. The papers next day set up a united howl of indignation that the German capital should be receiving back the first small instalment of what Nazi bombers had done to Warsaw and Rotterdam. The damage was, admittedly, not very great, but it was the principle of the thing that wounded. For the first time since the Napoleonic Wars a direct attack had been made on the capital of Germany. The Nazi press screamed: "*Banditen und Lustpiraten*," "bandits and air pirates," "vandals and child-murderers," and threatened awful vengeance if this scandal did not cease forthwith. Somewhat inconsistently, the Propaganda Ministry did its best to pooh-pooh the significance of the raids and, just to prove that Germany had nothing to conceal, undertook to send automobiles around to pick up

foreign correspondents from their homes after each raid to inspect what bomb damage there was to be seen. The whole point of the 3 a.m. tours was, of course, to prove that the damage amounted to absolutely nothing at all.

As a matter of fact, the damage did amount to something, though it could not begin to compare with the destruction wrought by the blitz on London. But scattered around the city were ugly bomb-holes and wrecked buildings—nothing very much in themselves, but a poor advertisement for “raid-proof” Berlin. The Nazis became anxious now, when night after night the “fluke” was repeated and the Berliners, after being marooned for three and four hours at a time in the middle of the night in their draughty, damp cellars, showed up late for work in the mornings, pasty-faced and red-eyed and acting snappish and bad-tempered. They also were making contemptuous cracks at the expense of the Berlin *flak*, which, for all Goering’s advance ballyhooing, could not keep the “air pirates” away, and seldom, if ever, shot one down. One joke running around Berlin at that time was: “Have you heard what the new uniforms for the Berlin *flak* are? Nightshirts and nightcaps.”

Hitler also was furious. I was present at the Sports-palast on September 4th when, in a screaming passion, he announced the beginning of all-out air warfare against British cities—“reprisals,” he called it. “If the British Air Force,” he shouted, “drops 2000 or 3000 or 4000 kilograms of bombs, then we will drop in a night now 150,000, 180,000, 230,000, 300,000, 400,000 and more kilograms. If they declare they will attack our cities on a large scale, then we will wipe out their cities! We will teach these night pirates a lesson, as God is our help. The hour will come when one of us will break, and it will not be Germany.” He was to find out soon that it would not be Britain either.

If the Nazis imagined the blitz would terrorize the British into calling a halt to their raids on Berlin they were grievously mistaken. The R.A.F. came back to Berlin on September 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 16th. Altogether Berlin was raided fourteen times during September and ten times during October that year. Some nights there were two separate alarms. The Propaganda Ministry’s dawn bombing-inspection junkets continued for a while, but it

was becoming difficult to laugh off the raids now. And the Nazis complained that foreign correspondents were indulging in "unfair reporting." Instead of writing "objective" stories about the hospitals and old-age homes which, if the Nazis were to be believed, were the sole objective of the R.A.F.'s 1200-mile flights to Berlin and back, they were hinting about military objectives such as railroad stations and factories near which bombs had fallen. I went on the last of these bomb tours on September 11th. As usual we traipsed from hospital to hospital, none of which had sustained any damage worth mentioning, and when we found bomb craters in the streets we were promptly informed of the existence of some unsuspected hospital or children's home a hundred yards or so away, "which without a doubt this bomb was meant to hit." But the real story of that raid was a quite different one. The Wilhelmstrasse, seat of most of the Nazi ministries and of Hitler's own vast, mausoleum-like Chancellery, had come within an ace of being badly knocked about. One 200-pound bomb had torn a great hole in the East-West Axis, a couple of hundred yards from the Brandenburger Tor, several buildings in the near-by Dorotheenstrasse had been wrecked, incendiaries had been sprinkled all over the Wilhelmstrasse area and a number of buildings near the Stettiner Station had been demolished. That was the last of the officially conducted junkets. What the Nazis had originally tried to laugh off as a joke had now become a serious matter. Consequently restrictions on reporting air raids were jacked up drastically. They became more and more repressive until finally a point was reached where we could send nothing that had not appeared in the High Command communiqués, the DNB reports or the German press. Anything else would be treated as "military espionage." We could not make even a pretence of giving an accurate or fair picture of the extent of raids. A few months before we left Berlin for good the United Press was sharply called down in the Wilhelmstrasse press conference for an air-raid story by Jack Fleischer in which he had mentioned that the office windows rattled from the *flak* barrage. This was denounced as "intolerable sensationalism" and severe reprisals were threatened if the offence were repeated. After the official tours ceased we used occasionally

to ride around on bicycles to ascertain for ourselves where bombs had fallen, which was not always easy to discover in a city the size of Berlin. But it was hardly worth the effort, as we were allowed to send nothing of what we managed to see for ourselves. Later it became actually risky for Americans to do too much private snooping after air raids.

Throughout the winter of 1940-1941, the R.A.F. continued to pay visits to Berlin, and the whole night life of the city was blacked out by the raids. The theatres and cinemas had repeatedly to move up the times of their last performances, restaurants closed earlier and earlier to enable guests and personnel to reach home before the sirens sounded, and in December the Kurfuerstendamm, centre of Berlin's West End amusement district, was as empty by 9 p.m. as the Gobi Desert. When a raid began, all traffic of every description, including subways and buses, stopped abruptly and everyone caught in trains or in the streets or in restaurants or theatres was hustled into public shelters. By threats and cajoling, the authorities tried hard to shoo everyone out of their homes also and down into the cellars, but even the combined efforts of police and air-raid wardens failed to enforce this regulation, and probably at least 30 per cent of the population always remained in their apartments. I ceased going down to the cellar of my apartment house altogether, partly because of the boredom of having to sit around in the cold for four or five hours at a stretch in a place that in any event would not have been proof against even a medium-sized bomb, and partly because the neighbours made rather pointed remarks about "your British friends up there." We were all caught several times, however, on the way home from the office and had to sit it out for hours in overcrowded, badly ventilated public shelters.

The longest raid of the whole war up till the time we left Germany occurred on the night of December 20th-21st, 1940. There were two separate alarms, and planes flew over the city at intervals for the greater part of the night. The *flak* barrage, which had been strengthened since its early fiascos, kept up a non-stop crashing which rocked the office, where I happened to have night duty. The all-clear sounded at 7 a.m., but as the weary, under-slept Berliners crawled grumbling from their shelters, a British plane turned about,

flew back and dropped a couple more bombs. A great cloud of smoke billowed over the downtown district from a fire in a big department store in the Alexanderplatz, a stone's throw from the Secret Police headquarters. Two bombs, aimed possibly at the near-by Zoo station, landed plumb in the middle of the broad Tauentzienstrasse, in the West End, blew out store windows right and left and smashed through on to the subway tracks beneath. Factories started work hours late that morning, papers were not delivered, there was no bread in the bakeries, and the whole life of the capital was in chaos until nearly noon.

During last year, while we were in Berlin, raids became fewer but in some cases considerably heavier. There were two which, probably more than any others, brought home to the Berliners the true meaning of war. The first of these was on the night of April 9th-10th, 1941. Big Wellington bombers, diving low over the centre of the city, dropped half a dozen or more high-explosive bombs and a shower of incendiaries along the north side of the famous Unter den Linden, setting the top storeys of more than a dozen buildings ablaze, wrecking the cupola of the Prussian State Library and completely gutting Goering's State Opera House. When I reached the office next morning the fires were still blazing furiously, the street was filled with fire engines and a dense pall of black smoke drifted over the Linden, the *Via Triumphalis* of a hundred German victory parades. All day thousands of Berliners shuffled slowly along the street, staring glumly and stupidly at the still smouldering wreckage. This was the Linden along which they had seen Hitler drive countless times, along which they had seen the Berlin Division, loaded down with flowers, return in triumph from the conquest of France, which they had believed meant the end of the war. The R.A.F. had shattered that day-dream with a vengeance.

The other raid which really brought war to Berlin took place on the night of September 7th-8th, 1941, anniversary of the beginning of the blitz on London. It lasted from 11.30 p.m. to 3.50 a.m., and when the Berliners stumbled shakily out of their cellars afterwards they knew this was an experience such as their city never before had gone through. Neutral experts estimated that at least two hun-

dred British bombers had flown over the city. The bombers—apparently Vickers Wellingtons—swung low over the roofs in the brilliant moonlight as decoys for the anti-aircraft fire while giant four-engined machines unloaded bombs heavier than anything hitherto dropped on the German capital. All over the city the heavy *crr-umph-rr-umph* of exploding bombs could be heard. The *flak* barrage had been strengthened still further by the addition of a number of new 135-millimetre guns, the heaviest the Germans possess, and that night the anti-aircraft defences gave everything they had. During the whole time I had been in Berlin I had never heard a barrage as ear-shattering and as continuous as it was that night. A battery of hundred-and-thirty-fives, newly mounted near the Zoo about a mile from where I lived, seemed to be out to break all the neighbourhood window-panes with each salvo it fired. Other members of the United Press staff saw no fewer than fifteen British planes boxed in the searchlights. We could see one extensive glow in the east of the city, which lasted for a short while, and another big glare in the west, which remained for more than two hours. Next morning the Berliners, still white and shaky, totted up the damage. The most spectacular hit was on the fashionable Eden Hotel, in the West End, where a glancing blow had knocked off one corner of the building, doing an estimated one million reichsmarks' worth of damage. Several other bombs from the same salvo, probably intended for the Zoo Station, fell just inside the Zoo itself, giving rise to a flock of rumours about camels, elephants and snakes having been blown up or roasted alive. One German acquaintance of ours had a narrow escape when five heavy bombs were unloaded together almost on top of his home, close to the important *Ringbahn* or Circle electric railway. Two heavy bombs dug deep craters in Hochmeisterplatz, in a residential district of the West End not far from another section of the *Ringbahn*. Severe damage also was reported from the canal harbour at Hallesches Tor, from the important Ostkreuz junction in the East End and from the factory districts of Wedding and Reinickendorf in North Berlin.

The Russians chipped in also to make the late summer of 1941 wretched for the Berliners. From bases apparently

situated on the Baltic islands of Oesel and Dagoe they sent down bombers from time to time to repay in kind some of the devastation wrought by the Nazis in Russian cities. The most spectacular of these raids was the first of all, on August 8th, when a lone Russian plane, diving through the clouds with its motors switched off, dumped a pair of bombs square on the railroad tracks outside the Stettiner Station and made off again before the Berlin *flak* had even awakened to the fact that a raider was there. It was not until nearly twenty minutes later that the alarm was sounded. The lame excuse later given was that the sound-detecting apparatus had been set to pick up British planes coming from the west and therefore had missed the Russian flying in at a high altitude from the east! The Russians came over seven times in all, but most of their raids were relatively ineffective. Only a few planes were used and on several occasions, although an alarm was given, they failed to penetrate the powerful *flak* girdle. The chief thing about the Russian raids was that owing to the short flying distance between the Baltic sea-coast and Berlin they were able to come over the city an hour or more earlier than the R.A.F. More than once the Russians caused an early alarm which sent the Berliners scrambling for the cellars at 8.30 p.m. Scarcely was this over when the R.A.F. appeared on the scene to keep them out of their beds for most of the remainder of the night.

Berlin itself experienced approximately a hundred raid alarms from the beginning of the war until we left for internment in December, 1941. It would give a false impression, however, to suggest that most of the raids could in any way be compared with the London blitz. The average attack was carried out by twenty to thirty machines, coming over in waves with intervals of about a half-hour between. Even the relatively heavy anniversary raid on the night of September 7th-8th, 1941, probably would not qualify as a genuine blitz in the eyes of veterans of the London air front. Since leaving Germany I have had an opportunity to see London's bomb damage. There is nothing in Berlin yet that begins to compare with it. Such destruction as was done there was scattered widely over the city. German pride is stung by the sight of wrecked or gutted buildings, particu-

larly in a street like Unter den Linden, and, in contrast to London, where rebuilding has been postponed until the end of the war, repair work is begun immediately after a raid. It is perhaps, in fact, an indication of the Nazis' own estimate of German morale in general that the authorities go to such lengths to conceal or remove altogether traces of air raids on Germany with a minimum of delay. The reconstruction of the State Opera House is now nearing completion. The unsightly burned-out top storeys of Unter den Linden, which looked like a row of jagged, blackened teeth, were rebuilt within six months. Owing to the speed with which the German authorities work to remove signs of damage it now is extremely difficult to discover any traces of it in a city of Berlin's dimensions. Every now and then, if you know where to look, you can find telltale scaffolding over a bombed house still under repair. But Berlin as a whole, when we left it—there have been practically no raids between then and the time when this is being written—showed little evidence of its air bombings. The Nazi capital has yet to experience the purgatory of indiscriminate, ruthless air attacks to which Britain was subjected in the autumn of 1940 and the spring of 1941.

The reasons why Berlin has come off relatively lightly in the air war hitherto are not far to seek. The first reason is purely one of aerial strength. Until recently the British have not had the number of bombers necessary to carry out against Berlin the type of blitz for which the Germans had been able to draw on the cream of four Air Fleets stationed in the West. The second reason is that, whereas German bombers were within one hour's flying distance—often under fighter escort—of nearly every great industrial centre in the British Isles, British bombers attacking Berlin have to make a 1200-mile round trip without fighter protection at all. Their petrol-tank capacity also makes it impossible for the twin-engined bombers, mostly used hitherto, to carry bomb loads comparable with those dropped on Britain. Seldom was anything heavier than a 200-pound bomb dropped in Berlin during the first two years of air attacks, and it takes more than 200-pound bombs to demolish such buildings as, say, Hitler's Reichschancellery with its nine-foot-thick concrete roof. Furthermore, petrol-tank

capacity severely limited the length of time British planes could remain over Berlin. On an average each wave of attackers cruised for a maximum of only twenty minutes above the German capital and then had to turn back or risk a forced landing in the North Sea through lack of fuel. By use of American-built Flying Fortresses and the latest giant British four-engined bombers the R.A.F. now is beginning to overcome this disability, and raids on Germany are increasing constantly in both weight and intensity. There also was a striking difference in British and German bombing technique. The Germans' theory of aerial bombing is the same as their theory of fire power in artillery bombardment—to smother the enemy's defences by the amount of high explosives hurled at him. They went in mostly for completely indiscriminate bombing of certain areas from great heights in the belief that if a sufficient number of bombs were dropped the whole target area would be flattened out, including any particular objectives aimed at inside it. This technique, while completely ruthless, had the advantage for the Germans that they themselves suffered fewer losses. It also overcame the chief handicap of night raiding, during which real accuracy of bombing is virtually impossible to achieve. It was obvious to us living in Berlin, however, that the R.A.F. really was attempting to hit certain objectives. Planes frequently cruised for many minutes over the centre of the city, dropping large numbers of parachute flares in an attempt to identify targets. This was the best refutation of the German charge that the R.A.F. also indulged in completely indiscriminate bombing of civilians, but we Americans in Berlin felt that the bombing of that city was losing its real purpose. Berlin contains few important military objectives, and it would be possible to flatten out all of them without really affecting Germany's war effort. In fact, the only real purpose to be gained in attacking Berlin is the undermining of German morale. We were convinced that this could be attained much better by wrecking the centre of the city than by praiseworthy but often futile attempts to hit certain specified targets.

A further reason, in the belief of both German and foreign experts in Berlin, why the R.A.F. raids until recently rarely had the intensity of the Luftwaffe's all-out

attacks was that the R.A.F.'s policy formerly was to send bombers to half a dozen or more objectives in one night, doing relatively little damage to each. German anti-aircraft officers often said this merely afforded target practice for the *flak*. Only recently has the R.A.F. begun concentrating all its forces on one main objective in a night and the result apparently has been a great increase in damage done.

Berlin today probably is the most strongly defended city in the world against air attack. Goering had to see to that after the Berliners dubbed their *flak* batteries "Hermann's Sleeping Battalion." The city bristles now with so many guns and searchlights that it is almost oversaturated with defensive fire power. The main defences consist of a girdle of the heaviest *flak* of 88- and 135-millimetre guns in the Grunewald, at Babelsberg and elsewhere about fifteen miles from the city centre. In the city itself there are great numbers of batteries of medium and light *flak*. In the Tiergarten Park, close to the Zoo Station, are two recently built hundred-foot concrete towers on which batteries of the heaviest guns as well as searchlights and sound detectors are mounted. The towers also are used as air-raid shelters. Other similar towers are situated in the industrial East End and in the North of Berlin. *Flak* batteries also are mounted on roof-tops all over the centre of the city—on the old Reichstag building, on the American-style "Shell House" skyscraper near the High Command headquarters, on the German Chemical Trust and Ministry of Economics buildings on Unter den Linden, and even on the Chancellery itself. The barrage put up by all these batteries is ear-shattering. There were times when it seemed a downright miracle to us how British planes caught in searchlight beams managed to survive the exploding *flak* of every calibre which filled the whole sky.

The Nazis are not content, however, with their tremendous *flak* barrage alone. Even better than shooting down raiders is to keep them right away from your big cities altogether. The Nazis attempt to do this by the construction of "dummy" cities at some distance from the true targets and by extensive camouflaging of streets. There are, for example, at least five "dummy Berlins." They are at Nauen and Pausin, about twenty miles west and northwest of the capital

respectively, at Schoenelinde to the northeast, in the eastern suburbs, and to the south of the city. You realize you have happened on one of the dummy Berlins when you are driving along a country road and suddenly see field after field cluttered up with strange, ramshackle plywood-and-canvas structures serving no apparent purpose. From the air, however, they resemble factories and government buildings. At night they are faintly illuminated to reproduce the slight glow visible even from the best-blacked-out city. Scattered around there are also likely to be large piles of brushwood. Immediately after bombs are dropped on one of the fake targets, huge bonfires are ignited in these wood-piles by electrical contacts operated by soldiers in near-by bomb-proof concrete dug-outs. In Berlin's eastern suburbs, beyond the Ostkreuz elevated station, vacant lots have been covered with dummy triumphal arches and replicas of government buildings, apparently designed to deceive raiders into thinking they are over the Wilhelmstrasse area. There also are several dummy Hamburgs and Hamm marshalling yards and at least five fake Leuna chemical works. The existence of the dummy Berlins may perhaps furnish an explanation for the claim once made by the R.A.F. to have hit and set on fire the Anhalter and Potsdamer Stations in Berlin. The stations, in fact, never were hit, and on the particular night in question bombers did not even reach the centre of Berlin. The Germans rode this incident hard in an effort permanently to discredit all British air-raid claims. It is quite possible; however, that the R.A.F. may have bombed one of the dummy Berlins that night and that the pilots themselves returned convinced they actually had hit the two stations.

Shifting the centre of gravity of the *flak* and searchlight barrages is also a ruse occasionally employed by the Germans in connection with the dummies. On a number of occasions it was noticed that the heavy barrage girdle around Berlin, instead of firing when British planes reached the Grunewald forest on the city's western limits, had been shifted far over to the east. Planes would be permitted to fly right over the western suburbs and the centre of the city without being fired at or meeting the usual searchlight batteries. Not until they reached the eastern part of the city did the barrage, normally first encountered in the west, open up on them.

The object here was to deceive raiders into believing the centre of Berlin was about twenty miles farther east than it actually is. On other occasions the centre of gravity was similarly shifted over to the west. Obviously this ruse would work only on dark or cloudy nights when it was in any case difficult for the British pilots to obtain their bearings. A possible indication that this form of deception met with some success can be seen in the fact that much of the worst raid damage was done on the outskirts of Berlin in such suburbs as Lichtenberg, Gruenau, Siemensstadt and Babelsberg.

The camouflaging of Berlin is on a grandiose scale undoubtedly never before attempted. The millions of reichsmarks and the amount of labour and material it must have cost are revealing admissions of how badly scared the Nazis evidently are that Berlin some day may be laid in ruins like Warsaw and Rotterdam. The purpose of the camouflaging is to blot out certain well-known landmarks which act as signposts to raiders on clear nights. Every large city has these. German airmen have told me that London's biggest liability, for example, is the great horseshoe bend of the River Thames around the Isle of Dogs in the East End. German pilots who know this as "*der grosse Themsebogen*" or "the big Thames loop" use it for setting a course to other parts of London. They have told me their raiding instructions often include a note that their target—say, Buckingham Palace or Waterloo Station—is so many seconds' flying time west or southwest, as the case may be, from the big *Themsebogen*. Berlin similarly has its signposts. Chief of these are the little Lietzensee Lake on the western outskirts of the city, and the East-West Axis, a concrete motorway five miles long and a hundred yards broad, which runs straight as an arrow from Adolf Hitler-Platz, in the west, to the heart of the city, Unter den Linden and the Wilhelmstrasse. On a moonlit night raiders could fly straight down the Axis to the centre of the capital. The only subterfuge the Nazis could think of by which they could rid themselves of these liabilities was to blot them out altogether. The Lietzensee Lake was covered over with gauze so that it should not glitter in the moonlight. Tens of thousands of yards of flimsy green-covered netting were laboriously strung out on

poles over the whole length of the East-West Axis where it runs through the Tiergarten Park, and even lamp-posts were made to look like fir trees. Driving along the Axis nowadays gives the impression of speeding through an enormous, overgrown, green circus marquee. The *Siegestraße*, the chocolate-coloured Victory Column commemorating the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870, which used to stand in front of the Reichstag and which was transplanted bodily by the Nazis to the centre of the East-West Axis, also is draped with camouflage netting, while the outsize shiny statue of Victory surmounting it has been degilded and painted a dull, war-time brown. The Adolf Hitler-Platz has been completely blanked out under netting, and the huge exhibition buildings, used now for storing grain, and the near-by headquarters of the German Radio have been camouflaged to look from overhead like streets. When we left Berlin there were indications that camouflage netting was to be strung out over Unter den Linden itself. In Hamburg the Alster basin has been covered with netting and a roadway painted over the roof of the Central Station. Cologne's main station also is camouflaged.

Severe as the damage already has been to one or two German cities, British air attacks up to the end of 1941 had not, as far as it was possible to judge, come anywhere near crippling or even seriously damaging Germany's vital war industries as a whole. But with the spring of 1942 an entirely new phase in the air war began. Germany was deeply involved on the Eastern Front and at least four out of Goering's five Air Fleets had been transferred there. For the first time since the beginning of the conflict the gallant Royal Air Force, once a tiny David to the Nazi Goliath, now was enjoying numerical superiority in Western Europe. And with that superiority began bombing attacks such as Nazi Germany never before had endured. Only once in the first two years of war had a German city been truly blitzed. That city was Münster, which for three successive nights—July 6th, 7th and 8th, 1941—was blasted and shattered as Coventry, Plymouth and Southampton had been before it. It is estimated that perhaps one quarter of the city was destroyed. The civil population had to be evacuated for a time. The real British blitz against Germany began, how-

ever, with the devastating raids on Lübeck on March 28th and on Rostock between April 23rd and 26th, 1942. Reports of the fearful damage done in both places filtered through to us even in internment at Bad Nauheim. These attacks were followed by the historic first 1000-plane raids on Cologne and the Ruhr in June, and by the use for the first time of bombs weighing no less than two tons compared with the 50-pounders, 100-pounders and 200-pounders used in the earlier phases of the war.

The significance of this new phase was revealed not merely in the devastation done but in the weakness of Hitler's retaliation. In contrast to the attacks by 400 and 500 planes at a time which he had been able to stage during the blitz, he now was unable to send over more than one-tenth of that number. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the Luftwaffe, like the German Army, already is strained beyond the danger point. For the first time it is confronted with a job too gigantic even for its huge resources. And for the first time Hitler has been compelled to relax one of his own axiomatic rules of blitz warfare, that of massing your entire strength for an overwhelming blow at one point in the enemy's armour. Instead of concentrating the Luftwaffe he had at last been compelled to split it up between the Eastern Front, Western Europe, Sicily and North Africa. Instead of overwhelming superiority at one point he does not now possess absolute superiority at any point.

Let us consider for a minute the Nazi air strategy in the first two years of the war. For the attack on Poland Hitler used two of his Air Fleets, and by reason of the first annihilating blow against the Polish Air Force won undisputed control of the air over the whole Polish battlefield throughout the campaign. In the Battle in the West it was much the same story. After the withdrawal of the R.A.F. from France the Luftwaffe met virtually no opposition. Hitler concentrated everything he had for the main task of the moment—the destruction of the Allied armies. Surprise sometimes has been voiced that he did not begin raids on the British Isles until August, 1940, whereas the R.A.F. had already been bombing targets in Germany since May 10th. Hitler even went so far as to try to make a virtue out of it

by asserting that for "humanitarian" reasons he had watched in silence for three and a half months, "hoping this nuisance would cease." That, of course, was sheer Hitlerian eyewash. The real reason was clear. The Nazi Leader was concentrating his entire air strength to attain one objective, the defeat of France, which he believed would be followed automatically by the capitulation of Great Britain. If he could attain the grand objective by concentrating his air strength there was no point in splitting it merely for the limited satisfaction of bombing the British Isles.

The collapse of France caught the Nazis completely off balance. That startling fact has not, I think, even yet been fully appreciated in other countries. Since leaving Germany I have been asked frequently why Hitler did not invade the British Isles immediately after the fall of France, when, with the exception of her Navy and tiny Air Force, Great Britain was as near to being military down-and-out as at any time in her modern history. The reason, as far as we could ascertain in Berlin, was that the Nazis never had expected to have to invade and therefore were not prepared to do so. They figured out the situation for themselves with a logic which is truly German and which nine times out of ten leads them astray when dealing with democratic countries. Their line of reasoning was somewhat as follows: France is destroyed. Britain's last bridge-head and last ally on the Continent are gone. Therefore Britain has no means of continuing the war on land against Germany. Therefore it is futile for Britain to continue the war. Therefore Britain will see reason and will not continue the war. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* I heard this line of reasoning so often from Nazi officials during the weeks following Dunkirk that I am convinced they genuinely believed it.

When it became evident even to the Nazi mentality that the British had not the slightest intention of throwing in the towel, Hitler had to work out some way of conquering the stiff-necked island kingdom. As I have said, he was not prepared for an invasion attempt, and he had to start from scratch, concentrating a fleet of ships, barges and small boats large enough to transport at least 250,000 men and their equipment across. During August, 1940, we noticed that every single motor launch disappeared from the lakes

around Berlin. We also heard that all shipyards had been turned over temporarily to exclusive construction of invasion barges. Hitler moreover had to regroup and concentrate the Luftwaffe on the new airfields which the panzer divisions had won for it in Northern France and the Low Countries. The plan of campaign, as we were able to piece it together from hints by Nazi officials, was straightforward enough and resembled in pattern, but on a gigantic scale, the bunker-storming technique described in the last chapter. It was scheduled to start with the defeat of the R.A.F., followed by a general softening up of British morale and will-to-resist through devastating air raids on London and other great cities by the concentrated might of the Luftwaffe, after which the invasion itself would come. Nazis with whom I often argued the possibilities were convinced that if the R.A.F. were driven from the skies, an invasion fleet could cross the Channel under an "umbrella" of German bomber and fighter protection against which the Royal Navy would be powerless. So convinced were the Nazis of the certain success of an invasion attempt even after the failure of the Luftwaffe's first assault on Britain that I was let in for a bet some time in December, 1940, with three German newspapermen, to the tune of twenty-five bottles of champagne, that the British Isles would not be defeated militarily by July 1st, 1941. I might add that by the time I won the bet champagne was practically unobtainable in Germany, so that I was able to collect only in Rhine wine, most of which was consumed by the three Nazis who had lost the bet!

The story of the attempt to reduce the island fortress of Britain already has gone down into history as one of the great and stirring epics of all time. There is no need to describe it again here. One fact, however, must be emphasized—namely, that all the evidence in Berlin indicated that Hitler did plan to invade the British Isles in October, 1940, and that he was unable to do so owing to his failure to smash the R.A.F. One report published in a section of the British press asserted that an invasion attempt actually was made and that the invasion barges were attacked and sunk on their way across the Channel. In Berlin we found nothing to support this story. But after weighing all

the evidence available both at the time and subsequently, we were convinced that an invasion was in fact planned for the beginning of October. Dr. Goebbels some months later admitted as much in an off-the-record conversation with me and a few other correspondents in the Foreign Press Club in Berlin—not in itself a proof, although it supported the evidence already at our disposal.

For the Battle of Britain Hitler again concentrated all his available air strength. The first phase of the battle was clear-cut and unmistakable. While the Messerschmitt 109s were attempting to entice out and destroy the small British force of fighters, Goering sent his bombers over, first to attack coastal shipping and ports and then to smash up the airfields in the southeast of England in an effort to drive the R.A.F. back into the interior of the country. One interesting lesson demonstrated by this stage of the battle was the speed with which it was found that airfields can be made serviceable again even after weeks of intense bombardment. The second phase—the real softening up—began on September 7th with the blitz on London. There is no doubt the Nazis believed that a month of ruthless bombing of the British capital would make the island *sturmreif*, or “ripe for storming,” as officials described it. The Germans put everything they had into the blitz, not only in planes but in propaganda build-up for the grand dénouement that was to be the invasion. At noon on Sunday, September 8th, a special press conference was called in the Propaganda Ministry. Trumpet fanfares, special communiqués, purported eye-witness accounts by breathless Nazi radio reporters, and the new pep tune, “Bombs on England,” kept the German radio running at white heat throughout the day and the whole following week. It was announced that Goering had taken supreme command of the operations from his battle headquarters on the Channel Coast. Later we were informed that he had flown over London in a bomber. Dr. Karl Boemer, head of the Foreign Press Department in the Propaganda Ministry, began seriously making plans for flying a party of foreign correspondents over to “see the victory parade in London.” In moments of alcoholic elation, to which he was much given and to which he later owed his downfall, he remarked that he

expected soon to be making his headquarters in Buckingham Palace!

By September 9th the Germans claimed to be able to detect a weakening of the British defences. It was asserted that half-trained airmen were being thrown into the battle and that bomber pilots were being sent up in Spitfires and Hurricanes owing to the heavy casualties among British fighter pilots. On September 12th a high officer from the German Air Ministry told a small group of foreign correspondents that if the British continued losing planes at the rate they then were alleged by the Germans to be losing them, "the R.A.F. will not be able to hold out for more than another two weeks." He added that in some parts of the country old double-decker Gloster Gladiator fighters were reappearing, which he said the German Air Ministry regarded as clear proof that the R.A.F. already had lost the greater part of its Spitfires and Hurricanes. This talk was of particular interest, because it was off-the-record and merely for our guidance. For that reason I think it was not mere propaganda but to a considerable extent genuinely reflected the beliefs of the German Air Ministry at that time.

What the full losses in the Battle of Britain on both sides actually were probably will not be known until after the war. The German High Command figures, in any event, were obviously "doctored" and we knew they were completely untrustworthy. One fact stood out, however, after the first three weeks—that Hitler's attempt to drive the R.A.F. from the skies had failed and that the powerful, numerically far superior Luftwaffe had taken such punishment, despite the concentration of its blows, that it had been compelled virtually to give up massed daylight raids and to resort to night attacks on London. In other words, the Luftwaffe had sustained a major defeat. The Germans, of course, never admitted this, but the facts spoke for themselves. In any events, the aerial blitzkrieg which had been intended to soften up the British Isles for invasion had failed. Instead, the Nazis were compelled to resort to what they now describe as "wearing-down tactics." The wearing-down attacks continued for a time against London and were diverted some months later to various large provincial cities, including the main ports and industrial centres, which were

subjected to a series of ruthless assaults by massed fleets of bombers. The German object now apparently was to smash up British armaments factories and disrupt as far as possible the whole economic life of the country. After a last blitz on London on the night of May 10th-11th the Air Fleets of Marshals Kesselring and Sperrle were transferred from France to the Eastern Front. The first stage of Germany's air war against Britain had ended without the destruction of the British Isles, and the second stage of the British air war against Germany was beginning.

Chapter 17

"CONDITIONING" WILLI SCHULTZ

THE German whom Hitler sent fighting into Poland and Russia, west as far as the American seaboard, north to the Arctic Circle, and south to the Nile, or whose nose he thrust to the grindstone on the home front for the duration—this man had long been "conditioned" to help Hitler wage his wars. The process was as calculated and ruthless in its way as war itself, only it was against one's own people.

Assuming that he had not been a Socialist, a Communist or a Jew, in which case he got the limit early, this in broad outline is what happened to Willi Schultz, that mythical "average German," to bring him into line with what Hitler required of him:—

Once the Nazis were in iron control of the country, they were able to start on a system of "discipline" at home parallel to the campaign for expansion abroad. These two things had to go hand in hand of course, leading up to the time when Hitler wanted to combine them in real warfare.

When Hitler came into power it didn't take Willi Schultz long to realize that as an individual he didn't count any longer. The phrase *Gemeinnutz vor Eigennutz* (the common welfare before individual welfare) was one of the first of the Nazi catchwords trotted out to show him his place in the community. One by one the individual rights which he had enjoyed were taken away from him. His telegrams and his letters were no longer simply his own affair, they were no longer private; the Secret Police listened in on his telephone. He was not entitled to meet with his friends in "free assembly"; his home could be invaded at any time; gone was his "castle." His neighbour and even his children were encouraged to denounce him for anything he said that might be anti-Nazi. Internationalism ended with the Olympic Games in 1936. No sooner had the Reich bid the last of its guests a smiling good-bye (and it had been a wonderful party) than they really started whittling away at Willi Schultz's contacts with the outside world. If Willi had been a member of any international organization, like a Bible

society, the Esperantists, or the Masons, his connections were rudely cut and the German branches of his organization suppressed. Hitler once said that all international organizations were dangerous, because not only were they in a position to inform their members on matters which the government might not want them to know, but they preached peace, and "people responded more readily to peace than to anything else." If one wanted the people to go the way the Nazis had chosen, he said, they must be kept hard and belligerent, and what Hitler said was law.

Yes, they isolated Willi Schultz properly. He couldn't take much of a journey abroad on the ten marks they allowed him in foreign currency, and it wasn't long before listening to foreign radio stations became a crime. Willi became like a guinea-pig in the fine social laboratory that they were running! They gave him the "strong leadership" they told him he had asked for and in time he couldn't even take part in those plebiscites Hitler used to let him vote in to approve the union with Austria and such things. Hitler took over the approval and Dr. Joseph Goebbels and Heinrich Himmler, blithe spirits of the loud-speaker and the concentration camp, went on conditioning Willi Schultz.

Early in the game they had started to make him realize how badly he had been treated in the world; he was "politically awakened" and made to see not only that the yoke of Versailles was galling his neck but that the other powers were "encircling" him, to be sure that even if he got out from under Versailles he was still in a trap.

Did the Nazis overshoot the mark in giving Willi Schultz a persecution complex and making a maladjusted creature out of him? Probably it wasn't wrong from the Nazi point of view, since they wanted Willi to go to war, to unite all the Willis in a snarling spirit that made them willing to die for what they felt so bitterly.

It was a dirty trick on Willi as a man. It made him ignorant, suspicious, bewildered, mean. They hammered into him a vocabulary of violence in which the words "rape," "persecution," "defeat," "blood," became banners, but over which the finest white flag of all fluttered, the *Ehre und Stolz*—the honour and pride—which one felt to be German.

Through the daily crescendo of shocks cushioned by circuses, pomp and pageantry, Willi Schultz became "co-ordinated," and swung into line to the Nazi doctrine in his work, his home, his religion, his whole life. He *heiled* Hitler and hoisted his arm, not because he wanted to, but because he was afraid not to. He probably felt foolish in this unnatural jerking up of his arm, or maybe just his hand, into the air, but he felt less foolish than he would if he hadn't done it. All the others were doing it, so Willi went on doing it too: giving this outward sign of support whatever he felt in his heart. Maybe it was discipline rather than loyalty, but no matter what he had started out being, Willi Schultz was dragged deeper and deeper into the Nazi morass. And, isolated from any voices from the outside world, he had to listen to the insistent voices of the Nazi propagandists within his own country and they influenced him whether he wanted to be influenced or not and whether he knew it or not.

Sometimes, perhaps, when you were having lunch with Herr Schultz, he asked you in a tone which was half accusing, half aggrieved: "Why do all the rest of you hate us—the rest of the world? Why interfere in what we are doing?"

And if you let fly and told Willi a lot of things that he didn't know because he was isolated in this laboratory of the National Socialist Revolution, he was incredulous. If you told him about a lot of things that the Nazis were doing abroad, in *other people's* countries, to threaten *their* security, he couldn't believe it. If you told him some of the truths about the way the Austrian and Czech questions had been solved, about the real build-up of the invasion of Poland, he answered you precisely what he had read in his newspapers or heard on his radio, because that was all he knew.

Usually he told you that the Treaty of Versailles was to blame and he linked the British in with keeping Germany the underdog. The Nazi propagandists had told—and just about convinced—Willi that he had not after all *lost* the war in 1918; he had been let down at home; and after honourably laying down his arms had been betrayed in the making of the peace. All of this betrayal he had to avenge and National Socialism was there to do it for him. So Willi

simply couldn't understand why the world "detested the Germans."

When you told him that the world didn't just "detest the Germans" out of sheer incanness, but detested the methods by which the Nazis had gone about solving a lot of their internal and external problems, he had no real answer. You told him that everybody had problems, every individual and every nation, but that people couldn't go round solving their problems by cutting other people's throats without causing resentment, to put it mildly, or without running foul of the law. Still Willi couldn't see the Nazis as international lawbreakers because he had been told again that, since the others wouldn't give the Germans what they demanded as their just rights, they had to get them by whatever means they could. War included.

Willi Schultz, if he became really tinged with Nazism, was a pretty sticky proposition.

I asked one Willi Schultz whether he had ever had a man come into his office just after getting out of a concentration camp, as I had fairly often. Willi looked uncomfortable. This is about the way the visit would run, I explained to Willi. The office boy comes in and tells you that someone wants to see you who won't give his name. This nettles you and you tell the boy that you'll have to have a name. He goes out, comes back and says that the man asks whether you remember such and such a vacation at such and such a Black Forest resort. You rush out and exclaim: "Good Lord, man! Where have you been? I haven't heard from you all this time! Come in!"

The lines around his mouth are bitter, wry, and his smile is like that, too. Little by little he tells you what happened.

He was picked up and herded together with a bunch of other men—druggists, watchmakers, professors, clerks—who were being taken off to concentration camp on one charge or another. It was winter, probably. After they had marched to the camp they were told to stand up in the courtyard until they could be examined and registered. They stood for two hours and it began to get very cold and perhaps dark. Not a word was spoken. They stood for five hours and the cold and discomfort began to be excruciating. Some of the older ones began to pale. Six, seven, eight and nine hours,

deep into the night. Some of them dropped in the ranks and were hauled off by the guards. From time to time a man would ask timidly whether he could go to the toilet and permission was gruffly given. Many of the men had just light overcoats on. Perhaps it rained. They kept standing. Fifteen hours, and it began to be light again. Twenty hours.

The longest test of this sort that I heard about was twenty-six hours. About a third of the men collapsed. There was no real reason for making them wait. It was just a beginning or introduction to that studied, cold mercilessness which they were going to have to live under anyhow, a careful, planned working out of the way to make someone feel most uncomfortable, most miserable. After they got weeded out and settled into barracks, the days took on the routine of senseless occupation that was part of the whole scheme. A military whistle routed them out at five o'clock in the morning. The guards made them spring out of bed in unison and stand at attention. At night it was the same thing. They had to hop into bed in unison and if one man spoiled the pattern they had to jump out and then back into bed again until it was perfect. It amused the guards and that was the only reason for it.

"And what did you have to do around the camp?" I asked. The answer was: "Well, there wasn't very much useful work to be done really. But the guards had instructions to keep us busy and they did. We would dig holes, load the soil into wheelbarrows and push it through heavy sand to a dump about a hundred yards away. Then another crew would come along, fill their wheelbarrows from the dump and bring the soil back to throw it into the same hole that we were digging. Then they would make us do the frog hop and the log roll, which consisted of hopping around on your heels or rolling across the ground with your arms folded until, if you happened not to be in good physical condition, you fainted."

"Well, those were pretty stupid things to make you do," I said. "But they weren't particularly dangerous, were they?"

"No, not unless you were quite old. But the guards had other tricks, especially if they thought you weren't doing your full share. The thumb twist was one. This was a device for twisting the thumb back upon the hand. It was fixed to

the hand and allowed to remain there. The doctors said that six minutes was the limit of normal human endurance, but I've known guards to allow them to stay on for fifteen and eighteen minutes with strong men. Another diversion was 'racing the bullet,' a little game in which the guards sent you rushing into the forest to look for some non-existent object and then picked you off among the trees. The entry in the records was always 'shot while attempting to escape.'"

"Who were these guards and how did they get that way?" I asked. The answer was that they were eighteen-, nineteen-, twenty-year-old S.S. men, always teamed with an older and more experienced guardian, who literally schooled them in cruelty. If they weren't tough enough for it and tended to leniency they were themselves either subjected to discipline or sent home. I knew one such case of a boy who "couldn't take it." He was seventeen years old and he returned to his parents' home from the Labour Service camp in the Baltic states where he was doing cleaning-up work after the defeat of the Russian forces there.

At first he was simply moody, didn't talk much, seemed to have something weighing on his mind. He wouldn't tell his parents what the matter was, but when things got to the point where he would wake crying at night and even have crying spells during the day, the family doctor was called in and he finally got out of the boy what the trouble was. "I . . . I simply couldn't do it any more," he said miserably. "Do what?" asked the doctor, and the boy blurted out: "I . . . just couldn't . . . kill any more Jews with my shovel! They made us beat them over the head until they were dead!"

Willi Schultz knew of some of these details by hearsay and he agreed that they were ghastly. "But what can I do?" he asked. "What can I possibly do? The minute I raise my finger to protest against any of this I run a risk myself. I know I can talk to you, but anybody else might denounce me."

So, in a state where everybody is encouraged to tattle on everybody else, where everybody is his brother's keeper in the grimmest possible sense, where great professional spy services are maintained by individual leading Nazis to spy on one another, Willi Schultz suffered a moral collapse. If

he had individual initiative and will he dared not express it. Ruthlessness and brutality against the Jews, the non-conformists, all of the countless "enemies," swept over him like the breakers in a big surf.

There are lots of Willi Schultzes in Germany. He's a labourer or a shopkeeper or an industrialist or a general. How did he ever come to vote Adolf Hitler into power or to go on supporting him after he gained power?

Well, Willi Schultz was not averse to seeing the Germans get a place in the sun. Propagandists against the Versailles *Diktat* found him a ready listener. Internal conditions were in a mess. Hitler claimed he had the solution.

If there was one thing that Herr Schultz liked, it was a man who agreed to take his troubles off his shoulders, to make the decisions for him, to lead him to comfort and happiness and glory. Hitler was very positive and assured about all this. He didn't compromise with difficulty. He knew all the answers. He was persuasive and he talked a language that reached a lot of Willi Schultzes, sometimes touched a chord of ancient tribalism in them.

As time went on and Hitler pulled a lot of rabbits out of hats (reintroduction of universal conscription in open defiance of the Treaty of Versailles; occupation of the Rhineland; the Austrian *Anschluss*; the conquest of Czechoslovakia; the recovery of Memel) and didn't get the country into war, Willi Schultz was impressed. Even when Germany went to war against Poland, Norway, Belgium, France, Greece, Hitler continued to pile success on success and Willi continued to be impressed. He wasn't jubilant. He never cheered the communiqués. But he was awed; and it gave him, too, a sense of still pride that Germany was proving to the world how strong she was.

There were things about Hitler's programme that the various Willis didn't like, as well as things that they did like. If Willi was a Catholic it's a certainty that he didn't like Hitler's Church policy but did perhaps like his foreign policy. If Willi was an officer in the Army he very definitely approved Hitler's restoring the armed forces to their old position of prestige and power, though he rejected a great deal of the Nazis' radical "ideology." But even if he disliked more about the programme than he liked—including

the various tightening restrictions on food and clothing and all his liberties—he couldn't think, as the years went on, of any alternative to the Hitler regime. Any change-over would mean revolution, since the Nazis were so strong, and rather than risk revolution it would be better to go on with Hitler. Nor could any other potential regime guarantee to get him more than Hitler was getting him.

What finally enabled Hitler to unite the Germans in a bond of self-interest was war, and through war he finally identified the nation with the Nazi aims. Unable to extricate himself after the Polish campaign, Hitler dragged the entire country and every Willi Schultz in it along in war up to their necks. Whether Willi Schultz went on fighting, first in the West and then in Russia, became progressively not so much a question of whether he was a Nazi or not but of whether he wanted to save his skin as a German. Hitler made his war a German struggle in this sense.

Willi accepted this dumping of the war into his lap, although he did not welcome it. He would have been pleased with a victory over Poland—if the fighting could have stopped there. The campaign in the West was not in the true sense a popular campaign. And in spite of the fury with which the invasion of Russia was launched (at least partially as the result of twenty years of Nazi thundering against the Bolsheviks) it was only then that the really grimmest vista of what the war might become opened before Willi. Most especially with Hitler's declaration of war on the United States. With the attack on Russia, German morale became subjected to real pressure, and all the Willis, having been conditioned for so many years to doing without things, really now began to know what the demands of war meant. With the mounting losses on the Eastern Front and the deterioration of living conditions inside Germany, tension and complaint were bound to increase.

Once I asked a Nazi: "What liberty have you left the people?" He replied: "The right to gripe at their hardships." I caught an undertone in his laugh which seemed to me to represent the Nazis' whole cynical attitude towards the position of the individual in the Nazi state.

With the start of the Russian war, however, the Nazis were forced to take cognizance of the extent of this griping

and its potential danger. A few months after the invasion of Russia morale in the Reich had reached a point where stringent measures were found necessary. In addition to the available uniformed police forces (already increased by some 40 per cent since the beginning of the war in 1939) and the Gestapo, another small army was banded together by the Ministry of the Interior specifically to combat defeatism. This army was made up of some 250,000 Storm Troopers and so-called "political functionaries" of the Party, and it was divided into units throughout the Reich of about thirty men each. The duties of these units were to keep a special watch and to report on grumbling in beer halls, cafés, restaurants, shops and other public places of all kinds, as well as, insofar as it was possible, in the homes. Proprietors of shops, under threat of punishment, were required to report to these units which of their clients were chronic gripers, which had grumbled about the shortage of food and clothing, who had criticized the Nazi Party or the men who were running the war. The concierges of apartment houses were instructed to keep careful lists of the tenants, checking those who did not go to the air-raid cellars or who grumbled in the cellars; those who told anti-Nazi jokes or who gossiped too freely about damage caused in previous raids. The Minister of the Interior sent out special instructions re-cautioning members of the Hitler Youth that they were to make careful reports about anti-Nazi or defeatist remarks which they heard, even in their homes, made by members of the family, guests or servants. The official attitude, as expressed in a special circular to S.A. and S.S. officers from the Ministry of the Interior, was that "defeatists and grumblers are as bad as spies and traitors."

With this kind of snooping and tattling going on, it is no wonder that Willi Schultz today looks over his shoulder before saying anything, ventures no more on the telephone than the bare essentials of conversation, and suspects the discretion—if not the good faith—even of members of his own family.

In all the years that I have watched what was going on in Germany—watched Willi Schultz being bent by Hitler into an ethical and political pretzel—I wondered whether he would ever straighten out again by himself. It seemed to

me that, out of sheer self-respect, Willi some day would simply have to rise up in one great surge of revulsion. I don't know when, for I have almost given up trying to figure the limits of Willi's capacity for coercion and sacrifice. Maybe in his secret heart, sick of the war, sick of the sheer grey grinness of what life has become, Willi—at his workbench, ploughing the fields, at a desk, on the front—already feels that Hitler has turned out to be a bad bargain. But one thing now, even more than the Gestapo, makes Willi keep his feelings to himself, and that is the fear of defeat. His masters have pictured plainly what that would mean for him.

Chapter 18

THIRD REICH—FOURTH ESTATE

WILLI SCHULTZ has a mind. A decade ago, when Hitler and little Dr. Goebbels came to power, they realized they would have to do something about that. Now Willi still has a mind, but it's no longer his own. His heart belongs to Hitler, and his mind belongs to Goebbels.

Hitler and Goebbels have slapped Willi into a rigid mental quarantine. They control what he is taught, what he reads, what he sees and what he is told. By this system, officially known as "Public Enlightenment and Propaganda," they have in time reached the point where they can even control what Willi thinks.

The Nazi propaganda machine, at home and abroad, plays almost as great a part in Hitler's blueprint for world domination as the Army, the Air Force, the Navy, or the Gestapo. With it Hitler has won his own people, made bloodless conquests abroad and even caused some of the conquered people to accept the totalitarian principles. Propaganda is being used today to undermine the morale of Germany's enemies and weaken their resistance. It constitutes a fourth fighting service, along with the Army, Navy and Air Force. Here is how it has worked at home and abroad.

Hitler, in the basic principles of Nazi propaganda he laid down two decades ago, frankly rejects the principle of a free press and free speech, one of the corner stones of American

liberties, in favour of what the Nazis term a "responsible press." Goebbels' own metaphor is probably the best explanation: the German press, he says, is an orchestra (a brass band would be more apt) to be directed by the government with a view to the education and entertainment of the people. The responsibility of an American newspaper is to inform the people. But the responsibility of the German press, a responsibility not to its readers but to the State, is to incite, encourage, denounce, convince, infuriate, frighten and hearten, to point with pride and to view with scorn; in short, to sell the Nazi Party to Germany and the world, and, only secondarily if at all, to inform.

Objectivity, keystone of the American press, the principle of telling a story by the facts alone, is a term sneered at by the German propaganda powers. Alternately they claim it is a deception practised on the reading public, a license which constitutes treason, or despise it as a decadent moral restriction on the pliability of the press in fulfilment of its higher duties to the State.

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler divides the reading public into three groups: "Firstly, those who believe everything they read; secondly, those who no longer believe anything; thirdly, those who critically examine what they have read and judge accordingly."

The first group, Hitler finds, is by far the largest, and the press, controlled by the State, is charged with the "continuing education" of this group.

Today, since the masses rule the ballot, the decisive value lies with the group which is numerically strongest, and this is the first group: the drove of the simple and gullible. It is a national and public interest of first importance to keep these people from falling into the hands of inferior, unknowing or even malevolent educators. The State therefore has the duty to watch over their education and prevent any mischief. It must particularly exercise surveillance over the press. . . . The State must not let itself be swindled and humbugged by this so-called "freedom of the press" . . . it must with ruthless determination secure for itself the means for educating the people, and harness it for the service of the State and Nation.

To this fundamental principle the Nazi bible adds the following rules:—

Propaganda must appeal for ever and only to the masses. . . . All propaganda has to be popular and has to adapt its spiritual level to the perception of the least intelligent of those toward whom it is directed.

All effective propaganda has to limit itself to only a very few points, using them as catchwords until the very last man can imagine what is meant by such a word . . . it must confine itself to little and repeat this eternally.

Propaganda's task is not to evaluate the various rights, but far more to stress exclusively the one that is to be represented by it . . . love and hate, right or wrong, truth or lie, but never half this and half that . . . as soon as even a shadow of right on the other side is admitted by your own propaganda, the ground for doubting one's own right is laid.

Hitler adds that the people must never be shown more than one objective or one enemy at any time. As a result, the German people today find themselves at war against a "Bolshevistic-Plutocratic-Democratic-Imperialistic-Capitalistic-Jewish world conspiracy," according to Goebbels—six adjectives hyphenated into one enemy!

Hitler sets forth several other techniques which he characterizes as evils of the pre-Hitler "Jewish press" in Germany, but which Goebbels has been able to use himself: the flagrant phony and the red herring. The first Hitler outlines as follows:—

In the size of the lie there is always a certain factor for belief, since the great masses of a people . . . themselves perhaps also lie sometimes over trifles, yet would certainly be too ashamed to tell super-lies. Thus they will be unable to believe possible the enormous impudence of absolutely infamous lies by other persons.

As for the red-herring technique, Hitler, describing his youth in Vienna, confessed himself astounded by the ease with which trifles could be turned into affairs of state, while vital issues were "stolen from the minds and the memory of the masses."

On these principles—simplicity of appeal, limited ideas and objectives, thousandfold repetition, sharp black-and-white, the sheer impudence of the flagrant phony and the mental sleight-of-hand of the red herring—Hitler and Goebbels have built the machine which controls the minds and thoughts of the Nazi millions.

Originally written for the direction of propaganda in Germany, these rules were applied by Goebbels to his subsequent job as the world's greatest salesman in peddling Nazism to the world. For despite the Nazi protest that Nazism is not for export, the German Propaganda Minister plans to dominate the world press just as he now directs his German "orchestra," and part of the machinery for this regimented world press has already been established. In December, 1941, in Vienna, German propaganda officials and the press stooges of their satellite nations established the "World Press Union," conceived within the framework of the expanded Anti-Comintern Pact, dominated by Germany and dedicated to the proposition that the "responsible" press, no longer free, will function throughout the world as a tool of a victorious Greater Germany and an international National Socialism.

"The Union of National Journalistic Associations," the constitution states, "is a union of national professional journalistic societies or syndicates who are willing to bring the principle of journalistic responsibility into international application."

Translated into straightforward English, the Union and its member associations guarantee a docile press committed to the principle that the press serves, not its readers, but the State.

Nazi propaganda officers have told me of plans for a network of World Press Union clubhouses throughout Europe, where travelling correspondents may live and work, with information, facilities and contacts furnished them at the clubhouse, an ideal simplification of their problems. They neglected to add that such clubhouses would simplify the work of the Propaganda Ministry in dishing out its propaganda, and that of the Gestapo in watching over foreign correspondents. How simple it will be to have the "taps" and dictaphones built right into the telephone system, as

they are at the Press Clubs in Berlin, instead of having to plant them in each individual correspondent's home!

The World Press Union held its first Congress April 10th, 1942, in the Palace of the Doges in Venice. Three hundred representatives of fifteen nations met under the presidency of a Storm Troop officer, SA-Obergruppenfuehrer Wilhelm Weiss of the *Voelkischer Beobachter*. The Congress, Weiss said, constituted "a protest against the demoralization of peoples by irresponsible journalism, against the enslavement of the press in the service of international capitalism, against the misuse of the press for unscrupulous incitement of the people, and against press lies and distortion of the truth."

Dr. Goebbels' representative, Reichs Press Chief Otto Dietrich, in the name of propaganda and public enlightenment, welcomed to the Congress the representatives of Germany, Italy, Japan, Spain, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Slovakia and Croatia. The other six members of the Union were not identified in accounts of the Congress. (Manchukuo, Denmark, Finland, and the Nanking government, as additional signatories of the Anti-Comintern renewal in November, may have been represented.)

In the World Press Union is embodied the keystone of the German theory of propaganda: the press as the instrument of the State. If, through the World Press Union, Goebbels' plans to control the world press as he now controls his own should ever come to fruition, this weapon in one or two decades could give him a control over vanquished nations that German armies of occupation could never hope for.

"What I tell you three times is true," Lewis Carroll's Bellman says in "The Hunting of the Snark." Americans who have not been in Nazi Germany, who have not talked to its subjects or been exposed to the daily hammering of German propaganda, will find it difficult to realize this cumulative effect of the Goebbels machine over a period of years.

To duplicate the effect on a smaller scale, imagine a man held incommunicado in a cell for ten years, receiving his only information about the outside world from one instructor assigned to him for that purpose. Within ten years the instructor could convince the prisoner that Canada, by

its insistence on retaining Ontario, was the outstanding threat to World Peace; that Father Divine had become President; or that the English people had been enslaved by a King reverting to divine right, with Commons suppressed and calling to America for liberation. Such an example may help explain how the German people could be told, after Pearl Harbour, that 90 per cent of the American people oppose Roosevelt's policies, and that the United States attacked Japan on December 6th with Pearl Harbour as "Japan's answer to U.S. aggression."

The tricks of the confidence man, the magician's sleight-of-hand, the swindler's distortion of facts, all have been combined, improved and scientifically applied to the task of the German Propaganda Ministry. Some of the techniques of German propaganda can be illustrated by a few recent examples:—

Outright lies. When Jews in Germany were ordered to wear the David's Star, the Propaganda Ministry, through the schools and its well-oiled machinery for whispering campaigns, spread the word that the measure was a reprisal for a federal law requiring all Germans in the United States to wear a "G" (for German) superimposed on a swastika worn over the heart. American correspondents finally forced from the press-conference spokesmen an admission that the German government had received no such report, and a denial that the report had official backing, but these denials never reached the German people.

A front-page story in *Voelkischer Beobachter*, date-lined from the United States five months after Hitler declared war on the United States, after reporting that convicts in a Southwestern penitentiary had volunteered to form "suicide squads" for the United States Army, brazenly added: "Recallably Roosevelt already has accepted the offer of his old friend Al Capone to train American troops in street fighting."

Hypocrisy. Despite the recurrent struggle between the Nazi Party and the Church in Germany, the Russian campaign is presented to the German people and to Europe as a "holy crusade against the anti-Christ Russians," with stories asserting that churches in Russia had been turned into garages or stables, that Ukrainians held their first

church services in twenty years to offer thanks for the German victory, and so on. Similarly the German press bitterly denounces foreign governments for censorship or political arrests, accepted prerogatives of government in Germany. Thus when Voroshilov and Budyenny were transferred to new commands in the autumn of 1941, the German press screamed that they had been arrested by the OGPU and were awaiting execution. Brauchitsch and Von Rundstedt, of course, resigned for reasons of health.

Distortion and misrepresentation. Germany's High Command communiqués can only rarely be caught in an outright lie that can be proved, but some of their reformulations of military fact are extremely thin. In the case of their retreat from Rostov late in 1941, for example, the High Command announced that German troops had withdrawn from the centre of Rostov to allow punitive action (bombardment of the town, presumably) against the civilian population for attacking the German rear. The retreat was never admitted, but several days later the communiqué admitted fighting before Taganrog, well west of Rostov. Two weeks later, with the Germans in North Africa retreating from Cyrenaica before Auchinleck's offensive, the High Command announced: "In North Africa Axis troops continued to break off contact with the enemy according to plan."

Another example of distortion was the case of Roosevelt's letter to Stalin, promising Lease-Lend aid, which DNB obtained in a manner yet to be explained. DNB issued the text with the salutation and signature altered to expressions of extreme intimacy, indicating, according to DNB, that Roosevelt and Stalin had been leagued together for years in planning "Russia's attack on Germany."

Roosevelt on another occasion was stated to have dictated the major portions of a pamphlet advocating the sterilization of all able-bodied German males and division of Germany among her neighbours.

Another misrepresentation frequently used by the Germans is to make German home-front propaganda appear to come from abroad. Thus German press comment, quoted for example in a Swiss paper, will be reprinted in Germany as the Swiss paper's own editorial. "News items" written in

Germany may appear under Berne, Stockholm, Geneva, Amsterdam, Lisbon or Ankara date lines. Interviews with German leaders are "planted" abroad through friendly agencies or papers, and where foreign papers are quoted, they are frequently Nazi-dominated newspapers such as the Copenhagen *Faedrelandet*, which before Denmark's occupation was read by only a handful of Danes but was represented by the German press as one of Denmark's leading newspapers.

Part truths. When Portugal's President Salazar spoke in the spring of 1942, the German press picked up only his statement that Portugal would defend her neutrality against all offenders, implying that the statement was aimed entirely at Great Britain and the United States. Germany ignored completely his remark reaffirming Portugal's ancient alliance with Great Britain.

Suppression of unfavourable news. When the U.S. destroyer *Reuben James* was torpedoed and sunk off Iceland, it was days before the German press mentioned it, and then only indirectly in a reference to the "*Greer, Kearney and Reuben James* incidents engineered by Roosevelt." The *Reuben James* was not even identified as having been sunk.

When a flotilla of German destroyers was wiped out at Narvik, the fact was admitted with the explanation that, like the *Bismarck*, they had exhausted their ammunition. Not until more than eighteen months had gone by were the destroyers in the flotilla identified by name as Germany's latest, and the fact that there were ten of them was concealed for two months. On April 10th, 1940, the High Command admitted the loss of the cruisers *Bluecher* and *Karlsruhe* in the Norwegian campaign, but not until June 13th was the loss of a third unidentified cruiser admitted. The naval handbook in November, 1941, finally identified the third cruiser as the *Koenigsberg*.

Similarly the fact that the Russians throughout the winter of 1941-1942 held one German army encircled was vigorously denied by the Germans for more than four months, until relief troops finally fought their way through to the encircled army at the beginning of spring.

Innuendo, smearing and name-calling. The Nazi regime

has advanced the technique of name-calling to a new height of hate and hysteria, so that leading statesmen of enemy nations rarely are mentioned without accompanying scurrilous personal attacks. Roosevelt, for example, has been characterized by the official spokesman of the Foreign Office, Dr. Paul Schmidt, as "the feeble-minded cripple in the White House." Churchill is generally represented as a dipsomaniac. Dr. Schmidt's assistant, Baron von Stumm, devoted ten minutes of one press conference to assailing Knox as a "bloody pirate" for displaying a captured Nazi flag at a Washington press conference before Pearl Harbour. Señor Taborda, who ran a South American investigation of subversive activities, is assailed as a white-slaver in the German press. German magazines for months serialized lurid accounts of Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan's loss of a wallet in Sofia, and U.S. Minister George Earle's "bottle fight" in a Sofia cabaret.

The great majority of the name-calling, however, has been reserved for Roosevelt. He has been called a liar, gangster, forger, war-monger, lunatic, war profiteer, imperialist, manic-depressive and megalomaniac. German papers have claimed to trace his Jewish ancestry, have accused him of profiting from Germany's inflation panic of 1923, and "unmasked" him as a high Mason through papers seized in a raid on a Norwegian lodge—the latter a fact they could have discovered by looking in *Who's Who*.

Even a dead man is not safe from Nazi innuendo. In May, 1940, our Berlin bureau was stunned to learn that Webb Miller, one of the world's outstanding foreign correspondents, had fallen to his death from a London train during a black-out. A minor Foreign Office press officer had the idea of using Webb's death to discredit the British Secret Service; a story was therefore launched "from Amsterdam" that Webb had been murdered by the British Secret Service. DNB was used to carry stories under an Amsterdam date line with this implication. At the noon press conference a dummy was induced to ask whether there was any substance to the report, and von Stumm evasively answered that the reports emanated from Holland and there must be some truth in them.

Fred Oechsner cabled London to rush everything avail-

able of an official nature to refute the rumours. But by the time of the afternoon conference he had only the coroner's report, a dry document merely pronouncing it accidental death and describing the injuries. A post-card could have told as much.

During a split-second pause at the conclusion of the conference, however, Fred, seated near the officials' table at the front of the room, rose and said he would like to reopen the matter of Webb Miller's death to read an official statement. There were looks of surprise at the front table, hurried, whispered conferences, and finally the answer: No, it could not be permitted. Discredited by the obvious confession of the weakness, even falsity, of their case, as evidenced by the general rustle of laughter among the correspondents at the conference, the officials filed out. No further stories were printed.

Red herrings. In the German press, sheer propaganda often takes precedence over legitimate news in all papers despite important stories breaking simultaneously; the propaganda, in fact, often serves as a smoke-screen or a counter-attack against that news. On the day the Atlantic Charter was announced, for example, two special High Command communiqués of victories in the Ukraine, with all the attendant drum-rolls and triple fanfares, were held up until time for the afternoon conference, and then released to allow the correspondents as little time as possible to ask for reaction to the Atlantic meeting. This smoke-screen was maintained for fifteen days, without a direct answer to the Atlantic Charter, until the Germans were ready to announce the four-day meeting of Hitler and Mussolini as a counter-attack.

Two other specialized techniques deserve mention: the rule that any statement of the Reich government or the High Command is irrefutable and may not be questioned, and the trick of stating as a fact one day what was admitted to be a rumour the day before.

As an example of the infallibility of the Reich government, German papers unanimously screamed "ROOSEVELT LIES!" when, the day after the German government had given its version of the *Greer* incident, Roosevelt in a press conference stuck to the U.S. Navy's report, giving no

credence to the Nazi story. On a later occasion, Dr. Schmidt called a special press conference to read the German government's answers to Roosevelt's charges concerning the *Greer*, the *Kearney*, the Nazi map for the redivision of South America and the Nazi church plan. Schmidt's authorized commentary concluded: "The Reich government has spoken—Roosevelt is thereby confounded!"

The rumour-to-truth technique is even more amazing. Late in 1941, DNB, under a Berne date line, reported that rumours were current in Havana that the United States Secret Service had threatened to assassinate Cuban President Fulgencio Batista because he would not follow Roosevelt's orders. Two days later another DNB story discussing "U.S. terrorism in Latin America" included the sentence: "Recallably an attempt by the American Secret Service to assassinate Batista has been foiled recently."

The risk of serious blunder in such a technique is no deterrent to the Nazis. Shortly after Manila fell, they reported that the U.S. Secret Service had actually assassinated Philippine President Manuel Quezon because he refused to establish a government outside the Philippines. When Quezon turned up in Australia a few weeks later to make a speech, there was no retraction or correction of the earlier story; instead the poor corpse was viciously assailed for "inciting the Australians into war in the service of Jewish-Anglo-American imperialism."

As effective as the technique of German propaganda is the machinery through which it operates: press, radio, movies, music and mass meetings.

To any American arriving in Berlin, the most striking example of Goebbels' handiwork is the deadly similarity of all the German newspapers—identical content, identical tone, sometimes even identical wording; the well-drilled symphony of Goebbels' propaganda orchestra.

This is achieved by the daily conferences for the German press, in recent years closely guarded secret meetings as far as foreigners are concerned, to which the German editors came for their instructions. Despite heavy penalties for any editor who reveals to unauthorized persons the details of these meetings, the general outline was known to American

newsmen in Berlin both from private sources and from obvious signs in the daily German press itself.

Twice a day the editors gather for the meetings, knowing that the man next to them or the man behind them may be an agent of the Gestapo, represented at every press conference in Berlin. If there is big news, the Nazi Press Chief himself, Dietrich, may be there to tell them in blunt and forceful words exactly what they will write. Otherwise, they will be told by some Propaganda Minister underling what line to take in their comment, make-up and content. Representatives of the Foreign Office and the High Command sit in to give special instructions and are also available for questioning.

Several times a day, special confidential instructions are issued to editors through DNB, expanding their orders for the day. These even detail the wording and size of headlines, stories to be played up, and lines of reasoning for editorials. From time to time these instructions have fallen into American hands, including, for example, the following late in 1941: "Last month the Luftwaffe got most of the credit for sinking ships. This month you will run more Propaganda Company reports of submarine cruises, pictures of submarine commanders, and round-ups on submarine activity."

One of the high points of 1941 for the foreign press came when a Propaganda Ministry official assigned to both the domestic and foreign press conferences, forgetting which group he was addressing, began his remarks: "Gentlemen, today you are to write the following . . ."

He stammered in confusion as snickers filled the hall, apologized, and then hurried into a series of minor news bulletins.

Special instructions go to the provincial press, the papers in occupied territories, the front newspapers for the troops, each intended for a specific audience. The German papers in occupied countries often carried decrees and death sentences which never reached the Berlin papers of DNB, while the provincial press was allowed to report local air raids in greater detail. At the same time, with their readers farther removed from foreign influences, these papers allowed the propaganda machine a little more leeway.

The Reich's radio network receives almost no special instructions for its news broadcasts, because it does not prepare them. They are sent to the studios by teleprinter from the Propaganda Ministry shortly before each scheduled broadcast, fully written out and with the sequence of news items plainly indicated. The radio news-casters did receive one instruction in 1941, however: at the time when a raucous, heckling voice began making comments between the items on news broadcasts, the announcers were told to speed up their delivery and omit the pause between news items until technicians could locate and counteract the Russian station over which the interruptions were transmitted.

The news broadcasts make up only a small proportion of the Nazi radio programmes, but the day's broadcasting schedule is nevertheless more than 90 per cent propaganda in one form or another. At frequent intervals there are military commentaries, prepared by the High Command, and at least once a day political and press commentaries prepared by the Propaganda Ministry. The first hour and a half each morning is devoted to transmission of messages to individual soldiers from the home front. Extensive time is devoted to broadcasts by Propaganda Company radiomen, some of them actual eye-witness broadcasts from the front, or even from planes in the air over the lines, others made in the studios with battle noises dubbed in, based on accounts telegraphed or mailed back from the front. Every Sunday afternoon Germany's best entertainment talent stages a request variety broadcast for the troops, on which one of the favourite numbers is a German parody of "I'm gonna hang my washing on the Siegfried Line."

Thus even music has been harnessed into the propaganda campaign. Almost all of the music played over the German radio, mainly as a filler between news, comment and special features, has a martial lilt; the ban against lively music inclined toward swing, however, had to be relaxed slightly to restore flagging spirits which were already suffering from the ban against dancing. There is a song for every campaign—several for England—and one for almost every weapon: a dive-bomber march, a tank-corps march, an anti-aircraft march, a submarine march, a speed-boat march.

But beyond all doubt, the crowning glory of musical propaganda is the setting for the special High Command communiqués.

For as long as half an hour, the radio blares marches, increasing in tempo, vigour and volume. At frequent intervals, the announcer cuts in: "In a few moments we will broadcast a special communiqué from Der Fuehrer's Headquarters." Finally a march is cut off in the middle. There is a dead silence. Then, the triple fanfare and drum roll, lasting more than ninety seconds in all, which introduces all special communiqués. The brief report, and then more marches to conclude the announcement—"Deutschland Uber Alles" if it is a communiqué of extreme importance, otherwise the *Horst Wessel* March and probably the pertinent campaign song.

But press and radio are not the only outlets for German propaganda. The movie industry is completely regimented for propaganda purposes, headed by the excellent weekly German newsreel whose major portions are filmed by the Propaganda Company's soldier-reporters taking their cameras into action with them. A number of these cameramen have paid for their pictures with their lives, but while there are excellent shots, there are also excellent fakes.

One sequence from the Eastern Front showed German Black Guard S.S. troops fighting their way on to and across an island under heavy fire. American newsmen who visited that island on a front trip learned that the Russians had completed their evacuation of the island several days before the first German troops landed. Dramatic shots of an Atlantic cruise with the ace Nazi submarine commander, Endrass, were largely studio-filmed according to U.S. naval experts, who said a destroyer photographed through the periscope, charging to ram, was a wooden destroyer in a tank. And it is highly probable that the scrawny, rickety, fly-covered Russian babies pictured in another sequence were photographed not during the 1941 occupation of White Russia, but during the Volga famine of 1932.

Less effective than the news-reels but equally vehicles for propaganda are the feature-length film and shorts, made under Propaganda Ministry supervision, which is being extended, through an International Motion Picture Chamber,

to the film industries of all occupied and satellite nations. Germany's war-time output of feature-length movies has run largely to historical topics, including such subjects as the Boer War, Ireland's fight for freedom, Bismarck, Frederick the Great, and the development of African colonies, showing German heroism and British infamy down through the ages, as seen by Goebbels. Another series of pictures deals with the various branches of the fighting forces today. The German movie industry, after two years' work, has produced one full-length motion picture in colour, proudly released in 1941.

The short subjects, classified as *Kulturfilme*, vary from recruiting pictures through the range of travel films, health films and industrial tours, to comedies lampooning grumblers and citizens who try to beat the rationing system.

American films are now banned wherever Germany has military or political ascendancy, and were in fact banned months before Pearl Harbour. Through these measures and through the International Motion Picture Chamber, Germany hopes to dominate the European movie industry after the war, for purposes of both propaganda and profit.

It is incorrect to speak of "the German propaganda policy," for there is no one all-inclusive policy. The Germans have many propagandas for many objectives, and the content and tone of each vary. Thus the Propaganda Ministry issues propaganda for home consumption, for her allies, for neutrals, for occupied territories, for the enemy nations and for the troops at the front, each type as carefully aimed as the searchlights fingering the skies for enemy planes over Berlin.

The Germans can aim at foreign targets propaganda which never reaches the German people. Much of the German propaganda aimed at the United States, for example, is transmitted on short-wave stations, and Germans are not supposed to listen to the short-wave band. The German press is not allowed to use material made available at the daily foreign press conferences, unless specifically authorized, and the official German news agency DNB often issues news items marked "For Foreign Use Only" on the

basis of these conferences. Thus German spokesmen were discussing the Crete campaign with foreign correspondents for several days before the German people were even told fighting was going on in Crete. Frequently German reaction to United Nations statements or actions, furnished to the foreign press, is not given the German people because they have not been informed of those actions or statements in the first place. The dismissal of Brauchitsch from his post as Commander in Chief of the Army was broadcast by the Germans for foreign consumption almost twenty-four hours before the German people were informed of the move.

Often the German people are told what Goebbels wants them alone to know by whispering campaigns or in localized mass meetings which rarely come to the attention of the foreign press corps in Berlin. On a smaller scale, these meetings duplicate the monstrous pep meetings which, with uniforms, bands, flags, searchlights and parades, constitute the Nazis' ultimate and strongest appeal to the German people.

For such an appeal, when Nazi propaganda finds itself in a delicate situation, the most effective speakers are, in the order named, Goering, Goebbels, Dietrich and, on foreign affairs, Ribbentrop. But for the supreme appeal Hitler reserves the one man who can reach the most German people with the greatest effect: Hitler himself.

Considerations for Hitler's personal safety have stripped his speaking occasions of some of the advance fanfare and trimmings they were given in peace-time, when thousands stood in fields or stadia under panoplies of searchlights to succumb to the mass psychology he understands so well. But whenever military considerations allow, the background provided for a Hitler speech is still much the same. Hours before the event, the route Hitler will follow on his way to the scene of the speech is lined with flag-waving crowds waiting to see him pass. Their presence may be slightly more obligatory, their cheers a shade less frenzied, than during the period of his bloodless conquests, but they scream just the same.

As he enters the building where he is to speak, military bands blare the martial tune he has appropriated as his own

personal march, and the selected audience—usually the Reichstag, the world's most expensive and most proficient cheering section—goes into a pandemonium of homage and adulation.

The cheering dies away, and after a eulogy by the chairman of the meeting—Goering is best at this—Hitler begins to speak, first in a low, guttural voice; then, as he warms into his own particular brand of eloquence, louder, harsher, and more strident as he raises his voice to overcome the increasing frequency of the interrupting "*Heil's*" and screams of approval which punctuate his remarks and even break into the middle of his sentences.

He reaches his closing pitch, stands defiant for a few moments while the thunderous applause roars out from the hand-picked audience, and then, as the national anthem or the *Horst Wessel* song blasts into the continuing applause, he stalks from the meeting surrounded by flag bearers and guards, and disappears.

What were his main points, what did he say that he hadn't said before? Rarely can you find a German in the audience who could give you a lucid account, although Hitler has convinced him that whatever the issue is, Hitler's solution is the right one. As a result, the main points, by headlines, boldface type, and editorials, must be hammered home again in a full text in the papers next day.

Since Hitler occasionally speaks extemporaneously, or often departs from a prepared text, full texts are rarely furnished until some time after the speech, giving propaganda officials an opportunity to correct the original version and to consider in a calmer mood the import of all he has said. During this examination, it occasionally happens that even Hitler's own phrases are deleted or altered before the text is released for publication.

At the same time this interval allows DNB to insert in its texts indications of "not-willing-to-stop ovations," "roars of *Sieg Heil*," or, where Churchill's name has been mentioned, for example, "catcalls and cries of 'Pfui.' " Twenty hours after Hitler's *Putsch* anniversary speech of November 8th, 1941, a messenger brought to me on one of the familiar green sheets of the DNB service this message:—

"On page 45 of our service, Hitler text, in third para-

graph please change *lauter Heiterkeit* [general amusement] to *tosender Beifall* [thunderous applause].”

Strictly in the interests of accuracy, no doubt!

Paradoxically, with the greatest machine for information ever constructed, the German people are a nation starved for news. Facts play a small role in German propaganda, with the emphasis on comment, editorial admonitions and exhortations, and colourful description. A German news broadcast is finished in five to ten minutes. A DNB article often has one paragraph of news and three of comment or interpretation. Although the Propaganda Ministry has a phenomenal appetite for news, absorbing a volume surpassed only by the intake capacity of the hungry American press, only titbits of the news reaching the ministry ever emerge in the information given the German people.

Every ministry, every government bureau in Berlin, has its press officer and often even an entire press department, but these agencies concern themselves more with supervising the news than with providing it. As the German doctrine of the “responsible” press implies, the duty of the German press to inform the public is strictly secondary, and the daily trickle of news furnished the German papers assures the enforcement of that principle.

Frequently American correspondents in Berlin, scanning all five of the morning newspapers in hopes of finding some material to incorporate in an overnight story, would face the following budget of news to cover the entire German side of the world’s greatest war: the High Command communiqué, twelve hours old; the PK (Propaganda Company) reports, containing good colour and background material, but little legitimate spot news; and a few brief DNB items of routine military statistics too minor for the communiqué, available hours earlier and exhausted as news possibilities by the evening staff.

To us, it meant only a shortage of material for the volume of coverage demanded by the New York office, but to the German people, with fathers, husbands and sons at the front, engaged in a conflict involving the very existence of Germany, it meant a life in eternal darkness and ignorance,

under leaders who demanded blind obedience and plunged them into ever-greater struggles.

Is it any cause for wonder that even loyal Germans, knowing that they are exposing themselves both to enemy propaganda and to the Nazi executioner, turn in ever-increasing numbers to forbidden broadcasts to obtain the world news of which they receive no inkling at home?

The high Nazi officials are better informed than anyone else in the orbit of Nazi domination in Europe, for they have available the contents of enemy broadcasts, the news reports published in neutral nations, and much of the information gathered by the Propaganda Ministry's listening posts throughout the world. A long list of ministries and governmental bureaus in Berlin, headed by the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office, subscribed until December 11th to the full United Press news service sold to European newspapers by our extensive "Eurocont" division. The Propaganda Ministry follows foreign broadcasts so closely that on several occasions, when I called at 2 or 3 a.m. to get special information requested by New York I was told by the overnight officer on duty: "Tune in on WBOS [a Boston short-wave station] if you can—they've got some damn good swing on!"

But, except to the extent that information is necessary to the proper prosecution of the war, the only reason this vast flood of news reaches the Nazi officials is to allow them to determine what portions of it they can use for their own propaganda, and which fragments are to be passed on to the German people. On the basis of the Roosevelt text handed Hitler at breakfast, Hitler and his closest advisers decide what part, if any, of the speech will be used in the German press, and what line German reaction will follow. Not until then are the press conference spokesmen in Berlin in a position even to recognize openly the fact that Roosevelt has made a speech, let alone express Nazi reaction.

Even the communiqués of the German High Command must be approved for release by Hitler at Der Fuehrer's Headquarters, and are then issued through Dietrich's headquarters and the Propaganda Ministry. It is generally known, in fact, that Hitler writes many of the High Command communiqués, particularly those summarizing cam-

paigns, and it is in these Hitler communiqués, such as those issued in October, 1941, proclaiming the annihilation of the Russian Army, that the reliability of the High Command's communiqués can best be impeached.

Interesting sidelights on Goebbels' war against foreign news were provided by the operations in Germany and occupied Europe until December 11th of the United Press Eurocont division, providing world-wide news to European clients. German newspaper clients continued to pay for the service even when they were not allowed to print as much as one per cent of the news. In the course of the war I don't recall seeing more than five or six United Press items in the German press, yet German editors, as news-starved as the rest of the Germans, continued to buy the service for their own information.

Similarly a list of more than 100 clients in Denmark paid for our authorized special-information service consisting entirely of news items which the Danish censors and occupation authorities would not pass for publication. These clients, however, were a privileged group, and the information they received was available to the average German citizen only over foreign broadcasts at the risk of his neck.

The result of this mental quarantine on the German people, accumulating over a decade, is almost unbelievable. Many an older German, his "enlightenment" completely in Goebbels' hands, gradually accepts the belief that the old world he knew in Weimar days, a pleasant if somewhat inept world beyond Germany's borders, has changed since 1933 into a world of conspirators thirsting for the blood of harmless Germany. Many younger Germans, of school or Army age, are even more completely in Goebbels' power. Boys seventeen and eighteen years old, now entering the Army, have had nothing but Nazi schooling since they were eight years old and except where determined parents or a strong church influence have countered Nazi education, they know only that outside world, past and present, which the German propagandists choose to show them.

Thus the young generation in Germany, already imbued with a distorted and mythical history of the past, is apt to grow up with a perverted view of current history, firmly

convinced that the United States attacked Japan, that Franco took the field to quell a Communist revolution in Spain, that Germany in both World Wars was defending herself against aggression, that Germany entered Austria in response to an appeal from the Austrian people, that the British sank the *Athenia*, and that the German Army in 1918 was at the gates of Paris when a Jewish-Communist conspiracy at home overthrew the Kaiser's government.

The dictatorship of thought and knowledge in Germany has gone so far that it could probably convince many Germans that the world is flat, or that the Western Hemisphere has reverted to ox-carts as the chief means of locomotion.

Compared to German propaganda for home consumption, the fare Goebbels prepares for the rest of Europe must be more variegated, and at the same time more subtle and more forceful. Accordingly special machinery and special methods are required for propagandizing Europe, neutral, allied or occupied. The work is carried on not only through radio broadcasts and through the foreign press corps in Berlin, already part-Quislingized, but also by Nazi-dominated publications abroad, by Fifth Columns, and by every local German in a foreign country.

Under such main headings as the German New Order, anti-Semitism and the "holy crusade" against Russia, which are palatable subjects in many European nations, more specific German propaganda is introduced bearing more directly on Germany's relations to the country in question. Thus for example during one attempt to put pressure on Switzerland for a more co-operative policy, the Germans asserted that Switzerland was the only nation in continental Europe making no contribution to the war against Bolshevism. (The charge backfired, however, when Swiss papers pointedly remarked that Switzerland was the only nation left in Europe which had never recognized the Soviet regime.)

A flood of German propaganda pours into the neutral and satellite nations of Europe in the guise of the news report furnished by recognized German agencies such as DNB and Transocean, and by lesser news agencies openly or secretly dominated by the Propaganda Ministry such as INB (*Inter-*

nationales Nachrichtenburo) in the Balkans, Europa Press, and STB (Scandinavian Telegraph Bureau).

There are special German publications for foreign consumption only, including one of Germany's best picture magazines, *Signal*, which is issued in a dozen different languages to spread the word of Nazi military might throughout Europe by excellent photography and attractive colour work. There are news bulletins, pamphlets, and books issued abroad by the German consulates and information bureaus. Photographs and feature articles are supplied to foreign newspapers gratis by German travel agencies, and in the case of one newspaper in Zurich which found itself unable to obtain a franchise from the official Swiss news agency, the German travel bureau even supplied the DNB news report at no cost.

The German weekly newsreel is displayed in every foreign theatre that will accept it, and special effort is made to display such documentary campaign films as "Baptism of Fire," "Campaign in Poland," and "Blitzkrieg in the West" in nations slow to fall in line with German desires.

In Goebbels' propaganda for Europe, the next stage beyond the foregoing matter more or less obviously emanating from Germany comprises the Quisling press—foreign newspapers owned or dominated by Germany or controlled by men in sympathy with Nazi principles. These papers, ostensibly non-German, are not part of the list of thirty-seven newspapers and periodicals (including fourteen official Nazi Party organs) which the German *Auslands-organization* (foreign organization) maintained even before the war.

In addition to supplying the news or operating his own newspapers for foreign propaganda, Goebbels uses three other approaches to the foreign press for foreign propaganda: he can and does attempt to intimidate or buy the individual Berlin correspondent of a foreign newspaper; or he can operate more directly by bringing pressure to bear on the paper itself; or, as his most drastic move, he can put pressure on the press department of the foreign government, backed up with thinly veiled hints of armed force at some time in the future, to force the recalcitrant newspapers into the Nazi line.

Neutral newspapers often have received threats of boycotts by Nazi-minded advertisers and subscribers, with the alternative that more advertising and more readers will be swung their way if they adopt a more favourable attitude toward Germany. As an example of intimidating a foreign government, the German newspapers have often raised a concerted attack on Switzerland on this line: "When the day for the New Order dawns, Switzerland will learn the cost of standing by and allowing her press, subsidized by the British, to snipe and criticize those who are fighting for the very existence and future of Europe." The attacks are timed to coincide with the German press attaché's visit to the Swiss Foreign Office and a Propaganda Ministry order temporarily banning from Germany the few Swiss newspapers allowed to enter. Often it is followed by new orders from the censorship office of the Swiss General Staff ordering "greater neutrality" in news concerning the Reich.

The rigid mental quarantine that isolates the German mind can of course not be applied by Goebbels to the targets of his propaganda abroad. He can, however, seek to control the news leaving Germany by controlling the comparative handful of foreign correspondents in Berlin through whose eyes foreign nations see Nazi Germany.

Strict censorship would have been the simplest solution, but the Germans claim there is no censorship and, for newspapermen if not for broadcasters, on the surface there was no general control up to the time we left Berlin. Instead we operated under a "responsibility" system by which each correspondent was held accountable for the stories he wrote. This worked as a Damoclean sword over the correspondent's head, making him his own censor with the realization that any dispatch he wrote which was unpalatable to the Nazis for any reason might mean denial of working privileges, expulsion from Germany or even imprisonment on espionage charges.

There were, of course, certain fixed rules on news which we were not allowed to send, although with our direct communications to New York and Switzerland we could have done so if we cared to take the consequences. These taboos included the movements of the leading statesmen of Ger-

many and her allies; meetings of Hitler, Ribbentrop, Mussolini, Ciano, and leading Nazi military personalities with each other or with third parties; the weather; troop, train or ship movements; or the identifying number of any military unit or the name of its commander. Exceptions were made only by official announcement.

We were not allowed to speculate on the future course of German foreign policy or military strategy. We could mention no air-raid details that were not issued in the official communiqué or through the German press and radio. We were not allowed to query private sources on questions reaching us from abroad. And finally, we were not allowed to report the fact that we were bound by these rules.

Naturally we expected military censorship on copy sent back from front trips; but we did not expect it to reach the point of annihilation. When one of our staff returned to Berlin from his trip to the Russian front, he found the bureau had received only two out of the nine stories he had sent back. Both had been severely hacked up. In one of the two, censors had even altered the copy; where he wrote that it would be at least two years before the conquered territory could be exploited industrially, the censors had changed "at least two years" to "one year," which is hardly a strictly military censorship.

Furthermore, despite the German claim, there was direct censorship in Berlin on occasions, particularly if we tempted the officials by sending over the German wireless instead of via Switzerland a story they did not like. In one case, wireless officials informed us twenty-four hours after we had given them an interpretive military dispatch that "atmospheric difficulties" had prevented transmission of one paragraph of the story—the key paragraph. There had been no other atmospheric disturbances that day.

The most brazen case involved refusal of wireless authorities to transmit a story in which we stated, with complete accuracy, that one Berlin restaurant offered a single bottle of a certain wine for the equivalent of \$1.10 including tax; the story also listed current black-market prices for tea and coffee. The refusal was traced to the Propaganda Ministry, where an official told us the story had been "re-

fused" (not "censored") for our own best interests. He was unable to explain what he considered our interests, so we sent the story anyway, via Switzerland.

The principal reason why the Germans could do without any more censorship than this lay in their control of the news sources. They sought to dry up our channels for information as fast as they discovered them, by pressure either on us or on the source. Throughout the war, in fact, German officials attempted with varying severity to enforce a rule that we could use only the news we got from approved official sources—namely, the German news agency DNB, the German press and radio, the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office. The foreign press, however, and the American press in particular, managed to maintain private sources and special channels for information right up to the declaration of war.

In addition to attempts to intimidate the foreign press by the "responsibility" system and threats of espionage or treason charges, Propaganda Ministry officials sought control over us by what might be called "influence."

Heading the list of Nazi techniques of "influence" was the outright payment of the "Quisling" press, the kept correspondents who sent out whatever the Nazis told them to and in return received a salary, a bonus, or at least payment of their telephone and telegraph charges and office rent, for which they could nevertheless bill their home offices.

The Germans bought an especially large number of Balkan correspondents, so many in fact that one independent Bulgarian who preferred to describe his colleagues as "these soup-kitchen Bulgarians" caused the perfectly serious remark by another foreign correspondent to a third party: "Do you know there's actually one Bulgarian here who isn't paid by the Germans?"

Next to outright purchase came special favours for the foreign press a two-ring circus because of the intense rivalry between the Foreign Office and the Propaganda Ministry. These offices, once the German people seemed securely in line, lavished their best men and their best efforts on the foreign press corps, alternately courting and threatening correspondents in order to control the news leaving Ger-

many. They became bitter feudists to see which could win greater favour from the correspondents.

The Propaganda Ministry provided clubrooms, good food, and a limited supply of coffee and passable cigarettes in the Deutsche Auslands Club on Leipzigerplatz. The Foreign Office retaliated with the luxurious Auslands-Presse Club just off swank Kurfuerstendamm, and Goebbels had to spend 400,000 marks in the midst of the war to redecorate his club with the help of furnishings stripped from Paris. A well-stocked bar and complete facilities for newspaper work then put him one up on the Foreign Office.

The Propaganda Ministry held an advantage in the control of supplementary food rations and permits for clothing and household goods needed by the correspondents, to which we were entitled because of our semi-diplomatic status, but the Foreign Office evened it up by jurisdiction in issuing visas.

Both ministries ran expensive winter-sports trips for some correspondents, paying all expenses. The Propaganda Ministry opened a summer clubhouse on Wannsee near Berlin as an annex for the Leipzigerplatz club, and even lined up a hunting lodge. Not to be outdone, the Foreign Office maintained a brothel for Japanese correspondents where the girls were able to carry on a limited conversation in Japanese.

"Co-operative" correspondents, the Nazis hinted, would be given special privileges and exclusive stories from time to time; "hostile" correspondents were warned that action would be taken against them if they didn't alter their attitude toward Germany.

German efforts to control the foreign press even went so far as to seek to dictate the election of the president of the Foreign Press Association in Berlin; this failed, however, in a showdown late in 1940 over the nomination of Fred Oechsner. In spite of, and actually because of, German insistence that no American should head the Association, Fred ran and was unanimously elected.

Goebbels' efforts to control the news that correspondents sent out of Germany made covering wartime Berlin an unpleasant and delicate assignment. In December, 1941, there were barely 100 accredited correspondents left on the roster

of the Foreign Press Association. At least twice that number had disappeared from the list since the war started, as their countries became involved in the war, as they were expelled, or as the increasing restrictions, Propaganda Ministry pressure and Gestapo spying made it unprofitable for the individual papers and smaller organizations to maintain offices in the German capital.

On Sunday, December 14th, the Association lost fifteen more members when a bus carried the American press corps from the U.S. Embassy to Potsdamer Station on our way to internment in Bad Nauheim. Beyond the Brandenburger Tor, in front of Dr. Goebbels' residence, the bus parked for a few minutes to wait for the rest of the motorcade bringing the Embassy staff. A curtain was pulled aside and a familiar figure appeared at the French window.

Dr. Goebbels probably was heaving a sigh of relief. He was getting rid of fifteen of his worst problems.

Chapter 19

THE ARSENAL OF NAZISM

In order to bolster German morale and to frighten his enemies Hitler repeatedly has claimed that the United Nations will never overcome Germany's lead in the production of airplanes, tanks, arms and ammunition and other matériel. But in spite of the quantity and quality of output, three bottlenecks have developed since Hitler attacked Russia, which seriously threaten war production. They are raw materials, labour and transportation.

Germany's economy, again symbolized by turnips and church bells, has begun definitely to feel the strain of war. As in the winter of 1917-1918, turnips vied with potatoes as the main staple in the German diet. In March, 1942, Germany began to call in church bells to replenish her supplies of strategic metals, just as Imperial Germany did in 1917. The distress of war has been brought home to every manufacturer and every worker, every storekeeper and every consumer, every official and every taxpayer. Above all, every stomach in Greater Germany and the occupied territories

has suffered varying degrees of hunger pangs which are bound to become sharper as the war progresses.

Meanwhile the appetite of the Nazi war machine has grown even more voracious. Viewed by itself, the German industrial plant, with the remainder of Nazi Europe's industry integrated into its production, probably would be equal to military demands—if only there were sufficient man power and raw materials and adequate transportation facilities. But these bottlenecks have remained, despite substitutes and synthetics, plundering and priorities and the accumulation of reserves for years before the war.

Long before they attacked Poland the Nazis prepared for the war of matériel being fought today by operating their industry at what appeared to be near maximum capacity. Hitler admitted their rearmament had cost the German people \$36,000,000,000, which shot the industrial production index up to 250 per cent by 1939. With the outbreak of war they were able to boost production still further by coupling into the armaments industry certain plants convertible to war purposes. Halls and warehouses became factories overnight. The machinery exhibition hall ostensibly built for the Leipzig International Fair, for example, had machinery emplacements and power outlets for all types of modern equipment. Five months after Germany invaded Poland this hall was equipped with machinery and soon was turning out war planes at top speed. On the labour side, workers were freed from consumer-goods production to war assembly lines or to extra shifts in armament industries.

German authorities admitted the strain was much greater in 1941 than in 1940 but maintained that armament production was still on the increase. They said insufficient labour rather than a lack of raw materials was their main problem but surveys by competent economic sources revealed that raw materials were a serious stumbling block. This gave the lie to rosy claims by Ministers Ribbentrop and Funk that Europe had become "blockade-proof." Metals constituted the greatest shortage—specifically, tool-steel alloys and copper. Germany was very short on chrome, inadequately supplied with tungsten and lacked vanadium altogether. The copper shortage apparently was not serious enough to jeopardize the war effort, but the calling in of the last German

copper coins, the lowly one- and two-pfennig pieces, early in 1942, indicated a pinch. If an acute shortage develops, Germany can pull down thousands of miles of trolley wires in France, Belgium and Holland. Such reclamation of all types of metals has played an important role in the German war effort. Hardly any iron fence remains in the country today; statues politically or artistically displeasing to the Nazis had a way of disappearing from town squares soon after German occupation; and school children for years have collected every scrap of metal from household refuse containers.

Conquest of Polish and Belgian deposits has made zinc supplies fairly adequate. Tin deposits being worked in Czechoslovakia, Silesia and Saxony are negligible, but substitutes are available; for example, a recent Norwegian invention provided a waterproof toothpaste container made of paper with a wooden top. The church bells were taken primarily to provide bronze and copper for airplane engine bearings and babbitts. In the manufacture of these engines the Nazis particularly felt the shortage of strategic metals. They could and did use softer metals, but this resulted in poorer engine performance.

The more common metals and scrap did not worry the Nazis greatly. They claimed to have captured enough booty in the Western campaign to meet their scrap requirements for the remainder of the war, but when they made that claim in 1940 they did not foresee their long and costly struggle in Russia. Their use of this booty, however, gives a clue to how the Nazis accomplish so much with so little. Some of the matériel, taken in good condition, equipped German police troops or armies of satellite nations, while uniforms of the former Czech Army and reserve stocks of French uniforms clothed the Todt Organization and other auxiliary services. The Germans wasted nothing. In run-of-the-mine iron ore Germany was quite well off, particularly since acquiring the rich deposits in Luxembourg and Alsace-Lorraine. General von Hanneken, iron and steel boss under Goering's four-year plan, early in 1942 claimed Germany was mining and working twice as much ore as in 1938. Sweden was Germany's sole source of high-grade ore, but the quantity available was limited by the annual long freeze

of the Bothnian Gulf and Sweden's reluctance to interpret the clearing agreement as an open charge account for the Reich.

Coal probably was the strongest point in Germany's war economy, with conquest of deposits in Polish Silesia, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and North France helping considerably. The bottleneck in coal, however, lay between what Germany could produce and what she actually was able to deliver. Polish coal, for example, was best suited for hydrolyzation into aviation fuel, but transportation demands of the Russian campaign prevented the Germans from moving enough of this coal to processing plants in Germany. The Nazis, therefore, built new plants near the coal fields, eliminating the transportation question. The demand for coal also soared tremendously because it provided the base for some 700 ersatz products essential to the war economy, from petrol to butter. Additional millions of tons had to be reserved for foreign trade. All this meant drastic curtailment of civilian consumption, which improved neither the health nor the temper of the German people.

What about oil and rubber? Ever since the war began, experts and laymen have predicted that Hitler soon would run out of these materials, but late in the summer of 1942 his armies still were scoring victories. In judging any analysis of Germany's oil and rubber situation, the reader should remember that Germany's production and accumulated reserves have always constituted a closely guarded military secret. The following discussion, therefore, does not pretend to be 100 per cent accurate or complete, but it is based on the most reliable information available to the authors.

Up to the Russian campaign Germany needed possibly 12,000,000 tons of oil for military purposes, in addition to 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons for annual non-military requirements. During this period however, German forces were engaged in actual fighting for only about 170 days. For fighting at the tempo of the Russian campaign, it was estimated, they required roughly 24,000,000 tons of oil a year.

For the first three years of the war Hitler—to the amazement of much of the world—was able to feed his military machine sufficient oil. How did he do it? Germany herself produced

only a negligible quantity, perhaps 1,000,000 tons annually, Rumanian, Hungarian and Polish wells contributed considerably more, but still not enough to meet the total demand. The principal sources, therefore, had to be the vast stores accumulated before the war and replenished by plundering occupied countries, and the synthetic process which turned coal into petrol. Competent economic and military authorities estimated that at the start of the Russian campaign Germany's oil reserves were sufficient for one year of war at full blitz pace. Another important factor, often overlooked, was drastic reduction in oil products allotted for civilian needs. Thus private automobiles disappeared from the roads with the outbreak of war, and permits were necessary to buy virtually all articles containing oil or fats. Hydrolyzation, however, was the main source, and it furnished all the petrol necessary to run the Luftwaffe, with considerable left over for other purposes. The aviation fuel thus produced had an 87- to 89-octane rating which proved highly efficient in German airplane engines, designed specifically for that type of petrol. The Luftwaffe thus featured an 89-octane gas and an 89-octane engine performance—only slightly lower than 100-octane engine performance, but a difference which may tell the story in a high-speed dogfight three miles up. Hitler was building new hydrolyzation plants at a fast rate and, if he could mine enough coal and had sufficient man power, this process could give him enough synthetic petrol for his war machine and for normal civilian needs. But German and conquered mines were not producing enough coal and there was not enough man power for Hitler to meet all his requirements through hydrolyzation.

Just as petrol was limited by the amount of coal available for hydrolyzation, so navy fuel—raw Rumanian petroleum—was restricted by transportation facilities. An unconfirmed but credible report in December, 1941, that the German Army had taken 1,000,000 tons of the Navy's Diesel fuel reserves indicated that even that early a shortage of fuel oils was developing.

Germany's really critical oil problem, however, was heavy lubricants, rather than petrol. "High flash-point" lubricants, necessary for motor parts revolving at high speeds, could be obtained only from Germany's natural mineral oils,

but her annual 1,000,000-ton output was far from adequate. These lubricants cannot be derived from Rumanian oil and even Caucasian oil is not highly satisfactory for this purpose. As a result, Germany had to ration strictly all greases and heavy oils, and it appeared that in the future Hitler must try to find ways of getting along without these vital products.

In general it may be surmised that by the middle of 1942 Germany was receiving from all sources less oil than was being consumed in the Russian campaign, and that the growing shortage eventually might become critical. Hitler, therefore, concentrated his offensive on the Caucasus, but even occupation of the oil fields there—after Russia applied her scorched-earth policy to them—would not necessarily solve his oil problem. First he would have to restore the wells to operation; then the refining problem would arise. Lack of materials and labour would offer serious obstacles to the construction of refineries in the Caucasus; the other alternative, bringing the raw petroleum to Europe for processing, would involve great transportation difficulties—unless Hitler drove the British from the Mediterranean.

As for rubber, Germany was able to cover her essential military needs until the Russian campaign by producing Buna and other substitutes and by drawing upon reserves captured in the West and imported via Japan and Russia until June, 1941. Synthetized from coal and limestone, Buna was an excellent substitute for rubber in quality, although in tyres it burned out at high speeds. Inability to produce enough Buna, however, meant that since the war hardly any rubber products have been available for civilian needs. As in the case of oil, the rubber shortage had become serious after three years of war and, unless new sources were discovered or conquered, it threatened to reduce the offensive power of the Nazi armed forces.

Another raw material particularly important to Germany in the ersatz field is wood, of which she had plenty. Just to make sure, however, the Nazis have resorted to such practices as planting Christmas trees under electric power lines along roadsides.

But the industrial plant needed power as well as raw materials, and coal had to do most of the job, because hydro-

electric power is not a German strong point. Eventually the Nazis hope to pipe power under the Skagerrak from Norwegian hydroelectric plants to Denmark and Germany, and they have encouraged Switzerland to expand her facilities. In order that as much power as possible could go to war industries, civilians again were forced to make many sacrifices, including getting along with hot water in their homes only two days a week.

Hitler apparently hoped to finish the war before his industrial plant, comparatively new and largely established or refitted by U.S. loans between 1925 and 1930, was run into the ground by unchecked depreciation. But as the war was prolonged, the plant deteriorated at several times the peacetime rate, and men and materials simply were not available to check the damage. Hitler continued to build new plants for heavy industry and for the production of synthetics, with many of these units including airplane factories, going up in Silesia, once fairly remote from normal air raids. Until 1942, competent American observers estimated, not more than 10 to 15 per cent of the industry in the Ruhr—the only area extensively raided up to that time—had been affected by bombing. If the destroyed plants were essential, the Nazis built new ones—not on the old sites, but deeper in the interior.

Another problem confronting German industry was that of retooling for basically new models of airplanes, tanks and guns, because of the shortage of strategic materials. The only important successes in three years were Kurt Tank's latest Focke-Wulf 190 fighter plane, the advanced types of Messerschmitt fighters and Junker dive bombers, and a few other Luftwaffe changes, such as the Dornier dive bomber and the BV-141, "lop-sided" reconnaissance plane.

To summarize, the vulnerable points in Germany's war economy in the field of raw materials are oil, probably rubber and certainly tool-steel alloys.

While numerous artificial substitutes have helped the Nazis to combat the raw-materials shortage, no robot as yet has stepped forth from the laboratory to man vacant battle stations in the factory and on the farm. The shortage of man power, covering all types of labour from skilled industrial

craftsmen to farmhands and ditch diggers, was one of Germany's most serious economic weaknesses.

Hitler late in 1941 claimed that Nazi Europe constituted a bloc of 250,000,000 people and asserted this was sufficient to oppose any possible combination on earth; but by the next year he was frantically scouring the Continent and occupied Russian territory for workers of both sexes. Conservatively estimated, there were 12,000,000 men under arms in Germany at the beginning of the second year of war against Russia. The gaps they left in industry and agriculture were filled, according to German reports, by the following means:—

1. Importation of 2,500,000 foreign workers, divided about equally between industry and agriculture with seasonal adjustments.

2. Employment of about 1,600,000 prisoners of war by the end of 1941, but the figure rose tremendously when Russian prisoners later were used in farming. Virtual slave labour imported from occupied Eastern territories also swelled the number of ostensibly civilian foreign labourers in Germany. Prisoners of war and foreign workers by the autumn of 1941 already constituted one fifth of all employed males in the Reich.

3. Employment of women, which climbed, excluding social services such as nursing and soup kitchens, by about 1,000,000 (one third of them foreign) in the first two years of war to a total of 9,400,000.

4. Transfer of workers from civilian to war production by closing or merging nonessential industries and by rationing skilled labour and replacing or diluting it with unskilled. "Curry-comb committees" drafted men and women from private enterprise, white-collar work, unemployment and nonessential industry and put them on assembly lines or farms.

5. Re-employment of retired and partially incapacitated workers and continued employment of those eligible for retirement.

6. Employment of *Volksdeutsche*, racial Germans, resettled from the Baltic countries, Bessarabia and the East.

7. Labour conscription, used both to employ unemployed and to transfer workers from nonessential jobs.

8. Seasonal use of students and children for vacation relief, planting, harvesting and office and hospital work.

9. Heavy increase of working hours to a legal maximum of sixty per week for men and fifty-six for women and recognition of a seven-day week for agriculture in times of stress. Minor holidays no longer meant days of rest and religious holidays which fell on working days were shifted to the following Sunday.

10. Greater standardization, simplification and mechanization of industry to the limit permitted by the machine-tool shortage.

All these exertions, the Nazis said, resulted in the employment of 23,900,000 persons by the autumn of 1941, about a half-million under the peacetime peak of 1939. This half-million, however, by no means represented Germany's labour shortage for 1942. For the industrial pace was stepped up the moment war began, while agriculture tried to grow two crops where one had grown before. The Germans admitted they lacked at least 600,000 workers for the 1942 spring planting alone, after all-out efforts by Goering himself to assure the vital autumn harvest. Hitler finally had to step into the labour crisis in March, 1942, by appointing Gauleiter Fritz Sauckel supreme labour boss of Nazi Europe. Answerable only to Goering, Sauckel was granted powers extending over every German man, woman and child and to the vast pools of serfs in occupied Eastern areas. He also was expected to conscript workers from occupied Western countries if necessary. The new labour czar has an unsavoury reputation and many Germans maliciously emphasize the first syllable of his name, "Sau-," which in English means "sow"!

The Gauleiter's first orders tapped all three of Germany's remaining labour reserves—conquered peoples, women and children. With all Nazi pretence that they had "volunteered" dropped, Russians, Poles and Balts shuffled through barbed-wire camps on their way to Germany where they continued to live in virtual prison camps. Simultaneously the High Command ordered that all prisoners of war not indispensable for other work should be sent from farm to farm in "flying squads" like communal threshers. In September, 1941, 1,000,000 Poles (most of them "released"

prisoners of war) constituted half of the foreign labourers in Germany, but 140 recruiting offices set up in occupied Russia and the Baltics were expected to provide enough conscripts to eclipse the Polish figure. It was estimated that by the end of 1942 Germany would have more than 4,000,000 foreign civilian workers within her frontiers, compared with only 142,000 ten years previously. These workers, most of them enemy aliens, and the prisoners of war were a potential danger for Germany, threatening her internal political stability, biting into dwindling food supplies and waiting—most of them—to participate in any revolt against the Nazi regime.

Sauckel tried to put every woman and girl with agricultural experience on farms, but this actually did not work out very well because most of the Hitler Maidens who had served their compulsory work year in agriculture already were assigned to industry. Sauckel ordered intensified employment of school children and empowered all *Gauleiters* to close schools at their own discretion and order pupils and teachers into the fields when necessary. All members of the youth movements between the ages of ten and seventeen had to serve their compulsory labour periods in war-essential work, such as farming, collecting rags and waste, picking medicinal herbs, and serving in hospitals, government offices and public services. The seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds escaped this work because they were being given intensified pre-military training. Typical of the lengths the Nazis went to gain workers was the reorganization of the tobacco industry. Although German smokers already were complaining of their niggardly tobacco rations, the authorities closed forty-eight of the country's sixty-six cigarette factories because they could not meet stepped-up quotas, gaining only 2,700 workers for war production.

Newspaper "Help Wanted" columns ran hundreds of times as long as the "Work Wanted" lists, and it was the same big industrial firms which continuously advertised for tool-and-die makers, engineers, draughtsmen and other skilled workers. Stores and offices covered street kiosks with "help wanted" notices, and in April, 1942, Berlin authorities asked housewives to volunteer for part or full-time work in grocery stores.

Their own labour reserves virtually exhausted, the Nazis could be expected to make heavier demands for workers on occupied countries and on their allies. Their tactics, after propaganda and persuasion failed, were to tell workers in the occupied nations: "Come and work in Germany or you and your family will receive no food ration cards." They also exerted political pressure to recruit hundreds of thousands of French workers and were aided by collaborationist Pierre Laval, Vichy Chief of Government. To the Nazis, man power is just another commodity. A report on German-Italian trade relations spoke of a quarter-million imported Italian workers as if they were so many carloads of olives. But the scarcity of this man power may mean that the German military machine one day will not have enough guns, shells, planes and tanks to meet a United Nations offensive; or it may mean that the German fighting and home fronts one day may not have enough food to carry on.

Transportschwierigkeiten—"transport difficulties"—is one of the most overworked and most unpopular words in the modern German vocabulary. Things the Germans cannot do, articles they cannot buy, places they cannot go—all are blamed on *Transportschwierigkeiten*. Overburdened and run down from fifteen years of neglect, Germany's railway system still was staggering under the impact of the Russian campaign when what Hitler and Goering called the worst winter in more than a century dealt it a smashing blow. Transportation literally collapsed throughout the winter of 1941-1942, and in the spring the railroads were so bogged down moving essential war matériel and food that it was almost impossible for private shippers to move goods. Newspaper advertisements screamed:—

"The Reich's railway system is carrying five times its pre-war load," but they should have said "is trying to carry."

Germany depended primarily on her state railways for war transportation, although she had extensive inland waterways, a strategic network of express automobile highways, and air lines. But the waterways froze on an average of four months each winter; lack of fuel kept almost all but military vehicles off the highways; and air transport, except for rigidly restricted passenger travel, was limited to urgent military

needs. Since the depression of 1928, the railways have deteriorated steadily, and future developments may show that Hitler made a fatal error when he neglected them to construct his concrete express highways. These *Autobahnen* enabled him to shunt his armies about rapidly over the short distances involved in the opening stages of the war, but the railroads had to carry the bulk of the burden after the invasion of Russia. They were not in good shape for this gigantic task, because they lacked locomotives, rolling stock and personnel, and had suffered unchecked depreciation for fifteen years.

Locomotives with ersatz parts and second-rate cars without proper lubrication were wearing out faster than Nazi Europe's railroad shops could replace them. Roadbeds had been left unimproved so that even the best in Germany, that of the "Flying Hamburger" between Hamburg and Berlin, forced trains to reduce schedules from 1930 records to 1925 levels. Throughout the Reich trains generally added 10 to 15 per cent running time to their schedules and even then few ever ran "on time." Lack of lubricants also cut down on speed and caused other difficulties. Early in 1941, for example, the Swiss, squarely astride the Alpine bottleneck of European transport, were forced to tell the Germans they would haul no more unlubricated boxcars. The Nazis had been shoving their motley lines of cars from all Europe across the border for the crack Swiss Federal Railways to haul to Italy, with almost all of their grease boxes empty. Crowding through the Gotthard tunnel at the rate of a train every seven minutes, the cars were breaking down in transit, ripping up rails, roadbeds and installations and causing collisions with oncoming trains—at one time four in one week.

Conquered railway systems helped the Nazis greatly, but these possibilities had been exhausted by the time the Russian campaign began. Violating the armistice terms, the Nazis removed from France or took for their own use in France a reported 250,000 cars and 3,000 locomotives from a prewar inventory of 450,000 cars, many of which were damaged in the war. Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and the others also made their "contributions," but most of Poland's stock, like Polish stud horses, was sent eastward

out of the invasion zone in September, 1939, and fell into Russian hands. Because of their broader gauge, Russian rail lines and rolling stock did not help the Nazis. The Russians also took with them almost everything that was not spiked to the ties when they retreated. The Germans, therefore, had to retrack the Russian railroads and spread their rolling stock even more thinly over Europe and the new battle zones. It was estimated that whatever was captured or taken in the West failed to meet the requirements of the Eastern campaign, so that the net position in rolling stock in 1942 was worse than before the war. To top it off, the R.A.F. daylight sweeps, adding locomotives and cars to roadbeds and marshalling yards as one of their favourite targets, hammered Nazi transportation at its most vulnerable point. Raids on railroad shops also increased.

Germany's efforts to cope with her three-year railway crisis were high-lighted by Hitler's appointment of an S.S. official, Jakob Werlin, as special Inspector-General for Transport, responsible only to Der Fuehrer, and by a steady stream of decrees regulating every phase of freight and passenger traffic. Hitler said he had to be informed quickly and thoroughly on all transport matters affecting prosecution of the war. A drastic system of priorities was slapped on all rail transport, with a priority guaranteeing only that when the freight eventually moved, it would be among the first shipments. There were temporary complete embargoes on private freight shipments and even mail for the troops at the front occasionally was restricted or even halted altogether. From the beginning of the Russian campaign restrictions became progressively tighter until only business trips and travel necessary for state business or the armed forces were permitted. Only soldiers and workers who had "earned" leaves in key war industries could take vacation trips. Because early frost imperilled—and eventually heavily damaged—the 1941 crop of potatoes, carrots, turnips and other vegetables, even short-distance interurban travel was restricted to free cars to transport these commodities. Every available heated passenger car was drained from regular traffic, but still the Nazis lost their race against time and weather and frost claimed an estimated one quarter of the potato crop.

The rigid priorities failed to solve the crisis in the winter

of 1941-1942 and for months most Germans, particularly those in larger cities, shivered at work and at home because of coal shortages. Distribution of food also was hampered; the three eggs allotted each person in March, for example, were delivered six weeks late. Agriculture suffered particularly and the Germans, placing the blame squarely on transportation, admitted that seed and fertilizer normally delivered well in advance of planting time had reached farmers dangerously late in the autumn of 1941 and the spring of 1942.

Germany tried to improve her waterways, but could do nothing about the annual freeze-over. Shippers were ordered to use water wherever possible and the construction of inland ships, it was claimed, was intensified in Holland and Belgium. Reorganization of the European waterways fleet, particularly vital in the Balkans, was attempted. Enemy naval and air attacks hampered Baltic and Atlantic coastal shipping.

Urban transportation systems were in almost as bad shape as the railroads, owing to lack of personnel and fuel and deterioration of equipment. Buses in Berlin which once ran every ten minutes slowed to every twenty-five minutes and the majority of the lines finally were cancelled. With similar conditions prevailing for streetcar, subway and elevated traffic, terrific overcrowding resulted and public morale and manners suffered noticeably. Some cities like Breslau, Kiel, Braunschweig and Saarbrücken tried to solve the problem by ripping out seats of numerous streetcars in the hope that more passengers could be accommodated with standing room only. Automobiles were limited to military purposes, public services and for such business needs as delivery of food to retailers. The good German even rode his bicycle only for business, in order to save rubber.

Transportschwierigkeiten may be the latent danger spot which most quickly will develop into an actual factor of collapse.

The economic weakness which the average German feels most keenly is the shortage of food. Three successive vicious winters have brought the Germans sharp reductions in their food supplies and forced upon agriculture an all-out battle

to maintain rations at the new low levels. The new rations of April, 1942, slashed the meat allowance, reduced fats, lowerer the bread quota and instituted a darker, coarser type of bread, and for the first time brought potato rationing on a nation-wide basis. Vegetables could be bought only on cards in some districts, and even the rationing of skimmed milk (whole milk was limited to infants, young children, expectant mothers and invalids) reportedly was contemplated.

The average German was dismayed most by the fact that his meat ration, one and one-third pounds per week at the outbreak of war, had fallen to two-thirds of a pound in 1942—giving him about the equivalent of six hot dogs a week. He still had four one-pound loaves of bread a week, but this was not too much because scarcity of so many other food-stuffs forced him to “fill up” on bread, potatoes and vegetables.

This was a week's typical diet in 1942 for the average German:—

Monday, since January, has been *Feldkueche* (field kitchen) day in hotels, restaurants, and municipal or industrial canteens. In order to express his solidarity with the soldiers at the front, the German civilian ate a one-dish meal, generally a thick grain, potato or vegetable soup in which turnips played an increasingly unpopular part. The meat in these dishes was limited to fifty grams—about three small mouthfuls—and the German's weekly ration allowed him even that little in only one Monday meal. To preserve its “symbolic character,” the field-kitchen meal had no entree or dessert. It was not compulsory in the home, but the average German, having had his noon meal at the factory or office, had used his meat ration for the day and perforce had *Feldkueche* again—this time meatless—at home in the evening.

Tuesday was meatless. The lucky German perhaps got spaghetti, macaroni or fish, but more often he ate an unappetizing vegetable plate of turnips, carrots, cabbage—perhaps asparagus in season—and two or three medium-sized potatoes. He also had the choice of mush cakes or a bowl of gruel. Thursday, like Monday, was field-kitchen day, and Friday, like Tuesday, was meatless. That left

Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday for normal menus, but the German had used one third of his 300 grams of meat—or two of six hot dogs—for field-kitchen meals. Thus, at best he could have the equivalent of one hot dog for each of four of the six remaining lunchcons and dinners, or he could indulge in two fairly good meals. If he bought cold cuts for sandwiches to take to work, he naturally cut down still further on meat meals. For good measure, the good Nazi limited his main meal on one Sunday each month to one dish, and the money saved in comparison to a full meal went to relief funds.

Occasionally, however, Herr and Frau Schultz tried to recapture just a bit of peacetime pleasure by dining out on Sunday night. They had enough money for a good restaurant—there was nothing else on which to spend it. By sacrificing throughout the week, each had saved 100 grams of meat rations for the big night. The Germans in peacetime traditionally dined out Sunday nights, and many tried to continue the custom during the war. The housewife often was unable to obtain enough food to last over the week-end, and, since maids normally had a half day off on Sunday, she felt entitled to the same consideration. Her husband also sought to break the monotony, particularly because he could get a bottle of wine only at a restaurant.

Herr Schultz reserved a table well in advance so they did not have to walk for an hour along once-fashionable Kurfuerstendamm trying to find a place to eat. It was some time after they seated themselves before an overworked waiter, an old man recalled from retirement, took their order. The Schultzes had selected veal cutlet, in preference to a lamb chop or "German beefsteak," but the waiter crossed out the cutlet and chops (marking "sold out" on the menu) and they had to take the meat balls. By surreptitiously slipping the waiter a few cigarettes, Herr Schultz learned that Norwegian lobster—at six to ten dollars per portion—was available as a starter. Even the herring salad had been sold out. Schultz and his wife ordered a small lobster, paving the way—German fashion—with a German cognac (French cognac was not in stock). They had their choice of "soup of ox-tail type" or bouillon made from a cube of artificial egg powder. With the meat balls they had

two boiled potatoes and red cabbage. Dessert was a barley pudding, looking and tasting like fine-grained, soggy porridge, with a synthetic, sweet syrup. But Schultz was elated to get a 1937 Mosel wine, a choice year; the last time he could buy only an inferior 1940 vintage.

Normally he would not have been happy about the bill—"but it is war." The check listed: cognacs, 3.20 reichsmarks; lobster, 18; soup, 1.50; meat dishes, 5.00; desserts, 1.60; and wine, 11.65—total, 40.95. An added 10 per cent special tax on drinks and a 15 per cent tip, plus one mark for the check-room, boosted the bill to about 50 marks—more than twenty dollars at the official rate of exchange.

While Fran Schultz, who had no children, occasionally could enjoy this Sunday treat, her neighbour, Frau Schmidt, had to try to feed her family of four on the following each week:—

Two and two-thirds pounds of meat, a little more than a pound of butter, not quite two pounds of fat, one and one-half pounds of cheese, twelve one-pound loaves of bread, a few quarts of skimmed milk, a few pints of whole milk for the children, and, on the average, two eggs. In addition, Frau Schmidt received rationed quantities of potatoes and vegetables, small amounts of fruit (in winter only two or three apples and oranges and a few lemons for each member of her family per month), ersatz coffee and tea, and throughout the year only a few fish and perhaps two chickens.

Competent neutral observers reported that almost three years of war rationing had not seriously impaired the German people's health but it gradually was sapping their vitality and threatened to lower their productive power.

Foreigners in Berlin referred to the German currency as "monkey-money," because they knew how little intrinsic value it had. The Nazis, however, did not worry because the reichsmark was only fictitiously backed by gold. They were satisfied if they prevented inflation within the Reich and if their currency was "accepted" in occupied countries and by their allies and the few neutrals with whom they still could trade.

The Nazis were able to forestall inflation by comprehensive price and wage ceilings, limitation of profits, high taxes

and forced savings. Through political and military pressure they forced other nations to accept their currency—usually at rates set arbitrarily in Germany's favour. Despite these successes, the Nazi financial structure was basically shaky. The few budget figures officially admitted alone totalled up to almost what the Reich earned each year, and her true war costs were much greater. Taxes each year ate up about one-third of the national income, while government borrowing proceeded at the rate of about half the national income. But the Nazis maintained that they would stop borrowing within a few years after the war (naturally counting upon victory) and the national debt then would be wiped out by government exploitation of conquered Russian territory and newly won African colonies.

Meanwhile, Germany financed her war partly by lowering the standard of living. This was achieved by reducing and sterilizing purchasing power, which dovetailed in with the virtual cessation of production for consumers' needs. Refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, medicinal lamps and electric heaters and toasters, for example, no longer were made. The Army controlled production of some articles, including bicycles, textiles—uniforms came before mufti—and shoes, the output of which was not great enough to give each civilian one pair of street shoes a year.

But all the measures cutting down his purchasing power plus the scarcity of consumer goods gave the German citizen, who remembered what happened after World War I, a profound inflationary psychology which kept him worrying about that bugaboo and what he could do to cushion its effect when it came. He was willing to put his money into anything tangible and paid such high prices that regulations had to be issued ordering severe penalties for offering or demanding sums above list price. Even the flourishing second-hand trade had to be curbed. Nevertheless, the people continued to buy up all types of goods (just so it was something they could put their hands on), including extra bathtubs, 1901 gramophones, and art objects of all degrees of quality. Diplomats and newspapermen leaving Berlin for internment after Hitler declared war on the United States were swamped with offers to buy at any price anything they could not or did not want to take with them.

The citizen's search for channels to spend his money, and the government's race to block these channels, could have only one result: the black market. Typical 1942 quotations on Berlin's black bourse were: coffee, \$28 a pound; tea, \$40 a pound; an average-sized goose or turkey, \$48; a duck, \$24; and second-rate material for a suit, \$120. The government strove to smash this and similar markets throughout Germany, and Goebbels, writing in *Das Reich*, warned:—"Bootlegging means death!"

His threat was based on a decree stiffening the penalties for barter or bootlegging of rationed and limited goods, asking or offering unduly high prices, hoarding and bribery. Heavy prison terms and confiscation of property and, in severe cases, death were provided. The director of a large Braunschweig factory was executed for allegedly taking 400 pounds of meat and 100 pounds of butter from the factory canteen over a period of time. The press carried almost daily accounts of death penalties for bootlegging rationed foods, textiles or leather goods. Such typical Nazi measures kept the black markets within bounds, but if price controls slipped or military reverses undermined the authority of the regime and the Party, the black markets stood ready to carry Germany into a whirlwind of price inflation which could result only in her complete financial collapse. And Germany's collapse, since she has so deeply involved every other European nation with her, probably would mean at least the temporary breakdown of the entire Continent's financial structure.

Chapter 20

HOME FRONT IN GOOSE STEP

HITLER has his home front as much in goose step as his soldiers, for it is basic in total war that every civilian unit—workers, businessmen, housewives, farmers—be geared into the drive; and that means discipline. Where persuasion by propaganda may fail to win full co-operation, coercion by police measures will not fail.

Upon no class does the war effort depend more than upon the workers, and upon no class has more attention been

lavished, first in preparation for the war and then in the waging of it. Before he came to power, Hitler promised everybody something, and a lot of people almost everything. To labour, he promised a sort of socialism which should both honour and profit it; on the other hand, he won support from a large section of the employer class, especially industrial, as the man who would protect it against Communism among the labourers and who would loosen the grip of trade-unionism.

The magician whom he chose to reconcile these somewhat divergent pledges was Dr. Robert Ley, an inebriate with fits and starts of enlightened energy and a monumental adoration of Adolf Hitler. Dr. Ley crushed the life out of the trade unions, confiscated their funds and replaced them with a hybrid Nazi outfit, the Labour Front, which was so cleverly administered that its income by 1938 amounted to over 400,000,000 reichsmarks (\$160,000,000 at current official rate) per month. Owning all manner of properties from factories to night clubs, the Labour Front was the most affluent of all the Nazi organizations. Its sole boss was Dr. Ley, and his sole boss was Adolf Hitler. When he examined his pay envelope at the end of the week, the worker found that there was being lifted out in compulsory dues about three times what he had paid the trade unions and he wasn't actually getting any more for it. There was a certain embroidery to the Labour Front in the form of subsidiary "benefits" such as "Strength through Joy" (cruises to Madeira, cheap theatre tickets), "Beauty of Labour" (flowers on your workbench), the "People's Car" (small weekly contributions for the purchase of a small car; war precluded deliveries, and the money was held "in trust"), plus Courts of Honour and Labour Trustees to iron out grievances with due regard to the prestige and dignity of both worker and employer. But the worker couldn't squawk, couldn't strike, couldn't quit—not after war had broken out. He could, however, be shifted around the country at the state's will wherever a sudden need arose. In case he should have anything left over from his salary after paying his insurance and dues, he was shown that it was his patriotic duty to put the surplus into "Iron Savings," withdrawable after the war only (another reason for him to be sure that Germany won!).

In fact, the whole Utopia became definitely postponed until "after the war." The worker's struggle meanwhile became, like the nation's, one of life or death, bad food and air raids.

The war conveniently saved Dr. Ley and Hitler the necessity of running out the labour *v.* capital issue in Nazi-land, of reconciling workers' honour with employers' profits. The war simply engulfed the whole problem; agents of the Secret Police and the military counter-espionage were set over both workers and executives (particularly in armaments factories, of course) and it became treason for either of them to get out of line. Previously, Dr. Ley had cracked down on industry in a number of judiciously publicized instances in order to show labour that he was playing no favourites; it suited Nazi purposes, moreover, once they were firmly in the saddle, to have industry just as much under control as labour. In achieving this, Ley found that the characteristic Nazi bludgeon-technique did not produce the same rapid results with some of the powerful old firms like Thyssen, I. G. Farbenindustrie, Borsig-Rheinmetall, and Siemens, that it did with smaller and less strongly bulwarked outfits. When Ley suggested to the Siemens directorate in Berlin that the firm's exemplary social-welfare and pension system be merged with the Labour Front's—which would have meant that a fund of some 10,000,000 reichsmarks plus vacation homes, rest homes for mothers, and much else, would have fallen into the Labour Front's lap—Friedrich Karl Siemens, senior partner of the house, refused curtly even to discuss the matter. Under the plan, Ley's outfit would have been responsible for only 60 per cent of the amount Siemens itself paid out in pensions, which probably explains why Herr Siemens was roundly applauded at his first appearance in the plant after his stand became known. But no business could hold out indefinitely, particularly under pressure of the increasingly rigid war economy imposed even before a shot was fired. After war broke out, there was nothing whatever to stop the slow strangulating fingers of Nazi control, leading one of the old-time great liberal newspapers to observe blandly in the spring of 1942: "There is hardly a field in German economic life today where the State does not appear."

Very true, whether in the great expanding network of

Nazi-controlled enterprises (in both Germany and the occupied areas) represented by the Hermann Goering Werke, or in private enterprise. The German industrialist simply describes his facilities and the Nazis tell him what to make. He reports his labour needs, but the Nazis decide whether he shall receive, or give up, workers. Whether he is making or losing money, the government alone can expand or curtail his operations, or even close his business. He may request equipment and raw materials, but the authorities send him only what the generals on Economics Czar Goering's staff let him have. If the government makes a mistake, the German industrialist has little hope of appeal; but if he makes the mistake, the penalty under a recent Hitler decree may be a heavy prison sentence and crushing fine, or even death. The Nazi press referred euphemistically to this decree as "granting German industry greater responsibility and initiative in the prosecution of the war." In truth it makes waste, faulty reporting of inventory, needs or production, and excess charges on war contracts, tantamount to treason with capital punishment a possibility.

In the spring of 1942 also, an "armaments council" was appointed consisting of Air Field Marshal Erhard Milch, one of Goering's ace assistants, with three generals and eight leading industrialists, to put the final screws on production. Courts began to plaster fines of as high as \$20,000 on businessmen charged with "desiring to profit" on government orders. And Otto Schnellert, forty-three-year-old proprietor of two clothing stores in Weimar, was sentenced to death for trading part of his stocks of rationed goods for other rationed commodities, especially food, and of violating price ceilings. His wife Martha got only eight years in prison and an \$8000 fine. Add infinite red tape and bureaucracy, the uttermost supervision of every detail of his operations, plus taxes amounting in some cases to 90 per cent of profits, and the ever-mounting difficulty of getting goods to trade in, and the businessman's feelings in Naziland can be imagined.

And what of women on the home front? Hitler hasn't much use for them politically and scorns them as deputies in his Reichstag, but in a country radically depleted by war of its man-power, he has them in goose step, too. At the end of the first two years of war, according to official figures, he

had drafted over 1,000,000 additional women into war work, bringing the total employed in the Reich (exclusive of occupied areas) to 10,000,000. They were performing almost half the labour in forestry and agriculture, running farms on which only old men and young boys were left; they were even working in mines. In the cities, they were driving trucks and delivering the mail, acting as conductors on buses and street-cars and railway trains; even (Jewish women) clearing the streets of snow. They were in factories by millions, and in every office, shop and laboratory.

Today the married ones, insofar as they are not following the exhortation to have more children, are giving the ones they already have into the care of neighbours or Nazi welfare organizations and being put to work. Servants are permitted only under a strict system of "rationing," for domestic servants are useful in factories, too. Unemployed single women are a comparative rarity, of course. Those who were previously employed in lines considered non-essential to the war have now been put into more productive jobs. Night-club hostesses and street-walkers were among the early draftees. At some vacation resorts, police made canvasses of the cafés and bars and checked on the guests as potential labour-conscripts. One young woman in East Prussia who was so guileless as to advertise in the local newspaper for a pair of riding-boots was visited by a Nazi official and told that if she had time for riding she had time to work. The district labour offices exercise autocratic control over working careers. One girl who had been assigned farm work by the Hanau labour office objected that she wanted to work in a factory. Although it was pointed out to her that such a selection could not be tolerated, she did not report to her assigned job. It cost her two months in prison.

Quite aside from her labours, the working woman in Nazi Germany has a difficult if not grim task of simply living, and her pleasures are distressingly few. Clothing, food, housing: these are the basic problems, and she has to meet them on scant wages in the face of living costs that are bounding upward from day to day. Her clothes are mended over and over again; if she can procure new ones on her clothing card (and it is unlikely that she can) they are of shoddy, ersatz material. Her summer shoes are almost invariably of wood

and cloth or straw, and to get her old winter leather ones even repaired she must have a special permit. Her clothes ration card permits her a certain theoretical selection, but here fundamentally is what she is entitled to for the entire year: one ersatz wool or ersatz silk dress, or a set of inferior lingerie; one nightgown and six pairs of stockings (if she can find them); odds and ends of yarn or thread; and repairs or remodelling of a hat or two. Felt hats require special permits, as do shoes. If she already has one pair of shoes for street wear, and one for the house, the Nazis consider that sufficient. Only married women may get permits for very limited quantities of bed or table linen.

In the frivolous realm of cosmetics, the German woman is in a bad fix. Ordinary powder and some rouge may still be had, but lipstick, finger-nail polish, perfumes and the like have disappeared from most shops since the exhaustion of loot from the Low Countries and France. Face creams, tooth-paste, eau-de-Cologne—these are rarities, and the official wartime soap is made of clay.

For those women who have relatives at the front, the emotional burden is increased by the scarcity of word because of the tremendous distances involved. And because Russia and Germany do not exchange news of prisoners, the dread words "missing in action" may mean uncertainty until the end of the war. "End of the war"! When? It is something which no longer has any real meaning for the German woman. If under the sheer uncertainty of it all her morale should break down, it could easily affect the whole course of Hitler's war. But her capacity for disciplined co-operation and sacrifice, like that of German men, seems almost unlimited. And, like them, out of simple fear of defeat or actual belief in Hitler's aims, she goes on goose-stepping day in and day out, month in and month out.

Her children, too, insofar as they are not already at the front, are exploited to the full by the Nazi war machine, or the Nazi political machine. The "political education" of the young has always been a primary concern of Adolf Hitler, even though it meant removing the child from the real influence of the home. Not only did it enable the Nazis to make the youth scorn democracy and hate Jews and "inferior" peoples like the Poles and Russians, but it

enabled them to train these youth to hurl their energies into war work against such enemies. In the face of a growing labour shortage, the Nazis are wringing as much as possible from the pool of boys and girls from the age of ten years up. When the boys reach seventeen, after they have already received the normal pre-military training required in the Hitler Youth, they are now subjected to more intensive military training; at that age they may even go to the front, as evidenced by the death notices. Every boy and girl is liable to a period of compulsory labour service, which for the girls has now been extended to a year and a half. Teen-age youngsters are required to devote much of their time outside of school hours to all types of work on the home front. Hitler decreed not long ago that any child above the age of ten who was physically fit could be conscripted for farm labour. The reopening of schools was moved into November to lengthen this period of usefulness in the fields. High school and university students must generally spend their vacations on farms, in factories, in public services such as the railway and postal systems, as well as in government offices, hospitals and social-welfare organizations. It was announced not long ago by the Reich's Youth Leader that the employment of boys and girls between ten and seventeen years of age in "Reich defence tasks" would be *further intensified*. Just what that meant he did not say.

The religious education of youth in Nazi Germany has been subjected to discouragements and restrictions of various types for a number of years. Although it has never been officially admitted, certain ceremonies of induction into the different Nazi youth organizations were manifestly intended to replace Christian confirmation. Each initiate takes the oath, "I vow and promise at all times to do my duty in love and fidelity to the Fuehrer and our flag." But in spite of it all, youthful attendance at church in wartime has actually increased and several Catholic communities in Bavaria and the Rhineland have had to reinstate special youth services to meet the demand.

Church services in general have maintained, if not actually increased, their attendance during the war. This is doubtless traceable to the increased need of spiritual devotion which many people feel in times of personal or national

crisis. Whether Hitler realizes that this may help many Germans to bear the war better, or whether he simply has his hands full with military combat, he has shown no disposition to reopen a frontal attack on either the Protestant or the Catholic churches during wartime. The churches for their part have refrained from taking advantage of Hitler's preoccupation with the war to initiate a showdown. Patriotism has certainly not been lacking; more Catholic priests and novitiates had fallen after less than two years of war than fell altogether during the First World War, and the same is doubtless true of the Protestants. Nazi persecution and the tension of war have led on occasion to open manifestations of joint interests by Catholic and Protestant communities. There have been instances, for example, when a Catholic community's funds were seized by the Gestapo, where the Protestants helped; or when a Protestant parish house was confiscated and closed and the Catholics placed theirs at their neighbours' disposal. One Catholic bishop at a meeting of the German bishops at Fulda made the statement: "In Germany today, the Christians, like the Jews, are being persecuted; but, like the Jews, we must hold fast together!" The claims of Nazi officials that congregations and pastors were being slowly separated from one another are not borne out by the quantity and content of letters received by the latter. The famous Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich (one of the very few church leaders ever to have a direct interview with Hitler, and an unsatisfactory one!) received 1400 letters from his diocese in one month, and on his birthdays gets letters and telegrams by the basketful. "*Hoch unser Bischof! Hoch unser Bischof!*" were not unfamiliar cries at his and other Catholic services. Gestapo agents, planted in practically every church service, Catholic and Protestant, do nothing about these demonstrations, perhaps because of the liberal sprinkling of military uniforms always present.

That Hitler has not engaged in any concentrated movement against the churches of late does not mean that there have not been snipings on a local scale. Confiscation of the property of Catholic orders by the Gestapo in Westphalia, and the literal putting on to the street of the inhabitants, led to the taking of a courageous stand by the Bishop of

Münster, Count von Galen. Not only a high-ranking Catholic dignitary, but a member of an old and respected German aristocratic family, he protested to Hitler by letter and telegram and, at the open risk of his freedom, denounced the Gestapo activity in his sermons. The Nazis did not ignore this challenge of their authority, and the Bishop was put under house arrest. Upon his release, he ceased his criticism, but some observers believe only under a truce by which the government halted Gestapo persecution in his diocese.

The most courageous of the Nazis' Protestant opponents, Pastor Martin Niemoeller, when last heard of was still in a concentration camp. He had been ill, but he had not given any sign of taking advantage of the Nazi offer to sell him freedom for abandoning his pulpit.

Meanwhile, Alfred Rosenberg's project of a "Reichs Church" in which the sword will replace the cross, and in which there shall be no more pastors but only "Reichs Church Speakers" who will be subjected to tests of courage and strength in such things as parachute-jumping and swimming to justify the wearing of their uniforms—this is still in book form. It is another of those things awaiting "the end of the war"!

Chapter 21

FIFTH COLUMN PLUS

PRACTICALLY all of the leading Nazis and all of the leading Nazi organizations had a hand in the work of "softening up" countries abroad which were on the Nazis' list for invasion or occupation, or simply tethering to the Axis. Ribbentrop and the Foreign Office, of course, had a large part in subversive activities abroad; the Propaganda Ministry, through the control of Nazi newspapers abroad, had enormous influence; the Gestapo and military espionage reached into every corner of Europe.

The Nazi organization, however, which brought the science of subversion to its most refined degree is the so-called *Auslandsorganization Der Nationalsozialistischer Deutscher Arbeiterpartei*, or "Foreign Organization of the National Socialist Party" (AO for short). This outfit is under the direction of a young Secretary of State, Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, who is responsible only to Hitler. It has always been one of the most important of the Nazi activities, and its appropriation of foreign exchange to carry on its work is exceeded only by that for food imports.

In brief, the *Auslandsorganization* encompasses all those German-blooded persons living outside Germany who can be convinced that their loyalty is still to Germany rather than to the country where they are living. Their number is very great. In fact a German official in a position to know estimated the number of persons affiliated with the AO at the end of 1938 as at least 10,000,000, and the sum of money to have been spent by it up to that time as 10,000,000,000 reichsmarks, two thirds of it abroad. This sum did not include payments from a special fund administered directly from the Reichschancellery, which was used for recognition of "foreign friends of the Nazi Party," such as the Dutchman Mussert and the Belgian DeGrelle. Such men received large quantities of well-known German industrial shares like Siemens, I. G. Farbenindustrie, Gute Hoffnungshuette, as well as of smaller companies. In the transfer of 1,500,000 marks' worth of Borsig-Rheinmetall

shares to the Italian anti-Semite Farinaci, Julius Streicher served as middleman, earning 300,000 marks as his cut.

By now, great numbers of the AO's 10,000,000 loyal minions have been brought home to the Reich through Nazi conquest, but there are millions still at work in all parts of the world. As in those countries which have already gone under, they are masked behind cultural, athletic, or social activities, frequently formed into clubs, and they are the breeding ground and cradle of the Nazi Fifth Column.

In every country where it operates, the *Auslandsorganization* maintains a special bureau, likewise disguised, for securing agents of all sorts. If domestic firms are looking for engineers, salesmen, receptionists, clerks or whatever, the AO office tries to provide a suitable German-blooded candidate. A favourite place for the location of AO agents, whether as chambermaid, butler, chauffeur or serving maid, was in the embassies and legations of missions accredited to the particular country. Here the AO worked parallel with, or ran up against, the activities of Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop's own spy service (relations between the Foreign Minister and Herr Bohle are not cordial). In fact, one of the *Auslandsorganization's* major functions is to spy and report upon the German diplomatic missions abroad; every German embassy, legation and consulate had as a member of its staff—unbeknown to the other members—an AO snooper who sent regular reports directly to Herr Bohle. Often a chance remark would be enough to short-circuit the career of some German diplomat. The retirement of one German Minister in a Southeastern European state actually originated in the prattling of his child to the children of other members of the mission that there was no picture of Hitler in *their* house. The mission's AO spy saw that that reached the proper desk.

In another case an AO agent (a manservant) smuggled into the desk of his employer a piece of notepaper from which it appeared that the Minister had been negotiating with the government to which he was accredited, against the interest of the Nazis. This forgery "happened to have been found" by another member of the staff. The Herr Minister never fully cleared himself.

It is small wonder that a prominent German diplomat in 1938 observed that "unless something intervenes, the policy of the Organization will help to bring us into war. When the war is once in progress it will become clear that the *Auslandsorganization* has been able to make the German Reich more hated in the world, and in fewer years, than was possible for all German governments since 1870. The war will show what fruits we have this organization of Herr Bohle to thank for." Herr Bohle's principal agents in cities like the Hague, Brussels, Paris, Belgrade, Athens, Copenhagen, Oslo, Prague and Warsaw did very well for themselves, however, after the German troops had marched in, and today they enjoy influence equal to that of the Reichs-commissars themselves. They still report direct to Berlin, but now they spy on the Commissars.

The AO's Department of Foreign Operations is divided into several subdepartments, each of which has a leader answerable to Bohle. The names of these leaders are kept a strict secret. The subdepartments are:—

1. Subdepartment Foreign Policy, encompassing all diplomatic and political matters.
2. Subdepartment Trade and Commerce, covering all matters of industry and trade.
3. Subdepartment Transport, covering all matters of railway, marine and air transportation.
4. Subdepartment General Affairs, which, despite its vague title, is perhaps the most important of all, since it deals with the police and military forces of the countries where the AO functions.

A special Overseas Department included, when German ships sailed the seven seas, thousands of German sailors, who picked up in the harbours of the world much of value to Herr Bohle and carried out for him many a special task.

Nor has Hitler allowed the *Auslandsorganization* to slight Germany's allies. One of its most extensive networks operates in Italy. Many Italian officials, chiefly Army officers, objected to the existence of the AO outfit in Rome and in the first war year, aware of its subversive character, tried unsuccessfully to have the bureau closed. Tension reached its high point when a number of high military officers declined to participate in the reception of Staatssekretaer Bohle when

he came to Rome for a visit shortly before the war, and also refused to show him certain important military constructions. This led to an awkward situation between Mussolini and the General Staff in which Crown Prince Umberto took the side of the military (much of AO's spying in Italy was in monarchist circles). Mussolini had to give way, whereupon Bohle swore never again to tread Italian soil. A little while later, however, it was announced that certain Italian decorations had been bestowed upon him, the acceptance of which required his presence in Rome. Hitler told him to go and get the medals, and he went. It was not long after this that Hitler learned that one of the leading officials of the Italian Embassy in Berlin was in close contact with the English and French Embassies in Berlin, which as a result were learning pretty much everything worth knowing about German-Italian relationships. Moreover, Der Fuehrer, upon following up the matter, learned that about half of the Italian Embassy's staff was cool, if not antagonistic, towards the Nazi regime. The press attaché, Marchese Antinori, was mentioned as the leading spirit in this anti-Nazi group and his recall was sought by the German Foreign Office. It was months before this could be achieved, since Antinori had strong supporters in Rome, particularly in the Royal house.

The present stage of Hitler's march towards *Neuordnung* in Europe follows as careful preparation as that made for the military campaigns, and in this preparation Herr Hitler's *Auslandsorganisation* has played an important, shady part.

Chapter 22

THESE LOST THE WAR

ONE million men, women and children who have dared oppose Hitler's rule of Europe have been executed by Himmler's Gestapo.

At the same time the Nazis have grabbed loot, including Jewish property inside Germany itself, valued at more than forty billion dollars, far more than the cost of the seven-year rearmament programme.

I was in Paris when the *Wehrmacht* entered and sub-

sequently visited several other conquered countries. It was the same everywhere: complete military conquest, plundering, then ruthless crushing of all resistance by wholesale use of firing squads, concentration camps, enforced labour and starvation. Economically and politically, Hitler's allies have been treated little differently.

A month after the fall of Paris I walked down the Grand Boulevards, pushing my way through sweating Nazi soldiers and sauntering Frenchmen. It was Bastille Day. The strains of "The Woodpecker's Song" ground from the juke boxes of several sidewalk cafés. Wine and beer were plentiful. From outward appearances this tableau was not much different from any other lazy afternoon. To me it was evident that the French had not yet recovered from the apathy which struck them like a plague with the annihilation of their armies. Nor had they begun to feel, to a great extent, the economic and political catastrophe befalling them. I strolled from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Boulevards Montmartre, Poissonnière, Bonne-Nouvelle, St. Denis, St. Martin, Temple, Filles du Calvaire and Beaumarchais to the Place de la Bastille itself. Hawkers were peddling the latest lists of French prisoners of war. The square was almost deserted except for a small crowd in one corner. The German military governor had forbidden all public gatherings. Could it be possible, then, that this group had defied the decree and that French individualism had not been beaten into these very stones over which crazed mobs surged 151 years ago?

"Mesdames! Messieurs!" I heard the raucous cry.

Stretching high, I looked over the heads of the crowds and saw . . . a weight-lifter trying to badger his spectators into tossing him francs instead of sous. War seemed a million miles away.

Bastille Day, 1941, also was hot, but there were fewer German soldiers, far less food and practically no wine. Nazi "purchases" and requisitions had almost exhausted the supplies. Every bit of French economy had been gobbled up by the Nazis. The bread ration was slightly less than half a pound a day per person, meat less than that a week—if available at all. Wine soon was to be rationed at a quart a week, or about the normal average daily consumption.

Music drifting from the crowded cafés was mostly German: "Vienna," "Marlene," and "Bel Ami." Perhaps only a hundred or so Frenchmen had been executed by the Gestapo in the past year. Lists of war prisoners no longer were sold. Everyone knew that more than 1,500,000 were in prison camps, many being forced to work for Hitler's total war.

Loquacious Frenchmen called the Germans *mangetouts*, the name of a green pea, eaten pod and all, but liberally translated as "gobbler-uppers." Other names included *doryphores* (potato bugs), *vaches* (cows), *chiens* (dogs) and *cochons* (pigs), besides the most popular, *les Boches*. That seemed to be the extent of French resistance. Pitifully few seemed to realize or care beyond the increasing pinch of food restrictions just how completely Hitler had devoured France. There was not a single business—large or small—in France that had not been influenced, controlled, acquired outright or maliciously smashed by German interests. Those who did realize the disaster were helpless in the face of the Nazi dictum:—

"Be my friend, or I'll bash your head in!"

Obediently, although unwillingly, they doled out 380,822,000 francs daily (\$8,685,000) for "costs of occupation."

On Bastille Day, 1942, the 153rd anniversary of the storming of that ancient prison, placidity and stupor had given way to revolt, terror, sabotage. Gestapo firing squads were busy constantly, not only in France but in all the thirteen other conquered territories. The truly French songs, "Vive Demain" (Long Live Tomorrow), "J'Attendrai" (I Am Waiting), "Ou Sont-ils, Mes Petits Copains?" (Where Are They, My Old Pals?), were on all French lips. "V" armies were forming, secretly, in every city. Now the French saw more clearly what had happened. They realized that plundering had been only part of a long and carefully prepared plan which began the minute the first German units broke through Gamelin's armies and set foot on French soil. Soldiers had been provided with *Reichskreditkassenscheine*—occupation marks—and spent them freely, so by the time they reached Paris, the juiciest plum of the war, their spending spree was streamlined to perfection. The Nazis were careful not to impose rationing until some ten million

German troops and civilians had had a fling at the loot.

Behind the conquering *Wehrmacht*, experts of the "Economic Mobile Units" followed like jackals, stripping industry. This system had a twofold purpose. First, since France was to be chiefly an agricultural tract in the master plan of the New Order, and an exporter of luxury items, she would not need this machinery. Second, the stuff that the French actually did need until the *Neuordnung* was accomplished could be used as barter goods to trade *back* to the rightful owners for concessions profitable to the Nazis. Of course, the factories which the Germans could utilize immediately were left intact. This Utopian scheme was explained to me in detail in the early days of the occupation by Dr. Helmuth Westphal of the Reich's Economics Ministry, whom I interviewed in the German-occupied Chamber of Deputies building. Speaking English he had perfected during five years' residence in the United States, he expounded his Fuehrer's version of *raison d'être*. He spoke with equal acumen of the roles that Norway, Sweden, Italy, Spain and Bulgaria would play.

"Every person and business must prove its right to exist," he explained. "For instance, if heavy industry because of the proximity of raw materials, fuel and the availability of transport, skilled labour and outlets, is more suited to the Ruhr, and agriculture has its *raison d'être* in France, then French industry must be moved up to the Ruhr, leaving the French unencumbered by mechanical things. The *Neuordnung* cannot tolerate misfits."

The case of the Compagnie Française des Mines des Bor, owner of the valuable Yugoslavian copper mines, provided one of the outstanding examples of how the Nazis worked. I was a "journalist in waiting" at a secret session between Goering, as Nazi "Economic Czar," and Laval late in 1940 when the bargain was struck. Until that day Laval had resisted all overtures for control of the mines in the hope of manoeuvring the Germans into a more favourable deal for France. But the opportunity did not come and Laval was forced to relieve the suffering French economy. Industry was in a chaotic state; unemployment was mounting—over a million in the Paris area alone in comparison with a

normal France-wide dole of 300,000—and the grumbling of the ill-fed people was growing louder, more ominous. No tangible results had emanated from the Hitler-Pétain collaboration meeting at Montoire. Vichy was split between would-be collaborators and on-the-fencers.

So the session was arranged at the Ritz. I waited for more than two hours outside the heavily guarded door. When Laval and de Brinon, then later Goering, emerged, they declined to comment. Because others attended the meeting, I was able to learn about the deal. There was no doubt that Laval wangled a good price. The shares were listed on the Bourse at 1600 francs each. Goering is reported to have paid double that, along with the pledge that certain large quantities of purloined French industrial machinery would be returned. Superficially, the deal seemed to benefit both parties. Actually, however, the French government took a total loss. Goering merely instructed the German commissioner of the Bank of France to subtract the price of the mines from the "costs of occupation," and credit that amount to the former Bor owners.

The transaction conformed nicely to the idea expressed to me about that time by a German official: "Our idea is to put France and Germany on the same economic footing." A little later Vichy disclosed that the Nazis had obtained control of 49 per cent of all principal French industries, banks and businesses. Industrialists had only two alternatives: co-operate or get out. Most of them accepted because they felt it was better to have some semblance of control of their own businesses than none at all.

The first important Nazi purchase in Paris was of the world-famous restaurant, Maxim's, by Horcher of Berlin. It was made, as were all the German buys, strictly in accordance with established French law, thus solidly entrenching capital which will be difficult to ferret out after the war. French brokers and attorneys handled the details. Later, when Horcher was fined a million francs by a French court for black-market dealings, he fixed the fine as easily as a politician would a traffic ticket. Using this "legal" method, sometimes through French dummy purchasers, both Goering and Goebbels bought up large interests in the Suez Canal Company which had been purged of all ten British, two

Egyptian members and one Dutch. But the British Military Authorities control the canal itself. Ribbentrop increased his holdings in the Rheims champagne industry.

Sequestration has proved and will continue to prove highly profitable for the Nazis. United States holdings alone total an enormous amount, including General Motors, Standard Oil, International Harvester, Ford and half a dozen movie companies. The year-book, *Americans in France*, lists over 3000 American businesses. U.S.A. banks which operated branches in Paris are: National City, Morgan's, Guaranty Trust and Chase National. British investments included eighty-one insurance companies. It can be assumed that they were "invited to participate" in the new Association for Covering Reinsurance Risks founded by the Munich Reinsurance Company which was described by the Nazi press as "the foundation for future organization of European insurance under the Reich's leadership." In the formation of German-French cartels, especially in the dye and chemical businesses, the French had to take what they were offered, sight unseen, like buying in wild-cat real estate.

"Continue as usual. But now you are working for us. *Heil Hitler!*" In just so many words the huge Schneider armaments factory at Creusot became German. The words were spoken by a *Wehrmacht* officer whose troops had advanced so swiftly that they entered the plant while 5000 of the 15,000 employees were still at their jobs. Only one 1000-horsepower turbine had been sabotaged. On the grounds were 1,000,000 grenades plus a train-load of unfilled ones which had just arrived from Citroen, thousands of aerial bombs, 4,000,000 artillery shells, immense dumps of copper, lead, steel and powder. The German Army, disdainful of French equipment, didn't use the booty itself, but bartered it to Finland, Hungary, Rumania, Slovakia and Bulgaria (and even Greece), for foodstuffs, political, economic and military concessions.

The Renault and Citroen plants were closed when the Germans occupied Paris, as was practically all French industry, but they were put to work immediately repairing damaged Nazi tanks and equipment. Six weeks after the occupation, Renault (bombed by the R.A.F. in March,

1942) had begun producing tanks for the *Wehrmacht*. Citroen had resumed making shells, grenades, bombs and army autos for the German Army. The two factories also began installing gasogene (wood-burning) units in their cars and experimenting with electric ones. Two years after the armistice, the Vichy government was reported to have signed an agreement whereby 85 per cent of the French motor-car production goes to Germany. The remaining 15 per cent is supposed to remain in France, presumably for French use, but it is entirely likely that the Germans get that too. French petrol consumption has been cut to only 3 per cent of pre-war days. It was estimated that the French plants supply the Germans with 38,000 motor vehicles yearly and about 25 per cent of Germany's trucks now come from France. Renault and Matford (French Ford) at one time delivered 2000 trucks a month to the *Wehrmacht*. Hispano-Suiza, also bombed, retooled for German-type airplane motors. The Potez airplane factory at Amiens began making parts for the Luftwaffe. Potez revealed recently that tests for "the biggest hydroplane in the world" were successful. The six-engined, forty-six-ton plane carried the Nazi swastika on its tail.

During the first days of the occupation men and boys were rounded up by Germans and taken to barracks where they were pumped full of propaganda designed to induce them to go to work in the Reich. The Vichy government protested and the men were released. Some did sign for German jobs, however, for want of something to do. Two years later Laval admitted that Germany planned to "requisition" French labour to obtain over 300,000 "volunteers" he had asked to work in German factories, so that some war prisoners would be released.

"A policy of entente and conciliation with Germany, whose victory I desire, is necessary to assure the salvation of the country and the future peace," Laval asserted.

Nazi authorities made it easier for French workers to decide about going to Germany by decreeing longer hours in French industry, throwing thousands out of work. During the spring and summer of 1942 about 1300 French factories and artisan shops were closed because of lack of raw materials. An additional 1600 were threatened with closure.

Twenty-five employment offices opened in Paris after Laval's plea. Three were promptly bombed.

Two of France's most famous and profitable industries, fashions and champagne, probably have suffered more than any other under Nazi rule. Cut off completely from North and South American and British markets, *haute couture* was dealt a critical blow. But for the so-called fashion experts of Berlin and Vienna it was a golden opportunity. Frau Robert Ley, blond young wife of the *Arbeitsfront* chief, proclaimed that Germany would dictate the world's fashions. Soon materials began to become scarce and "wood-wool"—ersatz wool made from trees—was introduced. Vichy became alarmed and announced that henceforth Paris fashion houses would not be governed by clothing ration cards, so "France can retain her leadership in fashions." Five per cent added to each purchase went to the national relief fund.

Because the vineyards in the Champagne region were virtually abandoned in the exodus, production that year was 83 per cent below normal and there was no prospect of recuperation for three years. Actual war damage was slight; the harm was done by leaving the vines untended. During a visit to Rheims I learned that the Luftwaffe had violated the *Wehrmacht's* promise not to enter the city for a certain period and took 2,000,000 bottles of champagne before the Ribbentrop-appointed "Champagne Fuehrer" arrived to take charge. He was right at home: he had lived there many years before the war. Upwards of 12,000,000 bottles were requisitioned immediately. The estimated reserve at that time was 55,000,000 bottles. The Germans paid an average of forty francs a bottle—two marks—which was tantamount to seizure because of the artificial value of the mark in francs. A glass of weak beer at the Adlon Hotel bar in Berlin, for example, costs a mark. It's practically impossible to get French champagne in Berlin; if it is obtainable it costs about 100 marks, or forty dollars. The German people would like to know what happened to all the wines taken from France.

For French on relief there are only two alternatives: starve or work for Hitler's total war. Any able-bodied man on the dole must sign up for work in the Reich or not only his daily pittance but his food cards also will be withheld by

the French acting under Nazi direction. The exodus resulted in an extremely acute relief situation of which the German Welfare Relief Director told me in Paris:—

"France herself must assume the responsibility for refugee relief. It is not the business of the conqueror to relieve the world from misery and distress caused through the fault of the vanquished. The fact that we as a country of *Kultur* intervened to relieve this misery must not authorize France to hold Germany responsible for the misfortunes of the refugees. We remind all Frenchmen that they must not forget it was France who declared war on Germany."

To the relievers who receive about ten francs a day, the black market and the black bourse are things of fantasy. American gold dollars have been worth as much as 460 francs each on the black bourse, compared with the official rate of 73. Dollar bills hit an all-time high of 210 francs, compared with the official rate of 43.50. Even after the beginning of the Nazi-United States war, the dollar held at 150 francs. The British pound, quoted officially at 175 francs, dropped to 100 after the fall of France, then rose steadily when it became evident that Germany could not invade England, and pegged at around 210.

The black bourse is controlled by the Nazis, who have bought up all the gold, in any shape or form, they could lay their hands on. It seemed to me paradoxical that gold was so valuable to them when Hitler contended that it was worth nothing; I often wondered if this hoarding was an expression of doubt in victory and the *Neuordnung*.

The French, in my estimation, not only disbelieve in *Der Tag*, but at least 96 per cent hope, pray and work for a United Nations' victory. Of the 4 per cent who are *collaborateurs*, I doubt if even one per cent actually are convinced that Hitler is undertaking a sacred mission in his New Order of Europe and Africa. The remaining 3 per cent chiefly are opportunists interested in personal economic or political gain. An example of a Nazi "sell-out," which the French despise as much as the Nazis, was provided by Pierre Constantini, head of the French League, who said:—

"The greater Europe which Napoleon dreamed of is going to become a reality; a miracle accomplished by the

courage of German soldiers and the superhuman strategic skill of Adolf Hitler."

At first, the apathetic Frenchmen didn't know what to think. They were surprised to find that the soldiers didn't cut off babies' arms. The common soldier, in fact, seemed more like a tourist—snapping pictures, gawking at the sights, laughing, and running in and out of sidewalk toilets. But then came the Gestapo, Goebbels' high-powered disciples of the *Neuordnung*, and the carpetbaggers who soured the French almost overnight. That bad taste turned to gall when the "Great *Ausverkauf*"—Clearance Sale—began and the stores of food, clothing and wine began to disappear. From then on, collaboration was out of the question.

The press was used by Generals Otto von Stuelpnagel and Alexander von Falkenhausen, and Gestapo Chief Prince Josias Waldeck-Pyrmont, as a medium for all Nazi decrees and notices of executions. The list of names of ninety-three executed in August, 1942, must have filled a column in the tabloid-size, four-page Paris papers. Shortly after the occupation von Stuelpnagel ruled that German soldiers hunting game on French farms were not responsible for damage to fences, forests or crops; just as in feudal days.

These Nazis control or influence every phase of French life—home, church and state. They dictate to the police, the French civil administration, the courts. Their control over French economy has affected social life as well. To insure obedience to their wishes, field commanders are scattered over the land, usually in attractive châteaux or municipal buildings. Stuelpnagel's command actually stopped with the "Forbidden Zone" which was ruled by von Falkenhausen. General Ernst von Schaumburg governs greater Paris. Every Frenchman in the occupied zone is, in effect, a hostage, as are the peoples of the other conquered territories. At any time of the day or night they could be routed out and told that they must die for crimes of which they have no knowledge whatsoever.

Waldeck-Pyrmont, fearing a French uprising in the event of a United Nations invasion, decreed reprisals down to cousins. "If the culprit is not found within ten days after the deed is committed, firstly, all male members of his family over eighteen will be shot; secondly, all female

members of his family will be sent into forced labour, and thirdly, all children from the family, up to eighteen, will be taken into supervised homes of education." He explained that "families" included sons-in-law and cousins of the patriots.

About four hundred were executed for aiding the British Commandos at St. Nazaire. It is likely that a few also were executed after the Dieppe raid, although the B.B.C. continually advised the French that it was not the real invasion and not to participate. The first big batches of hostages shot were forty-eight in Nantes for the shooting of a field commander in October, 1941; and forty-nine for the killing of a German officer in Bordeaux a day later. Von Stuepnagel ordered that a hundred more—fifty from Nantes and fifty from Bordeaux—be shot within three days if the assassins were not captured. Pétain himself reportedly stopped further slaughter by offering his own life in place of the condemned one hundred. Executions—from one to ninety-three at a time—have become more frequent as the true "V" army gains in strength and numbers.

As a result of the Nantes-Bordeaux shootings, von Stuepnagel decreed that any foreigner caught inciting attacks against the German authorities be shot immediately and that all Jews who had arrived in France after January 1st, 1936, and all known militant Communists, be thrown into concentration camps. Shortly thereafter a wave of violence broke out in Paris, resulting in a 6 p.m. to 5 a.m. curfew (the regular curfew was midnight to 5 a.m.), which lasted more than a week and disrupted the city's life. Nazi soldiers were shot on dark nights. One was picked off as he walked through a subway tunnel. Alarmed, the military ordered that no soldier go out at night alone. On one occasion the entire Montmartre district was penalized for a fight between German soldiers. It happened one night, just a few days before the start of the war between Germany and the United States. Two explosions wrecked a café near Place Pigalle, killing four Nazi soldiers, wounding three and killing one French girl. The next day, without warning, the Eighteenth *arrondissement* was barricaded, fifteen subway stations closed. About 12,000 persons could not get back to their homes that night. French police were not even per-

mitted to go near the scene but they learned what had happened. Drunken Nazi soldiers threw hand grenades at each other during a fight over a prostitute. The reprisal, however, was continued as a face-saving measure.

Apart from the St. Nazaire uprising, the bloody student demonstrations on Armistice day, 1940, and isolated sabotage, Stuepnagel the first two years of his reign had little difficulty with the beaten French. He always had enough troops around to see that his decrees were obeyed. The first months about 3,000,000 overran France. Then, after an invasion of England proved to be impossible, and the Russian war loomed, most of the troops were removed. By late summer of 1942 there were about twenty divisions, or 400,000 men, in occupied France, chiefly along the Channel Coast. About two divisions in Paris helped to occupy 75 per cent of the city's hotels. Immediately after the Russo-German war started, von Stuepnagel staged a military parade down the Champs-Élysées just to show the French they still were occupied. Thousands lined the avenue—about nine-tenths of them other German soldiers and German civilians—and watched panzer units rumble by, using French tanks!

Just before the Dieppe raid, Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, new military commander of the "Western Defences," reviewed troops in an obvious attempt to intimidate the United Nations' planning for the "Second Front." Among them were S.S. men fresh from combat in Russia. There had been so many confirmed reports of troops being taken from France for service on the Eastern Front that Hitler was afraid not only of an invasion, but also of a possible French uprising.

Several times there were rumours that Italians would be imported to occupy parts of France, thus relieving German troops for duty elsewhere, but this was never attempted. In the first place the French would have revolted, and secondly the Germans could not have tolerated the sight of Italians feasting on what was left of the French plum pie. Early in 1941 German and Italian soldiers clashed at least twice. Once near L'Ecole Militaire and again in a subway station. In the latter incident French civilians pitched in to help the outnumbered Germans fighting visiting Italians on a

station platform. The brawl developed when a crowd was fighting to get into the last train.

The French don't appear to hate the German soldiers individually, but they are contemptuous of the Italians. Standing on the fourth-floor balcony of the office, I watched half a dozen Italian soldiers halt a Frenchman and ask him something, apparently a street address. A crowd gathered and burst forth into contemptuous laughter. Highly agitated, the Italians stomped away, the black plumes in their caps waving in the breeze. Often I've heard Frenchmen lament: "*Dieu!* I wish we would have marched into Italy on September 3rd [1939]." In a Paris restaurant one day I saw a German soldier mimic Mussolini, thrust out his hand in a mock Fascist salute and yell: "*Heil, spaghetti, macaroui, Mussolini!*"

Even the Axis crusade against Russia didn't soften the French attitude toward Italy, or Germany. However, about 3,000 actually did volunteer for service with the German Army on the Eastern Front, but not until Jacques Doriot, ex-Communist, now pro-Nazi politician, and his associates turned on the propaganda taps. Soon after the Russo-German war began, a French photographer representing an American news-picture agency went to the former Russian Intourist office where, according to the press, hundreds of eager youths were clamouring all day long to enlist in the French Free Corps. The place was deserted, except for a few hopeful clerks. Somewhat surprised, the photographer asked: "Is this where one registers for service for the Eastern Front? Perhaps I have made a mistake. No one is here."

"No, this is the office," a clerk replied.

"But where are the hundreds of men I read about? I wanted to take a picture of them."

"Well, ah, er . . . you see, they usually don't come in the mornings." There was an awkward silence. "But you come back at four o'clock this afternoon. You can get a picture then, I assure you."

The photographer did go back and found about a hundred young "volunteers." He photographed them and pretended to leave, but instead took a point of vantage in a small café. As soon as he had disappeared the queue of

"eager youth clamouring to fight the Bolshevist terror" dispersed. The photographer kept the picture as a souvenir. The incident was typical of Nazi propaganda. Of a more serious nature, however, was the campaign Goebbels launched about the time "Second Front" became the watchword of the United Nations. He boasted of an impregnable "western West Wall" stretching from Biarritz to Kirkenes. The *Wehrmacht* obviously had made intense preparations for defending the French, Belgian, Netherlands and Norwegian coasts. Very little is known, for example, of the "Zone Interdit" beginning with the Somme River in Northern France. I personally have seen much of the coastline from the Spanish frontier to Dieppe, just south of Abbeville and the Somme. Here, defences are composed chiefly of crossfire batteries, as the Commandos learned. I saw beaches bristling with machine guns, backed by small and large cannon concealed in caves in the hillsides and on hilltops commanding the sea. Those junkets were made on my own initiative despite the restrictions imposed on foreign correspondents. We were ordered to stay within thirty miles of Paris, and warned that we might be expelled, or even thrown into prison for espionage, if we disobeyed.

I have seen huge Nazi airfields sprawled all over Northern France, especially in the regions of Dieppe, Amiens, Beauvais and Laon. One field near Marines just north of Paris dwarfs LaGuardia airport. At Brie, southeast of Paris, I saw a German airfield of about one hundred acres on which were erected wooden Nazi bombers. From a distance they looked real. A farmer near by said the R.A.F. flew over once in a while but never bombed them. It was rumoured, but never confirmed, that the R.A.F. dropped wooden bombs just to show its contempt. In Northwestern France, scars of the 1940 campaign remain. The roadsides still hold the bodies of hundreds of soldiers, French, British and German. Many of the graves were marked by bullet-pierced helmets on wooden crosses. Tanks looked like rusty derelicts reposing in fields. In one field near Dieppe I saw crumbling trenches untouched since war passed hurriedly over them. The cathedral towns of Beauvais and Amiens still lie in ruins. The cathedrals themselves, however, were only

slightly damaged. The Nazis who dynamited the entire centres of the cities were careful not to touch the towering edifices. On many piles of pulverized bricks and twisted steel I have seen signs reading:—

BUSINESS AS USUAL AT THE EDGE OF TOWN.

The destruction of Amiens, Beauvais and Rotterdam presaged the shape of things to come. In desperation because of the growing flood of resistance, Axis occupying forces have annihilated nearly one hundred villages and towns, most of them in Yugoslavia. Not long after Rotterdam, German bombers levelled the little town of Denhelder because a secret radio believed to be broadcasting to London could not be located. The Nazi-controlled radio and press the next day blamed the R.A.F. Two proud little Bohemian towns, Lidice and Lezaky, were burned to the ground by the Gestapo, which accused the villagers of harbouring parachutists involved in the killing of Heydrich, and their male inhabitants executed. A similar fate descended upon the village of Televaag on the island of Sotra, not far from Bergen, Norway, in reprisal for the shooting of two Gestapo agents. Eighteen hostages were shot and the male population of the town of five hundred was sent to labour camps. Only a few days later, Italian forces in Yugoslavia burned Rudnik on the pretext that it contained followers of General Draja Mikhailovitch. The Fascists followed this triumph by razing the Herzegovinian village of Ravno, executing 300 of its citizens and imprisoning 200 others. But even this brutality was exceeded when Kragujevac was burned to the ground and a reported 1,000 persons herded into an enclosure and "mowed down like cattle" by Fascist firing squads.

The first country to resound to the crackle of Gestapo guns was Czechoslovakia. Not long after Bohemia and Moravia became a protectorate and Slovakia was set up by Hitler as a puppet state, the city of Kladno was fined \$200,000 for the shooting of a German policeman. Investigation revealed that the man was killed by a German soldier in a fight over a prostitute. To save face, the Nazis gradually lifted other restrictions on the town. Far worse was the slaying of at least 150 students of the Universities of Prague and Brno a year after Munich. Chiefly because he

narrowly escaped death during a student demonstration, State Secretary Karl Hermann Frank, who ruled the Protectorate through von Neurath, ordered the universities be closed and the students arrested. Many boys were killed as they tried to escape from dormitories. Others were loaded into trucks and taken to an army barracks near the Prague airport where all over nineteen were ordered to step forward.

Several obeyed, among them the son of the pro-Nazi former Minister of Commerce, Matousek. Rifles cracked. Nine boys, accused as leaders of anti-German groups, fell. When a Gestapo officer commanded that all boys under nineteen step forward, no one moved. They were paralysed by fear. All were taken to concentration camps. It was explained later that the Gestapo had intended to release all boys under nineteen. It was the boys' fault, an agent said. They were too stupid to understand. Later some Czech girl students were brought to the barracks. One, of whom I have positive knowledge, escaped and went to her home and killed herself. A note to her parents told an unprintable story of ravage. The family doctor said she would have died anyway.

Wholesale executions began late in 1941 when Heydrich, fresh from the purge of Oslo, arrived to replace easier-going von Neurath. Included in the victims was Premier Alois Elias. More than 1,000 Czech patriots were executed within a few days after Heydrich was ambushed and killed near Prague. Heydrich's successor, Kurt Daluege, threatened to shoot 1,000 Czechs for every German killed in the Protectorate. Thousands of other loyal Czechs have been incarcerated. Several hundred in Berlin's notorious Moabit prison are kept in solitary confinement and forced to sew buttons on German uniforms. All have long beards because razors are forbidden. They are permitted to read *Mein Kampf*.

When I visited Prague late in 1940, a Czech friend told me: "When the Nazis start to crack up, the uprising and slaughter here will be appalling. We will tear them to pieces."

In no other Nazi-subjugated country is the Hitler distinction between *Herrenvolk* and *Hilfsvolk*—subsidiary race—

more marked than in what once was Poland. And in no other have firing squads been so active. Poles are executed on the least provocation. There is at least one recorded case of a peasant being shot because he was nearest to a haystack which had been set afire.

"In opposition to rumours circulated in enemy countries," Dr. Hans Frank, governor of the Polish general government, asserted, "it must be stated that the Polish people have never been treated with so much objectivity and in such a progressive spirit as now." A few weeks later he decreed that all German civilians between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five should arm themselves, "in view of the special political circumstances existing today."

Next on the Nazi list of conquest was the little kingdom of Denmark which was taken over without much bloodshed. It has fared better than the others, but its people hate the Nazis no less. Apparently one of the main reasons why it has not been completely subjugated is because Hitler wants it for a specific purpose after the war. Observers close to government leaders in Copenhagen have told me that the Nazis have not bled the country of all its wealth because they want it as a sort of supply store for the New Order, something on which depleted Germany could draw after the war. Denmark's most serious threat of losing its status as a kingdom came late in 1941. Ribbentrop was said to have told the Danish government that it would be replaced by the equivalent of a *Gauleiter* regime if it did not agree to sign the renewed and expanded anti-Comintern pact. King Christian also might have been forced to recruit as many as 200,000 "volunteers" to fight with the Nazis against Russia. The Danish attitude was vigorously expressed the day of the signing of the pact in Berlin. A crowd of students gathered in front of the Royal Palace and called for the King, who didn't appear. They hurried to other government buildings shouting: "Down with Judas," "Down with Judas Scavenius." (Eric Scavenius, Foreign Minister, considered by some as too friendly with the Nazis.) A Nazi official in plain clothes, thinking the shouts were hailing the pact, rushed to a balcony of a restaurant, thrust out his hand and yelled: "HEIL HITLER!" Someone locked the balcony window while the students pelted him with tomatoes and

eggs. Apologetic Danish policemen rescued him. Early in the occupation there was a slight mingling with German troops, but it soon stopped. Vindictive Danish boys shaved the heads of girls seen with Germans.

Norwegian Premier Vidkun Quisling, like no other man in history since Judas Iscariot, has given his name to the world as a symbol of treachery. And the vast majority of Norwegians hate him even more than the Nazi conquerors, many of whom were given refuge from starving Germany after the last war. When Quisling was elevated to the premiership early in 1942 he asserted that "Hitler's victory is Norway's victory." But Ribbentrop said: "We can make peace only when Quisling proves he has the backing of the Norwegian people." Scarcely a month later Quisling admitted: "There's no use appealing to the Norwegian people's intelligence. In Norway it has become necessary to impose the New Order by force."

Germany's attitude toward the non-co-operative Norwegians was vividly expressed by Reichs Commissioner Josef Terboven shortly after Heydrich arrived for his purge of Norwegian labour unions.

"It is a matter of indifference to Germany if some thousands or perhaps tens of thousands of Norwegian men, women and children starve and freeze to death during this winter. If Germany had taken advantage of her right—of making the occupied countries provide for her troops—the hunger in Norway would be more terrible than it would be possible to imagine." (He spoke in Oslo on the occasion of harvest time and "thanksgiving" that Germany had sent 55,000 tons of grain to Norway.)

Quisling, Terboven and Gestapo Chief Wilhelm Rediess have caused the execution of over 200 Norwegian patriots and have thrown 7,000 in concentration camps, including members of the clergy and more than 1,000 school teachers who refused to join their new teachers' union—*Lærersamband*.

"Norway's most unfortunate days have arrived," the Stockholm newspaper, *Nya Dagligt*, wrote after Heydrich had decreed a state of emergency and executed two trade-union leaders. There was no meat—the ration was two ounces a month, but it seldom was available—practically no

fish or vegetables. Diphtheria, pneumonia and tuberculosis took an increasing heavy toll.

Hardly any better off were the Low Countries of Holland and Belgium where the Nazis, tormented by "invasion jitters," have had a difficult time governing the sullen populations. In midsummer of 1942, 96 loyal Dutch citizens accused of underground activities were executed, 2,000 Dutch Army officers and 460 prominent Netherlands were arrested for "hostile action," and as "spiritual organizers of hostile acts," and the first batches of 3,000,000 were being sent to "Eastern Territories." Dutch Military Governor General Friedrich von Christiansen warned that the people had better behave "in order to save thousands of lives." About that same time, Christiansen shifted his headquarters from The Hague to Arnhem, only fifteen minutes by automobile from the German frontier.

Dutch Nazi leader Anton Adriaan Mussert complained that the preparations of the Hollanders for a United Nations invasion "abused German magnanimity." The Hollanders once showed their contempt for both Hitler and Mussert by wearing orange flowers, symbolic of the House of Orange. Mussert Youth yanked them out—and screamed with pain. The flowers contained razor blades.

About the time thirty-seven Belgians were executed for "sabotage and assistance to the enemy," von Falkenhausen's assistant, Reeder, in a speech commemorating the second anniversary of the occupation, asserted: "Before I came to Belgium everything was wrong. No order, no administration, nothing but chaos! The Belgian officials were complete failures, I assure you, everything that I have accomplished has been done in the true interest of the country."

Of Belgium's little neighbour, Luxembourg, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* wrote recently: "The transition of Luxembourg from its former state of inefficiency to a part of the Third Reich is almost completed."

Far to the south in the rugged mountains of Yugoslavia the Nazis and Fascists are engaged in full-scale military operations. General Mikhailovitch, in effect, long ago opened a "Second Front" in Europe. Swooping down from his mountain fortresses, he has made the Axis pay heavily for the occupation of his land, and has had revenge for

wholesale executions. Several times I have seen official German announcements that from 100 to 500 hostages were shot in one batch. Once, twenty Serbs were hanged and their bodies left in a public square of a city for twenty-four hours. Gestapo signs warned:—

BEWARE!! THIS IS THE FATE OF THOSE WHO OPPOSE THE MIGHT OF THE OCCUPYING FORCES. HEIL HITLER!!

Despite the fact that Mikhailovitch's family is held as hostages and there is a price of a million dollars on his head, he continues his war, now aided by a dozen planes, most of which were captured from the Germans and Italians.

"If I die," the almost legendary general said, "a dozen other Mikhailovitches will rise to carry on the fight for freedom!"

Fighting in co-operation with him are 20,000 Albanian guerrillas, trying to free their country which Mussolini invaded about the time Hitler entered Prague. About 100,000 Fascist troops have failed to eliminate them. In August, 1942, Italian troops fired into demonstrating students outside a prison in Tirana, the capital, killing thirty-eight, including sixteen girls.

Greece, although ravaged by starvation, has not quit its fight for freedom as evidenced by the fact that 500 were arrested recently, to be executed "if large-scale sabotage continues." During June, 1942, alone, an estimated 120 were executed in Crete for sheltering shot-down British fliers, and sabotage.

But starvation has been far more deadly than the firing squads. An estimated 1,000 die each day in Athens and Piraeus from hunger and disease. Bodies of some of the dead are buried secretly so that families continue to receive the deceased's ration tickets by which they are entitled to about two ounces of bread daily, if any is available. Many have subsisted on grass. About three-fourths of Athens' population of 1,000,000 are fed in communal kitchens. Nine out of every ten babies die within a month after birth.

Economically as well as politically, Hitler has gobbled up the occupied territories. By the constant use of firing square he has bled them to a state of pernicious anæmia. Typical of Nazi plunder is Holland where cattle herds have

been reduced at least 35 per cent, and eggs from a weekly per capita production of forty to a ration of two monthly.

"Germany now takes more vegetables and fruit from Holland than all her other former customers took. Her exports rose 40 per cent last year. We hope these figures will increase," the *Frankfurter Zeitung* said early in 1942. "I must admit," said Nazi Commissioner Arthur Seyss-Inquart, "that the Germans are drawing advantages from the Netherlands."

Besides this loot, the Nazis collect about \$250,000,000 annually for "costs of occupation." Belgium pays \$350,000,000; Norway, \$320,000,000 and Denmark, \$125,000,000.

Denmark, for example, as of January 1st, 1942, had contributed about \$325,000,000 to Germany in the form of occupation costs and loans, which it has no hope of getting back. "If Germany should lose the war, you would lose everything," the Nazi financiers explained. "If we win, you will have all this money to your credit in Berlin—after the war."

Every egg, every penny, every life the Nazis take from the conquered countries only increases hate and resentment and the burning desire for revenge against Germany.

"What are we to do with such people?" a member of a German court-martial exclaimed after routinely sentencing a patriot to death for dealing on the black market. "Nothing fazes them! For every man we shoot, ten more qualify themselves for the same treatment!"

Chapter 23

CLOSE-UPS ON THE WRECKAGE

SHORTLY after 5 a.m. the gleaming German bombers came droning over sleepy Copenhagen. One nosed sharply down to answer a fortress near the royal palace of Amalienborg, which had disobeyed its orders by opening fire on the planes, and raked the palace courtyard with machine-gun fire, killing a sentry of the Royal Guard and chipping the walls of the palace itself.

But from the other bomb bays came nothing deadlier than thousands of little green handbills, in atrocious but lucid

Danish, telling the people that Adolf Hitler, with their government's consent, had granted Denmark the "protection" of the German Reich against England.

That protection, the handbills said, had begun at 5 a.m., when German transports disgorged thousands of green-grey troops at all the Danish ports while tanks, trucks and wagons rumbled across the land frontier into Southern Jutland. But even before 5 a.m., German Gestapo agents had swarmed out of the holds of German coal ships lying for a week in the inner Copenhagen harbour, to seize police headquarters, the radio station, and the mail, telegraph and telephone headquarters. Copenhagen was isolated.

Two hours later I toured the Danish capital with an interpreter. Early risers stood on the street corners in calm little clusters, one of the green handbills at the centre of each group. Danes hustled on their way to work as though nothing had happened. Farther on, where German troops had thrown a heavy cordon around the harbour district, German soldiers chosen for their knowledge of Danish joked with the passers-by. "Tourists" who had gone to bed in the swank Hotel Angleterre the night before came to breakfast in the uniforms of German staff officers.

On this first day, the Danes did not yet know what had hit them. It was several days before they began to leave cafés ostentatiously when Germans entered, before they clipped the heads of girls who dated the German soldiers, and before they dropped the word "German" from the Danish vocabulary, referring to them only as "the strangers."

A young Danish sailor had just taken his girl home and was returning to his ship, whistling, when through the dawn Germans with ready rifles rushed at him. Instinctively he reached for his gun. They shot him dead.

Two Danish police in a motorcycle and sidecar, unaware of their government's decision, were rushing back toward town to report the docking of the transports. Machine guns killed them.

A Danish General Staff car careened through the streets to give the Citadel, main Copenhagen barracks, belated orders not to resist. The Germans, who had already seized the Citadel and disarmed its garrison in the central court-

yard, met the car en route. Machine-gun bullets riddled it and killed the chauffeur.

Two newly married pilot officers of the Danish Air Force hurled their fighters over Copenhagen at the German bombers. Their widows received official condolences.

Altogether I learned of thirteen such deaths, in Copenhagen alone, on my tour that morning—and the heaviest fighting was in Jutland. Yet the German communiqué said only twelve had been killed in all Denmark.

German aviation General Kaupisch governed the new "protectorate" under agreements he had given King Christian on his word of honour "as an officer and a gentleman." Less than two years later, the strain on that word of honour had become too great. Kaupisch, no Nazi, went home and put a bullet through his head.

* * * * *

Here and there, a few twisted, blackened steel girders jutted crazily above the debris; an occasional chimney had withstood the bombing; and a few unusually stout walls had not been completely demolished.

Otherwise downtown Rotterdam—its office buildings, banks, stores, theatres, public buildings, cafés, apartments—was a sprawling heap of ashes, bricks, plaster, broken glass, twisted steel and smashed timbers.

Life had ceased here. But the Nazi propagandists, far from concealing the frightfulness of the Luftwaffe's work, had rushed a group of correspondents from Berlin to the still smouldering ruins, that we might write as a warning to others the full story of Nazi military might.

Nazi officials sent our motorcade of cars slowly straight through the heart of shattered Rotterdam. From staff officers came a running description of the actual bombing, while propaganda officials identified for us the streets and buildings that had once filled the scene. For blocks and blocks, not a single building was left standing.

According to the latest official Dutch reports, 28,000 buildings were destroyed in that area of one and a half square miles. More appalling than the material damage was the loss of human life. Our Nazi escorts did not welcome our questions on casualties, but naturally anticipated them

and had made the necessary arrangements beforehand, so that every German source would give us the same answer: the total casualties would probably number "only a few hundred."

We weren't limited to German sources, however, and from various persons, Dutch and neutral, in Rotterdam, Amsterdam and The Hague, I got estimates which convinced me that thousands, rather than hundreds, lay buried beneath the shambles that was Rotterdam.

At the edge of the ruined area we climbed out of the cars. On one side we could see the smoking ruins stretching for blocks. On the other, we had a close-up view of the gutted Dutch luxury liner *Staatendam*, still blazing and billowing smoke. As we stood there, a German officer told us "why this had to happen."

After the German troops had fought their way into part of the city with the aid of parachutists, he said, the Dutch, along one bank of the Maas River, continued their "senseless" resistance. Accordingly the Dutch commander was sent an ultimatum with a time limit, threatening to bomb Rotterdam to bits if the ultimatum was rejected.

The capitulation came, he said, when Hitler's Stukas already were ravaging the city.

We asked why such a large part of the city had been destroyed if the Dutch had surrendered shortly after the bombing began. The Stukas, we knew, had excellent two-way radios, and it was obvious that wave after wave must have struck at the city.

"No," the officer persisted, "it was only one large wave. They were already in the air and carrying out their orders when the Dutch commander surrendered. We unfortunately could not call them back!"

When I returned to Berlin, I was criticized violently by the Propaganda Ministry for including in my stories the unofficial estimates I had heard of Dutch casualties. An official German statement, they insisted, is incontrovertible.

Even today, the Nazi figure for the number they killed in Rotterdam is 619.

The official Dutch estimate is 60,000.

* * * * *

On a trip to the Belgian front in May, 1940, under High Command escort, our party was diverted on the way to Antwerp for a side glimpse of war. The officers did not tell us where we were going, merely smiled and said it would be "a little bit of history."

Our cars turned off a main road into a lane under beautiful old trees. The scene was deserted except for a few peasants who watched us with that dazed listlessness which comes into people over whose land blitzkrieg has swept.

Suddenly we turned sharp left, passed under a large iron gate and came to a skidding stop in a courtyard. Before us rose a great grey mansion, unkempt and drab, but which must have been beautiful before. We got out of our cars curiously and followed the officers in through the front door.

Inside was chaos. Books, china and bric-à-brac lay on the floor; pictures were askew on the walls; chairs were overturned. We wandered about on all three of the floors; everywhere was the same disorder: in the bedrooms, in the kitchen where brass pots were on the stove and hanging on the walls. Most of the windowpanes had been blown out; only jagged pieces of glass clung to the frames. From the balconies we could see three great bomb craters, one of which had ruined the prim line of a small artificial lake. An old tree had been blasted out by the roots and lay sprawled across a wall. Mud had splattered the hedges and the outer walls of the house, which itself had not been hit. A tiny private chapel in the grounds was intact.

In a small study on the main floor we found illustrated children's books, in French, German and English. A boy's rifle lay in a corner and on a table near it a brass helmet with a gorgeous plume; on it was emblazoned the eagle of Austria. Upstairs, next a bedroom, was a boudoir, and on a table a sewing basket. In the basement were mountain boots, remnants of a bolt of English tweed and other relics of a family where there were children growing up.

The place was depressing, a house of ghosts, and we did not stay long. As we passed from its damp interior out into the sun, I picked up a soiled visiting card which lay on a table.

Zita, Empress of Austria, it read.

The Nazis, having two years before annexed Der

Fuehrer's Austria, had found out the refuge of its former ruling house. Here at Steenockerzeel Castle, under the hospitality of the Belgians, had lived Zita and Otto of Hapsburg, her son, and his brothers and sisters; but there was no longer any refuge. The Nazis were thorough.

* * * * *

It was June 13th, 1940. The gathering twilight over the doomed city of Paris was constantly punctured by flashes in the northern and western skies. The roar of Nazi cannon rolled across the heavens. As I walked across the Alexandre Bridge to the Esplanade des Invalides, I saw a huge column of oily black smoke rising beyond the Eiffel Tower. A pall hung over the city, so thick that rain falling through it turned black. Although it was warm, I shivered as I moved on to the Hôtel des Invalides. The golden dome over Napoleon's tomb towered above me.

"*Bon soir, messieurs,*" I greeted the French soldiers at the gates to the courtyard. "I am an American correspondent in Paris. I would like to see Monsieur le Général Dentz."

The guards seemed more interested in munching sandwiches than anything else, but one consented to ask the General's aide if he would receive me. We watched the foreboding sky until word came back that I could see General Dentz.

In the office of the Military Governor, the General seemed relieved to talk with someone. He was a big man, at least six feet three inches. He was every inch a soldier, yet seemed kindly and philosophic—the type of leader men fought for. Yet now it was too late for him or for anyone to stop the irresistible German onslaught. With a gesture of futility, he indicated all was lost.

"You can hear for yourself," he said dejectedly, waving a tired arm toward the broad expanses of the city. The din of the big guns had increased.

He mentioned the proclamation he had issued that morning, declaring Paris an "Open City," and deplored the fact that it had not been posted days earlier. He himself had succeeded General Hering only twenty-four hours earlier. By then, he lamented, millions had fled their homes need-

lessly. (Later it was estimated that more than 200,000 civilians were killed by strafing planes, bombs or accidents, starved, or were simply reported "missing" in that mad exodus—more than twice France's military fatalities.) Dentz expressed his gratitude to the city and government employees who had had the courage to remain.

"This morning," he said grimly, "an engineer telephoned to say he was leaving his post." His big fist crashed on the desk. "I told him I would have him shot if he did!"

The constant roar of cannon filled the room. The sky was doubly red—not only from cannon flashes, but from the last remnants of the sunset.

We talked of a possible stand by the French south of Paris. Dentz spoke without enthusiasm. I asked about casualties. His proud head dropped. "*Mon Dieu*," he whispered, "I cannot say. I only hope they are not heavy."

Soon I rose to leave. He walked with me to the open window, watched the huge column of smoke and looked far out to the north as if trying to spy out the positions of the guns, hot from constant firing.

"And what will you do when the Germans arrive?" I asked.

"I shall remain at my post and offer them the assistance my position requires. It is not easy, you know, to turn over to the enemy the very heart of the France I love." For a moment he was silent. Then he exclaimed bitterly:—

"God! This is a hell of a way to end a military career!"

I was ushered out past the guards, still nonchalantly eating bread. Overnight they were replaced by smartly uniformed German soldiers. General Dentz was given a guard of honour of Nazi Elite troops and interned in a château.

* * * * *

Correspondents called such conducted tours as we were on "corpse-inspection trips."

This one, the first visit by foreign correspondents to the Eastern Front, was to Lemberg, in that part of Poland which had fallen to the Russians in 1939 and from which the Germans had later driven them out.

We were primarily interested in a first-hand picture of the campaign, but Nazi propagandists, hoping for world-

wide publicity for alleged Russian atrocities, did their best to focus our attention on several hundred corpses of persons they said had been killed by Soviet agents when the Russian troops withdrew.

The Nazis already had experience in such theatricals, for during the Polish campaign in September, 1939, they rushed foreign correspondents to Bromberg to see corpses of alleged Germans allegedly murdered by the "bestial Poles."

This time, at Lemberg, the only changes were that the corpses were allegedly Ukrainians and Poles, and the alleged murderers the "animal Russians."

The Germans ran into the same difficulty—they couldn't persuade the American correspondents to leave out those little words "alleged," "claimed" or "asserted," or to make flat statements instead of attributing them to the German guides.

In each case German escorts in S.S. uniforms displayed dramatically how horrified they were by the atrocities.

Our reaction, though, wasn't horror. It was nausea.

We reached battle-scarred Lemberg late in the afternoon after a long, dusty drive over Polish roads clogged with supplies and reinforcements for the front.

There were evidences of heavy street fighting in Lemberg, and many buildings had been demolished or damaged by gunfire. Many others had been destroyed by the retreating Russians, who had "scorched the earth" here so thoroughly that there was no electricity, water, gas or transportation. With the exception of a few pharmacies, no stores or businesses were open. There wasn't a single restaurant or hotel doing business.

A lieutenant colonel in the Armed S.S., with his staff, took us almost immediately to one of the prisons, where, he said, the Russians had executed all their political prisoners before retreating.

Even before we entered the walled-in prison yard, we were met by the sickly smell of decay. All of us held handkerchiefs over our noses to counteract the stench. Inside, the yard was filled with rows of bodies of men, women and children. We walked up and down while a German medical officer pointed out how each person had been shot in the back of the head. He also insisted on our examining several

corpses for gashes and bruises he said resulting from torture.

We finally persuaded our guides we had seen enough, so we were driven to another prison where we were led, by flashlight, through foul-smelling, dirty corridors of the first and second cellars. The fantastic shadows and the cellar's moisture added to the eeriness.

"Have you noticed the floors down here are of fresh gravel, and a bit squishy?" an officer asked. We all looked at the floor.

"Well, there were quite a few corpses down here which were in such bad shape we couldn't remove them, so we covered them with gravel," he said.

We rushed for the open air, and emerged in a small courtyard where about fifteen men were huddled in a corner guarded by soldiers. We asked our escorts who they were, and were told they were Jews suspected of having aided the Russians in the executions.

The Germans admitted they were rounding up large numbers of Jews "responsible" for the corpses we had seen. A few minutes later, I poked my nose into what appeared to be a garage. From another little huddle of fifteen men, a German soldier was pushing one through a door from which steam was escaping.

Just then one of our escorting officers appeared behind me and said I would have to rejoin the group. I explained that I was curious about the steam, and when I insisted, the officer unhappily let me look in. About a dozen Jews were jammed on benches built along the walls of the steam room, fully clothed, sweat rolling down their faces. He explained the room was only used to "soften up" these suspects and make them talk.

Next morning our party was taken to a cemetery where Jews were being forced to dig a long trench. Into it other Jews carried repulsive bundles from trucks standing near by. Suddenly I recognized one. It was one of the corpses which on the afternoon before the Germans had laid out for our inspection. They had served their purpose, after four days in the summer sun, and were now being dumped into mass graves.

I was glad when once more we got into the open cars,

driving back to Berlin. By the time we got there two days later, the fresh air had removed most of the smell of death from my clothes.

* * * * *

I met him at the top of Thermopylae Pass in Greece.

His name was Angelos, and he was short and dark, with a face pinched by hardship and hunger.

Our big German staff car had broken down after a stiff hair-pin climb up the pass, and he came over to us to beg for bread. While the chauffeur continued to tinker with the engine, a Danish correspondent and I gave Angelos some thick meat sandwiches and the remnants of a bottle of wine, and watched him eat ravenously for several minutes in silence.

His Greek army uniform was a collection of rags that seemed to hang together by a miracle, and his army boots were split wide open, his stockingless, bloodstained feet peeping out.

At first he was shy and reserved, but when we told him we were neutral correspondents, he opened up. He spoke little French, but surprisingly good German. This was his story:—

"It seems years ago now since there was no war. I was a student in Munich then, drinking beer in the Hofbraeukeller with German students and tramping in the Bavarian woods with young Nazi Storm Trooper friends. I loved Germany and the Germans.

"I returned to Athens, married and began a doctor's career. The whole world seemed before me. Then came the war. Treacherously, without warning, the Italians attacked us.

"I was mobilized for the Army, had to leave my wife and my practice, and go off to Epirus to fight. And how we fought! We trounced the Italians out of Greece, back into the mountains of Albania; and then came the winter—and we froze. We had no thick uniforms, little artillery or other equipment and practically no food. All we had to eat most of the time was bread and olives. We were weakened by starvation and frost-bite. But still we fought!

"And we believed we were going to win, because we were

better men than the Italians. At times we seemed near the end of human endurance from cold and hunger, but still we would have beaten the Italians.

"April 6th the Germans attacked us from the rear, and I knew it was the end. We all knew. We began to retreat. All the hard-fought battles, the suffering, the friends we had lost and the hunger and cold we had endured were in vain. We still fought, but all the heart was gone out of us, and at last one day we were surrounded.

"After our officers had surrendered—to the Germans, not the Italians—they herded us into great prison camps and held us for days, almost without food and water, without a roof overhead.

"One morning we were told that Hitler, as a 'chivalrous' gesture, had released all Greek prisoners. By then we knew the meaning of German chivalry. We were released only because it was too much trouble to hold us. We were turned out without food or drink, and told to find our own way home. All the railroads and all motor transport had been destroyed in the great retreat. The only way home was on foot.

"My home is in Athens. I've tramped now for ten days, like tens of thousands of my comrades, over the mountains, without any food except for an occasional scrap I've been able to pick up in the villages.

"The Germans give you nothing. Instead they take all the food in the villages and leave the women and children to starve, just like us."

He paused for a moment, then added:—

"I don't know what I'll find when I get home. It's been six months since I heard from my wife. I don't even know if she's alive.

"I used to believe in Hitler in Germany. I know better now. Hitler let the Italians attack us, then stabbed us in the back, plundered us and handed us over to the Italians. But if there's any justice in this world, then there will be a free and independent Greece again some day."

He shouldered his pack and limped off along the mountain road.

* * * * *

Behind us lay the horror of Odessa. We had spent the afternoon there, walking through its battered streets. Our escort felt that we must leave, for mines planted by the Russians were exploding all around us every few minutes; new fires were breaking out. So we got into our cars and headed west.

The roads were jammed with Rumanian troops, relieved after the fall of Odessa and going home to rest. Our progress was slow, and darkness began falling over the Moldavian plains. In the fields, clean-up squads were still exploding live mines. We did not know where we could sleep; usually on this trip we had managed to make a village each night where we had slumped down on straw in some deserted warehouse to get a few hours' rest.

Occasionally, as we dozed, our cars would stop and an interpreter would ask directions of some peasant going by; then we would drive on again for another hour. Late in the evening we saw lights ahead; it had started raining and our cars were slithering in the slimy Russian mud; time and again, the night before, we had to pull and push them out of ditches, and we were tired. The lights looked comforting.

Suddenly we halted; a dim figure appeared out of the darkness carrying a lantern. There were a few words and we were all asked to pile out with our rucksacks; we were to spend the night at this farmhouse. The farmer led us into the house, motioned us to a large empty room with an earthen floor, and then to a haystack from which we hauled straw for our bed. Tired, interested only in sleep, we flopped down in our clothes, and knew no more.

The next morning we were waked at 4.30 to resume our journey. In the light of an oil lamp in the kitchen a thin-faced woman heated water with which we could shave and prepare the breakfast of ersatz coffee and black bread which we carried with us. In another room, two sleepy children murmured complainingly, got up and began to dress. The farmer was seeing to his stock.

I peeped into the bedroom when the children went out to wash their faces at the pump. On the wall were many sacred pictures: Christ, the Virgin, a saint or two. And beside them, garlanded with a spray of artificial evergreen,

was a photograph in colour of Adolf Hitler; beneath it hung a small hand-made swastika flag.

It was getting light as we started the cold motors and prepared to drive on; the chauffeurs ground into gear. Our host stood by, grim and wordless, to watch us go, but as we got under way he stiffened, threw up his arm and in a strange and guttural Russian accent cried: "*Heil Hitler!*"

I asked one of the German officers in our group what this all meant. He answered matter-of-factly that the farmer was a *Volksdeutscher*, a German-blooded man, and that that was how we had come to stay at his house. No, the man had never been in Germany. His family had lived here for four generations, deep in Russia; but he had "rendered good service during the invasion."

"He is a loyal man," said the officer!

* * * * *

I was sitting at dinner with a French family living on the Normandy coast one night a few months after the fall of France. We were just lifting our glasses in a toast to a British victory when the whole world seemed to shake. Bombs!

The R.A.F. had arrived again. Instantly the *flak* guns began to roar, but the sirens did not sound for fully five minutes. We gulped our drinks. My host rushed to the living-room, yanked open the top of an upright piano and pulled out British and French flags. As he and his family leaped and danced about the room, they cried:—

"*Vive l'Angleterre! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!* Down with les Boches. It's all right, Tommies. You can blow the hell out of us and our city, but for God's sake, get those dirty pigs too!"

They shouted so loudly I could hardly hear the din outside. Then the terrifying shriek of a bomb seemed to split the night wide open. I pressed myself against a doorway. But not my host and his family. They never halted their wild dance. "*Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique! Vive de Gaulle!*"

The raid lasted only half an hour, and when the all-clear sounded, my host hurried to the basement and emerged with a bottle of rare old wine. For a long time we sat and drank

and talked of the day when Tommies and American dough-boys again would march the streets of Paris—and of Berlin.

"Our day will come again," he repeated over and over. "We are preparing."

The next morning he showed me what he meant. In the basement of a near-by barn I saw hand-made swords, clubs, pitchforks, guns and ammunition, all cleverly hidden among wine barrels and farm implements. He offered to show me a home-made bomb, but I declined.

After I returned to Paris, I received several letters from him; the last described how he was knocked half-way across his garden when an R.A.F. bomb hit a house next door. Then I heard no more.

Perhaps I shall never know what happened to him. But if he was hit by a bomb—or executed—I'm sure his last words were:—

"Vive l'Angleterre! Vive l'Amérique! VIVE LA FRANCE!"

* * * * *

The strong were not members, and the members were not strong.

So the vast palaces of sandstone, marble and glass above Geneva, overlooking the brilliant lake waters, became a ghost town, the mausoleum for mankind's hopes of international peace.

When I visited the League of Nations on August 31st, 1940, to interview Secretary General Joseph Avenol on the day of his retirement, I found a city of shadows, where Avenol's pet peacocks, strutting in the main courtyard of the League, outnumbered the human beings to be seen—most of them gardeners and watchmen.

Only two floors of the secretariat wing, and the office of the League Library's secretary, were open. The League Library itself, largest political collection in Europe, gathered mainly with American funds, was closed, and at the giant hall where the League Assembly met, there was not even a caretaker to admit me.

I was able to enter the meeting room of the League Council, because there was no watchman to keep me out. Green dust-covers had been drawn over the curved dais and

over the benches that held 500 delegates. It was here that I found the first ghosts of Geneva's ghost town—the sombre murals given the League by a democratic Spain in 1934.

Who were the ghosts? Call the roll of the sixty members who once made up the League of Nations. In August, 1940, only thirty-two could still come to the deliberations as representatives of a free people, and today, only twenty-six, ten of them Latin-American nations. More than half of the sixty members have withdrawn, been expelled or been overrun.

"The League is not dead—just sick," I was told that day by Costa du Rels of Bolivia, then president of the League Council. But there was a deathlike silence in the glittering city of deserted corridors, where dusty name-plates mark the offices of the ghosts of a ghost town—Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the whole long list of Hitler's victims.

Chapter 24

THE NAZI "NEUORDNUNG"

HITLER's picture of Europe after a Nazi victory is a rosy one—for the Nazis. The *Neuordnung* supposedly envisages a Europe under benevolent German leadership in which factories would be placed next to raw materials, in which the electric power of one country would be available to others, in which the English Channel might be tunnelled and the Egyptian deserts irrigated to help feed Europe's millions. Each country must produce that which it is best fitted to produce in the general scheme of planned economy. Norway would produce hydro-electric power, to be piped under the Skagerrak to the mainland; Switzerland also would pipe power and make watches; the Southeast would, with the Ukraine, be the breadbasket; France would be predominantly agricultural and less industrial; Denmark would contribute dairy products, Bohemia pottery. And everything would operate under government supervision in a happy exchange of products—with the over-all "guidance" firmly in Germany's hands.

There it is in the roscate haze of Nazi oratory—but the orators have been careful not to be too specific. On other

points, about which information has been secured, the Nazis of course are silent. Let us look at some of the secret data which come from reliable sources.

First of all, planning his new Europe, Hitler has also planned to reorganize his own government to conform to it. Hitler, of course, remains *Der Fuehrer*, the supreme leader of all branches. Perhaps the most surprising feature is that Ribbentrop, not Goering, is slated to become Chancellor, or Premier, in addition to keeping the Foreign Ministry. Goering, however, is to become the active head of a very important new institution, the "Great German War and Defence Council." Hitler reserves the powers of a chairman of this body. In place of the Reichstag comes a "Congress of the Old Guard," composed of only 200 to 250 members instead of the Reichstag's 800. Each of the thirty *Gaue* into which the Nazis have divided Germany for administrative purposes will be represented in the Congress by the *Gauleiter* or his deputy. The War Council and the Congress will work closely together, with supreme powers delegated to the Council.

Goering also is to become Supreme Commander of the German armed forces, again under Hitler.

Keitel is due to retain his present post as Chief Liaison Officer between Hitler and the armed forces.

Brauchitsch is to be put in charge of all the German "occupying forces" of Europe.

Heinrich Himmler is to replace Wilhelm Frick as Minister of the Interior and is to be succeeded as head of the S.S. and Gestapo by Sepp Dietrich, present leader of Hitler's S.S. bodyguard, a post which Dietrich will continue to hold.

Joseph Goebbels remains Propaganda Minister, but the functions of his Ministry will be enlarged to take in the entire field of theatre, movies, music, painting and sculpture, as well as press, radio, magazines. A special department for photographic art will be established with Hitler's friend and official photographer, Professor Heinrich Hoffman, in charge.

Baldur von Schirach, former Youth Leader and present *Gauleiter* in Vienna, is to become "Great German Kultur Minister."

Hitler's house physician, Professor Morell, becomes

"Great German Minister of Health," directly responsible to Hitler, and his deputy is to be that Dr. Conti who today is Reichs Health Leader and, as an unknown young physician, was a member of the cranial measurement commission which did the job on Hitler in 1937.

Reichsleiter Martin Bormann, who took over most of Hess's functions in Party affairs, will be the main authority in Party matters and will receive Cabinet rank with the title of "Party Minister." He also is directly responsible to Hitler.

Otto Hilgenfeldt, present Director of National Socialist Public Welfare, will be promoted to the Cabinet, with the title of "Minister for Public Welfare," and will be given co-charge of labour interests with Ley's Labour Front.

As before, women will be barred from high positions, although the Reichs Leader of Women, Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, will be privileged to "sit in" at some Cabinet meetings.

And what of the rest of Europe? Ribbentrop already has that in the blueprints. A "European League" (*Europäische Staatenbund*) is to be formed under German leadership. Hitler's architect, Professor Albert Speer, who succeeded Todt as Munitions Minister, has already projected for Der Fuehrer a "House of European Nations" to accommodate the League which satisfies even Hitler's special demands. It is to be erected on the great Koenigsplatz in front of the present Reichstag (the area has already been cleared) and it is to have a plenary hall accommodating 1000 people. It will have its own railway station and a parking space for hundreds of automobiles, under which will be enormous air-raid shelters.

Each country represented in the League will contribute pro rata to the construction costs of the House of European Nations, and to its maintenance. Each country will be entitled to send delegates to the League according to its population, but no country may have more than forty. There will be no parliaments in the satellite nations; only administrative bodies (*Verwaltungsraete*).

Obviously, the map of Europe under the Hitler-Ribbentrop plan will not look as it did before the nations of Europe began toppling like tenpins to the War Lord's bowling. Amsterdam and Rotterdam, for example, are Germany's

"natural outlets" in the West, and Holland must accept that fact under the plan. In other words, Holland becomes German. Nor will the French and Belgian frontiers remain the same. The former Baltic states are to become German protectorates. In the Southeast, Italy has demands, but Hitler and Ribbentrop long ago became weary of the Italian arguments that popular feeling or the needs of the Imperial house required a Croatian kingdom or an independent Montenegro. "The whole complex of frontier problems will require a thorough study," is what Ribbentrop tells the Italians today.

Although the blueprints for the House of European Nations include great air-raid cellars, the Hitler-Ribbentrop plan is very careful about cutting down the potential raiders. The "complete reorganization of the European system of defence" allows regular armies only to Germany, Italy and Spain. France's forces are to be placed under drastic limitations as to strength and types of weapon. All other European countries are to have a sort of police-troops without armoured vehicles or air force; in the High Command of each there must be a permanently stationed German officer. A general continual exchange of military missions is planned; German delegations will be sent to all the other "armies," and representatives of these will come to the German Army. Germany's supervision of efficiency and performance will be kept strictly up to date.

A permanent international "Commission for Air Control" under German jurisdiction is to govern all aviation matters, civil and military. New laws and regulations will be issued to govern gliding, which has already taken on increased importance in this war.

New fortifications may be built, or existing ones retained or extended, only with German permission.

All military literature is subject to censorship by the Axis powers.

And Russia? There is to be a "distribution of spheres of influence" along a line Leningrad-Moscow-Volga. Everything on the European side of this line shall be a German sphere of influence. In the territory between this line and the Urals a temporary Jewish state is planned until a permanent solution of Jewish settlement can be worked out.

Everything that lies on the other side of the Urals, according to Hitler's plan, is to become a Japanese sphere of influence. The Ukraine is to receive, under German supervision, a government of nationalist Ukrainians, not including any persons who had Czarist affiliations, or even their descendants, but only Ukrainians "who have a full conception of National Socialist principles."

A permanent settlement of the European Jewish problem is meanwhile being worked on. Since before the war, in fact, a special committee has existed, headed by Heinrich Himmler and Martin Bormann, for study of this question. All of the *Gauleiters* are members of this committee, and the police chiefs of all large German cities are attached as special *Referenten*, or consultants. The Nazi plan is to transfer all European Jews to the East, where a permanent Jewish state will be set up. Emphasis will be placed on physical labour, and earnings will not be allowed to be above forty marks a week per person, though for each child under age an extra four marks per week will be permitted. Jews will not be allowed to save and accumulate money. All finished goods, such as shoes, clothing, linen, or the raw materials for making them, will have to be bought in "Great Germany." There will be no rabbis in the orthodox sense; once weekly a religious leader may address congregations, but this man must work at physical labour like all the others. Jews will not be allowed to own automobiles, bicycles, paddle-boats and such. Police duties are to be in the hands of Jews. Marriage with non-Jews is prohibited; Jewish abortions are not to be punishable.

It is planned to bring the above programme into force immediately upon the conclusion of the war. Sub-committees of the main German committee for the handling of the Jewish settlement are to be formed in Italy and Spain and all the other of Germany's allied or satellite nations.

Hitler is kept constantly informed of all the deliberations of the committee.

ADOLF HITLER has used more might to make less right than any man in history. Coldly he took the steps that led to war and, once there, coldly and open-eyed plunged in. That was his crime, as it was the crime of Goering and Ribbentrop and Goebbels, and all the others who encouraged and applauded him.

We who had been on the ground realized that the German forces and the German nation had been trained and "conditioned" and co-ordinated for seven years before the Nazis struck a blow. When it was struck, it was perfectly timed to produce the maximum shock, the maximum paralysis in the shortest possible time; and it fell with all the weight at the attacker's command. That was Nazi blitzkrieg, the fighting phase of Nazi *Totalkrieg* in which the entire nation is geared into the war down to the last factory worker, the last housewife, the last farmer. In this style of waging war, every creature in the nation becomes a military cog, in effect, subject to inexorable discipline.

Sacrifice? Of course. You couldn't have lived in Germany at any time in the past five years without realizing that the people were having to give up not only what they desired, but in many cases what they needed for a decent life. And you couldn't have been at any of the fronts without seeing that the Army got what *it* needed, and all of the best.

To combat a system like that, it is imperative to be equally well organized and even more determined. If any people in the world are capable of being that in a way to beat Hitler's Nazis, it is the American people. We knew that when we came back home, felt it with passionate certainty.

After we got back, we covered a lot of ground in this country. We talked a great deal, of course, about things where we had been; people were interested. And we listened; for they talked, too. In homes, on trains, in offices, in cocktail lounges, in banks, factories, newspaper city rooms, on farms.

What were we fighting for? That was the subject. Were we fighting to "smash the Reich to atoms" or to bring "the Four Freedoms" to a darkened world?

"We'd be fools if we did!" said one man. "We tried that the last time; it was 'Democracy' we were giving them then. How do we know that other people even want the Four Freedoms? How are we going to be sure they get them, and keep them?"

"No," he went on, "you don't have to worry about giving the soldiers an ideal to fight for. We're fighting for our lives; that's enough. It's our lives or theirs, with a knife at both our throats!"

Knife at our throat? Did most people feel that? How about the man in the East who'd said: "Why, 75 per cent of the men I know in some clubs would be for a negotiated peace if the Russians folded up!" And the man from the Middle West: "A lot of people out here would rather fight the British than the Germans!" And the resident of the Pacific Coast: "God knows, the Japs are *our* enemy out here, but Washington let us down worse than the Japs did!"

Barbed wire, machine-gun nests, camouflage in California; lectures on how to snuff incendiary bombs in New York. And yet, so often we found ourselves saying: "How wonderful to be back in a peaceful world again!" It took a conscious effort to remember that we were at war. In Europe you knew you were at war because you were hungry and couldn't get food or clothing or fuel or soap, no matter how much you might be earning; you knew it was war there because for workers to strike while men were in battle was treason; because you got one egg a month and lived in fear.

Back home here, the shops were full; there were no really serious inconveniences; people were buying food just as if it were their natural birthright—not having to stand in line to give up coupons for it, either. If the peaches were a little too hard, the meat a little tough, people pouted. Even some who had come from the horror areas of Europe and couldn't yet speak English well pouted too.

That was amazing. To see people acting this way instead of falling down on their knees and thanking God that there *was* food. Weren't people abusing their rights, pampering themselves, running away from the facts, looking for corners where they could hide and forget there was a war? Overpricing their lives? And weren't they being helped in this a good deal? Indulged by newspapers that too often played

down the discouraging war news and gave the headline to less important, but more comforting, developments? On the radio, too, if they didn't like the war news, there were still music and fluff if they just turned the dial a little to the right or left.

Wasn't it still being made easy for people not to face it? What was the best thing to do? How attack this complacency? Often we felt like crying out: "Have you ever seen the inside of a pillbox just after liquid fire has got the crew? Or the bodies of a hundred civilians laid in a row in the churchyard, hacked to bits in some insensate orgy of 'revenge'? Or old frightened people being loaded into box-cars to be sent away to a 'new life' in the East, with nothing more to start it on than what they could carry in their arms? A dirty, haggard, hopeless line of prisoners being led through the streets of cities where they had been born and raised, but not a corner or a building of which was any longer 'home'?"

To make Americans angry, or to frighten them? That was the question in a lot of offices where people were preparing radio scripts or newspaper articles designed to awaken the public to its danger. But many persons felt that you shouldn't arouse hatred, and no hatred was to be preached. Why? Because this war wasn't to be fought with hatred, but with guns and tanks and planes that were to be better made and better used than the enemy's? Was Total War a problem in sheer technique, to be won by military means alone? Or was there such a thing as Semi-total War? In which you didn't have to get excited or angry or anything like that?

No, sir. No, madame; there was no such thing as Semi-total War where we came from. Except on the part of some of those countries that got whipped. Of course it was people's birthright to have food; to be able to say what they wanted to, whether in conversation or in newspapers; to stake out and preserve their own little comforts and happiness. It was simply our values that were twisted after living in Europe for so long. But still it *was* funny, the way we had seen birthrights jerked right out of people's hands over there. People who hadn't been excited or angry or frightened enough.

There were many people here who saw it; saw what it was going to take to defeat the Axis. A lot of those who were handling production, getting the Army shaped up and abroad, knew that we had an industrial and man-power potential that was enough to handle the job. But not enough unless backed by the absolute and unyielding resolve of the entire nation to take the war to the enemy before he brought it to us.

Let there be no mistake: the Nazis will not be easy to beat. They are still terribly strong, and if Hitler can no longer convince the people that total victory is going to follow his total war, he can at least by the fear of defeat make them fight just as hard. They have gone much too far to back out now, and no other salvation than the Nazis presents itself. It is folly, therefore, to think that the German people are going to rise up and revolt against Hitler, or that the country will automatically collapse, within any predictable time. And certainly hunger will cause neither of these things very soon, however bad conditions already are, for every nation in Europe will be made to starve before Germany is allowed to.

The only thing that may be stated with reasonable certainty is that the final defeat of Nazi Germany *will* come as the result of internal collapse, *but only when accompanied by overwhelming pressure from without*: military, economic and psychological.

And the main pressure must be military; the defeat—wherever else the Germans feel it—must be “in the field” for two reasons: first, because of the simple military necessity of crushing their striking power just as they have crushed that of others to defeat them; and second, because they must be hurt in the military pride which is traditional in them. Hitler kept that unsullied by telling them that even in 1918 they were not defeated in the field but were stabbed in the back at home by Jews and Socialists. This time there must be no uncertainty about the defeat.

In the economic and psychological fields, too, there must be unrelenting pressure: economic by means of the blockade and the drying up of every reachable source of supply; psychological by means of every avenue of “propaganda” approach.

None of Hitler's wars was a real test of Nazi strength until the Russian one, and then the Russians proved that there was nothing supernatural about Hitler's successes, or anything superhuman about German arms. The secret had been more men, better trained and better led, with more efficient equipment and with more aggressive spirit. A large order, but not an unbeatable one.

Successful pressure upon Germany from the outside can in the long run mean only one thing: invasion. Invasion combined with increasingly powerful air attacks on the Reich and on German-occupied territories. These latter will be the preliminary softening-up like the one-hour Stuka attacks to demoralize the garrison of an enemy fortress; but air attacks, at the present stage of air-power development, are no more likely to defeat Germany alone than dive-bombers could reduce the fort alone. That is the work of the ground forces, the invading forces. Observation of the effects of British raids on Germany shows that German morale is more seriously affected than was the British under the blitz, but does not indicate that German morale will collapse under air raids alone.

Simultaneously with the military attack upon Germany must come an unrelenting attack in the fields of economics and propaganda. On the home front, Germany is involved in a supreme exertion to keep her weaknesses in transportation, labour, finance, food and raw materials from jeopardizing her military effort. Here too, because of an advance start, in which the entire economy was put on a war basis years ago, the Nazis are in a relatively strong position. Conquest or control of sources of supply in the rest of Europe has added to her strength. But Goering's or Hitler's boast that she is "impregnable" is sheer rot; she is vulnerable by everything from sabotage to direct air attack upon her factories, and the system of European economy that she has built up is ready to topple even faster than it arose.

Whatever Hitler's successes in Russia, moreover, that campaign alone will never be enough for him to win the war. Even high officers of the German General Staff have admitted that grabbing the Caucasus oil-fields and the Ukraine wheat belt would not be enough. They say that Hitler must also seize control of the whole Mediterranean

to enable him to bring oil and wheat from Russia to Europe for a long-drawn-out war. He could not bring enough by land with the already desperately strained transportation facilities to safeguard Europe against being starved out in the long run by an Anglo-American blockade.

On the propaganda front we must contribute to undermining the enemy's morale and his will to fight. There is a large and receptive audience to be reached in Germany on a basis of frankness and accuracy. The United States, a comparative newcomer in the war, is in an extremely good position to take advantage of this audience, conducting a psychological attack step by step with the military and economic attack. For anyone who has lived in "propaganda-conditioned" countries, the importance of this side of warfare can scarcely be exaggerated.

It would be pointless to base our war aims or our peace aims on "annihilating" or "wiping off the map" a German nation which, even shorn of its vassals, numbers 60,000,000 members. In fact, they must not only be allowed to help in the reconstruction of a Europe which they have brought to its worst plight in centuries; they must be *made* to help with the energy and ability which they unquestionably possess.

But the German people will have to be shown beyond the slightest possibility of doubt that once again force has failed them; that Adolf Hitler, with more organization and ingenuity and power in his hands than anyone in their history, represented their best chance—and their last—to merge might with right.

To discredit the power politics which under the Nazis had its preliminary flowering in the "strong-arm diplomacy" of the Austrian and Czech crises, there has to be DEFEAT, the meaning of which is clear in terms that hurt. Every Willi Schultz in the land has to *know* this time that Germany has lost the war.

NOTES ON THE AUTHORS

Frederick Cable Oechsner was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, November 26, 1902; he was educated at Williston

Academy, Easthampton, Massachusetts, and at Tulane University, New Orleans, graduating in Law in 1925. Following admission to the bar, he went into newspaper work on the staff of the *New Orleans Item*. After a trip to Central America in the summer of 1927 for a series of economic and political articles, he went abroad, serving in Italy and France until 1929 when he joined the staff of the *Evening Star* in Washington, D.C. In December of that year, he was appointed Berlin correspondent of the *New York Sun-Consolidated Press Foreign Service*, and in April, 1932, upon the closing out of that service, joined the London staff of the United Press. A year later, he was appointed Berlin and Central European Manager of the United Press, serving in that capacity until 1942, having jurisdiction over twelve countries, and subsequently over the Occupied Areas. He covered the war in Berlin and on both Western and Eastern Fronts. In the present book, he wrote Chapters 1-11, 17, 20, 21, 24 and 25.

Joseph W. Grigg, Jr., was born in Bangor, Maine, August 23, 1910; he was educated at Westminster School, in London, where his father was a noted American correspondent, and at Cambridge University. He joined the London staff of the *New York Sun* upon graduation in 1932, transferring to the United Press in 1934. There he covered many of the big stories of the next four years, including the Silver Jubilee, the death of George V, the Abdication crisis and the coronation of George VI. He was transferred to the Berlin bureau in January, 1939, and was appointed Berlin Manager in March, 1941. He was one of the first group to reach Warsaw after the German occupation, and also followed the German armies into Belgrade and Athens; he assisted in the coverage of all big war developments in Berlin. He is the author of Chapters 12-16, and collaborated on Chapter 11.

Jack Martin Fleischer was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, November 10, 1914, and was educated at Beloit College, Wisconsin. He joined the Chicago staff of the United Press

upon graduation, served in Des Moines from 1937 to 1939, when he was transferred to the New York cable desk. He was assigned to Copenhagen, Denmark, in February of 1940, where he assisted in handling news from Finland on the Russo-Finnish war and events in Scandinavia leading up to the German invasion of Denmark and Norway. He was sent to Stockholm to help cover the Norwegian campaign, and in May, 1940, to Berlin. He covered the war there, and on the Netherlands and Polish-Russian fronts. He is the author of Chapter 19, and collaborated on Chapter 20.

Glen M. Stadler was born in Woodburn, Indiana, August 17, 1911, and was educated at Toledo University and Indiana University. He had already begun his newspaper career in 1925, carrying papers and working in the back shop of the *Peru (Indiana) Tribune*. Between high school and college he worked as a linotype operator, pressman, and printer on various Midwestern newspapers. After college, in 1933, he joined the *Michigan City (Indiana) Dispatch*, and thereafter worked on the *Peru Tribune*, *Wabash Plain Dealer*, *Dayton Journal* and the *Evansville (Indiana) Courier*. In 1936-1937, he made a trip around the world for the *Courier*, covering among other things the Berlin Olympic Games and the Burma Road. He joined the United Press at Lansing, Michigan, in 1937, was transferred to the New York cable desk in 1939 and assigned to Paris early in 1940. After covering the fall of France, he joined the Berlin staff in July, 1941. He covered the remainder of the war there and on the Finnish front. He is the author of Chapter 22 in this book.

Clinton Beach Conger was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, March 17, 1917, while his family was returning home to the United States from Berlin after the rupture of diplomatic relations during the First World War. His father, like Grigg's, was a well-known American correspondent. Conger was educated in Europe, where he returned with his father after the war, and later at Cranbrook Preparatory School and the University of Michigan. He drew his first news-

paper pay cheques at the age of fourteen, for preparatory-school coverage, and was correspondent at Michigan for the United Press and Detroit newspapers. In January, 1939, he was transferred to the Detroit bureau of the United Press, and a year later to the New York cable desk. Shortly after, he was assigned to Copenhagen which he reached by way of Norway and Sweden just before the end of the Russo-Finnish war. After the occupation of Denmark, he was transferred to Berlin where he helped cover the German campaign in the West, thereafter to Zurich, Switzerland. He returned to the Berlin bureau in July, 1941, covering the remainder of the war there until he, like all the other authors, was arrested and interned. He is the author of Chapter 18.

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Chapter 23, "Close-ups on the Wreckage," was contributed to by all.